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ON THE BIG HORN.*

[In the disastrous battle on the Big Horn River, in which General Custer and his entire force were slain, the chief Rain-in-the-Face was one of the fiercest leaders of the Indians. In Longfellow's poem on the massacre, these lines will be remembered: —

“Revenge!” cried Rain-in-the-Face,
“Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!”
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags reëchoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

He is now a man of peace; and the agent at Standing Rock, Dakota, writes September 28, 1886: “Rain-in-the-Face is very anxious to go to Hampton. I fear he is too old, but he desires very much to go.” The Southern Workman, the organ of General Armstrong's Industrial School at Hampton, Va., says in a late number: —

“Rain-in-the-Face has applied before to come to Hampton, but his age would exclude him from the school as an ordinary student. He has shown himself very much in earnest about it, and is anxious, all say, to learn the better ways of life. It is as unusual as it is striking to see a man of his age, and one who has had such an experience, willing to give up the old way, and put himself in the position of a boy and a student.”]

THE years are but half a score,
And the war-whoop sounds no more
With the blast of bugles, where
Straight into a slaughter pen,
With his doomed three hundred men,
Rode the chief with the yellow hair.

O Hampton, down by the sea!
What voice is beseeching thee
For the scholar's lowliest place?
Can this be the voice of him
Who fought on the Big Horn's rim?
Can this be Rain-in-the-Face?

His war-paint is washed away,
His hands have forgotten to slay;
He seeks for himself and his race

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The arts of peace and the lore
That give to the skilled hand more
Than the spoils of war and chase.

O chief of the Christ-like school!
Can the zeal of thy heart grow cool
When the victor scarred with fight
Like a child for thy guidance craves,
And the faces of hunters and braves
Are turning to thee for light?

The hatchet lies overgrown
With grass by the Yellowstone,
Wind River and Paw of Bear;
And, in sign that foes are friends,
Each lodge like a peace-pipe sends
Its smoke in the quiet air.

The hands that have done the wrong
To right the wronged are strong,
And the voice of a nation saith:
"Enough of the war of swords,
Enough of the lying words
And shame of a broken faith!"

The hills that have watched afar
The valleys ablaze with war
Shall look on the tasseled corn;
And the dust of the grinded grain,
Instead of the blood of the slain,
Shall sprinkle thy banks, Big Horn!

The Ute and the wandering Crow
Shall know as the white men know,
And fare as the white men fare;
The pale and the red shall be brothers,
One's rights shall be as another's,
Home, School, and House of Prayer!

O mountains that climb to snow,
O river winding below,
Through meadows by war once trod,
O wild, waste lands that await
The harvest exceeding great,
Break forth into praise of God!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A SUPPRESSED CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

AMONG the many disclosures which are now being made in regard to the men and events of our recent civil war, none are more interesting than those which relate to the eminent man who guided the country through that great crisis. Every one of them exhibits him in some new aspect, and they all deepen the impression that he was a "providential man," peculiarly adapted and specially commissioned to do the vast work which he performed in American history. It was my good fortune to know him well, and to be, at an early period, the depository of his confidential views as to the terms of peace to be accorded to the revolted States.¹ These terms were at the time kept secret, at his special request, but there is now no reason why they should be denied publicity. They disclose his kindly feeling towards the South, and I think that nothing related of him more fully reveals the genuine magnanimity, rectitude, and goodness of his character. In order to make my narrative clear, it is necessary to relate the circumstances which led Mr. Lincoln to communicate to me his views on this momentous subject.

In May, 1863, I had been on a visit of several weeks at the headquarters of General Rosecrans, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., when the general one day informed me that one of his officers had applied to him for a furlough, with permission to go into the Confederate lines. The officer was Colonel James F. Jaquess, of the 73d Illinois Infantry, known as the "Fighting Parson," from his bravery, and the fact that before the war he had been a prominent clergyman of the

Methodist Church. He believed that by acting on the Methodist element at the South he could bring about a peace that would be honorable and acceptable to both sections, and General Rosecrans sympathized enough with his views to ask the President to grant him the desired furlough. Mr. Lincoln promptly telegraphed, declining the request, but asking a fuller statement of the colonel's project by letter. Then General Rosecrans suggested that I should visit the President, with a letter from himself, and by personal representations endeavor to secure the furlough. I consented, and set out on the following day with the proposed letter from the general, and another from Colonel Jaquess to Mr. Lincoln, with whom he had been on terms of considerable intimacy for many years.

I was already well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, and knowing the demands upon his time, and supposing that my interview would be of some length, I sent the two letters to him by a messenger, on my arrival in Washington, with a request that he would name an hour when he could conveniently give me an interview. The answer which came to me, scrawled upon a small card, was, "Come at half past seven this evening, and I'll be glad to see you. A. L."

The letter from Jaquess to the President he had given to me open, asking that I would read it. Having done so, I hesitated about delivering it, lest what struck me as its half-fanatical tone, of which there was not a trace in the colonel's conversation, should prejudice Mr. Lincoln against his request. How-

¹ This article is properly a supplement to me entitled *Our Visit to Richmond*, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1864. The present paper relates some circumstances that could not then be made public;

and it recounts the terms to be offered the Confederacy, which were written and put into type for the 1864 article, but were suppressed by Mr. Lincoln, on his revising the proof of it on the eve of its publication. — E. K.

ever, as frankness seemed to demand that the President should know exactly of what "manner of spirit" Jaquess was, I dispatched it with the other letter. It read as follows : —

MURFREESBORO, TENN., May 23, 1863.

HON. A. LINCOLN, *President U. S. A.* :

MY DEAR SIR, — This, with other papers, will be handed you by Mr. Gilmore, who has been introduced to me by General Rosecrans. Mr. G. will explain to you in full what I propose to do. Meanwhile, should you feel that my proposition is *too strong*, and cannot be realized, I would say, I may not be able to reach the specific object stated in the proposition, but the mission cannot fail to accomplish great good.

It is a fact well known to me and others, perhaps to yourself, that much sympathy exists in the minds of many good people, both in this country and England, for the South, on the ground of their professed piety. They say, "Mr. Davis is a praying man," "Many of his people are devotedly pious," etc., etc. Now, you will admit that, if they hear me, I have gained the point. On the other hand, if Mr. Davis and his associates in rebellion refuse me, coming to them in the name of the Lord on a mission of peace, the question of their piety is settled at once and forever. Should I be treated with violence, and cast into prison, shot, or hanged, — which may be part of my mission, — then the doom of the Southern Confederacy is sealed on earth and in heaven forever. My dear Mr. Lincoln will excuse me when I say that I am ready for either emergency, and though not Samson, I should, like him, slay more at my death than in all my life at the head of my regiment. No, the mission cannot fail. God's hand is in it. I am not seeking a martyr's crown, but simply to meet the duty that has been laid upon me.

I have talked freely with Mr. Gilmore, and he will explain to you more

fully if you desire. To him I would refer you, and with my best wishes and prayers, I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES F. JAQUESS,

Colonel Com'd'g 73d Illinois Infantry.

At the appointed time I found Mr. Lincoln closeted with Reverdy Johnson, and, my name being sent in by Mr. Nicolay, I took a seat in his room, and waited the President's leisure. Soon Mr. Johnson passed out, and then Mr. Lincoln appeared in the doorway. Extending his hand to me, he said, "Sorry to have kept you waiting. Come in." Then, as I entered his room, he added, "Do you know, I can't talk with you about that Jaquess matter?"

"Why not, sir?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Because," he answered, "I happen to be President of the United States. We can make no overtures to the Rebels. If they want peace, all they have to do is to lay down their arms. But never mind about that; you've been to Tennessee, and I want to see you. So, sit down, and tell me all you know, — it won't take you long."

It did take me fully three hours. As I rose to go, he inquired, "When do you return home?"

"In the morning, sir," I replied.

"Can't you stay another day," he said, "and come to see me to-morrow evening? I want to think more of that Jaquess matter."

I assented, and called on him again at the time named. He was in a more anxious mood than I had ever seen him. He wore a fagged, dejected look, and for a time indulged in none of his accustomed raillery and jocoseness. His concern was for Grant, who was before Vicksburg with numbers inferior to Pemberton and Johnston. His fear was that Johnston had cut Grant's communications, for he had not heard from him for more than twenty-four hours. A

dispatch after dispatch came in from the War Department, he opened and glanced over them, then laid them down, saying, in a weary way, "Nothing from Grant yet! Why don't we hear from Grant?" Had the life of one of his sons been trembling in the balance, he could not have shown greater anxiety. I felt too much sympathy with him to attempt to divert his mind to the business I had come about, and it was a full hour before he alluded to the subject. Then suddenly he said, "Well, I've kept you over to consider about that Jaquess matter. I've about concluded to let him go. My only fear is that he may compromise me; but I don't see how he can if I refuse to see him, and he goes altogether on his own responsibility. But he must understand distinctly that I have nothing to do with his project, either directly or indirectly. If the impression should go abroad that I had, it might complicate matters badly."

"I understand, sir," I remarked. "It might be construed into a *quasi*-acknowledgment of the Rebel government, and give France and England the pretext they want for recognizing the Confederacy."

"Partly that," he answered, "and partly its effect on the North. The Copperheads would be sure to say I had shown the white feather, and resorted to back-door diplomacy to get out of a bad scrape. This, whether true or not, would discourage loyal people. You see, I don't want to be like the dog that crossed the brook with a piece of meat in his mouth, and dropped it to catch its enlarged shadow in the water. I want peace; I want to stop this terrible waste of life and property; and I know Jaquess well, and see that, working in the way he proposes, he may be able to bring influences to bear upon Davis that he cannot well resist, and thus pave the way for an honorable settlement; but I can't afford to discourage our friends and encourage our enemies, and so, per-

haps, make it more difficult to save the Union."

"I appreciate your position, sir," I said; "but what weight will Jaquess have, if he goes without some, at least implied, authority from you?"

"He may have much," he replied, drawing from his side pocket the letter to him from Jaquess, and glancing over it. "He proposes here to speak to them in the name of the Lord, and he says he feels God's hand is in it, and He has laid the duty upon him. Now, if he feels that he has that kind of authority, he can't fail to affect the element on which he expects to operate, and that Methodist element is very powerful at the South."

"Why, sir!" I remarked. "I hesitated about delivering you that letter. I feared you would think Jaquess fanatical."

"If you had not delivered it," he answered, "I would not let him go. Such talk in you or me might sound fanatical; but in Jaquess it is simply natural and sincere. And I am not at all sure he is n't right. God selects his own instruments, and sometimes they are queer ones; for instance, He chose me to steer the ship through a great crisis."

I was glad to see him relapsing into his usual badinage. but, desiring to keep him to the subject, I said: "Then, sir, you decide to give Jaquess the furlough, but refuse to grant him an interview. He will need to know your views about peace. What shall I write him are the terms you will grant the Rebels?"

"Don't write him at all, — write to Rosecrans. I've been thinking what had better be said. My views are peace on any terms consistent with the abolition of slavery and the restoration of the Union. Is not that enough to say to Jaquess? He can do no more than open the door for further negotiations, which would have to be conducted with me here, in a regular way. Let Rose-

crans tell him that we shall be liberal on collateral points; that the country will do everything for safety, nothing for revenge."

"Do you mean, sir," I asked, "that as soon as the Rebels lay down their arms you will grant a general amnesty?"

"I do; and I will say to you that, individually, I should be disposed to make compensation for the slaves; but I doubt if my cabinet or the country would favor that. What do you think public opinion would be about it? Nicolay tells me you have recently lectured all over the North; you must have heard people talk."

"I have, sir, almost everywhere; and my opinion is that not one voter in ten would pay the South a dollar. Still, I have observed very little hatred or bitterness in any quarter."

"No," he answered; "the feeling is against slavery, not against the South. The war has educated our people into abolition, and they now deny that slaves can be property. But there are two sides to that question: one is ours, the other the Southern side; and those people are just as honest and conscientious in their opinion as we are in ours. They think they have a moral and legal right to their slaves, and until very recently the North has been of the same opinion; for two hundred years the whole country has admitted it, and regarded and treated the slaves as property. Now, does the mere fact that the country has come suddenly to a contrary opinion give it the right to take the slaves from their owners without compensation? The blacks must be freed. Slavery is the bone we are fighting over. It must be got out of the way, to give us permanent peace; and if we have to fight this war till the South is subjugated, then I think we shall be justified in freeing the slaves without compensation. But in any settlement arrived at before they force things to that extrem-

ity, is it not right and fair that we should make payment for the slaves?"

"If I were a slaveholder," I answered, "I should probably say that it was: but you, sir, have to deal with things as they are, and I think that if you were to sound public sentiment at the North you would find it utterly opposed to any compromise with the South. A vast majority would regard any compensation as a price paid for peace, and not for the slaves."

"So I think," he said, "and therefore I fear we can come to no adjustment. I fear the war must go on till North and South have both drunk of the cup to the very dregs, — till both have worked out in pain, and grief, and bitter humiliation the sin of two hundred years. It has seemed to me that God so wills it; and the first gleam I have had of a hope to the contrary is in this letter of Jaquess. This thing, irregular as it is, may mean that the higher powers are about to take a hand in this business, and bring about a settlement. I know if I were to say this out loud, nine men in ten would think I had gone crazy. But — you are a thinking man — just consider it. Here is a man, cool, deliberate, God-fearing, of exceptional sagacity and worldly wisdom, who undertakes a project that strikes you and me as utterly chimerical: he attempts to bring about, single-handed and on his own hook, a peace between two great sections. Moreover, he gets it into his head that God has laid this work upon him, and he is willing to stake his life upon that conviction. The impulse upon him is overpowering, as it was upon Luther, when he said, 'God help me. I can do no otherwise.' Now, how do you account for this? What produces this feeling in him?"

"An easy answer would be to say that Jaquess is a fanatic."

"But," he replied, "he is very far from being a fanatic. He is remarkably level-headed; I never knew a man more

so. Can you account for it except on his own supposition, that God is in it? And, if that is so, something will come out of it; perhaps not what Jaquess expects, but what will be of service to the right. So, though there is risk about it, I shall let him go."

"There certainly, sir, is risk to Jaquess. He will go without a safe-conduct, and so will be technically a spy. The Rebel leaders may choose to regard him in that light. If they don't like his terms of peace, they may think that the easiest way to be rid of the subject. In that event, could n't you in some way interfere to protect him?"

"I don't see how I could," he replied, "without appearing to have a hand in the business. And if Jaquess has his duties, I have mine. What you suggest reminds me of a man out West, who was not over-pious, but rich, and built a church for the poor people of his neighborhood. When the church was finished, the people took it into their heads that it needed a lightning-rod, and they went to the rich man, and asked him for money to help pay for it. 'Money for a lightning-rod!' he said. 'Not a red cent! If the Lord wants to thunder down his own house, let him thunder it down, and be d——d.'"

"So," I said, laughing, "you propose to let the Lord take care of Jaquess?"

"I do," he answered. "His evident sincerity will protect him. I have no fear for him whatever. But I shall be anxious to hear of him, and I wish you would send me the first word you get. In writing to Rosecrans, omit what I have said about paying for the slaves. The time has not come to talk about that. Let him say what he thinks best to Colonel Jaquess; but the colonel must not understand he has the terms from me. We want peace, but we can make no overtures to the Rebels. They already know that the country would welcome them back, and treat them generously and magnanimously."

"To avoid any possibility of misunderstanding, sir," I remarked, "would it not be well for you to write to Rosecrans also?"

"Perhaps it would," he answered. "I think I will."

It was near midnight when I rose to go. As I did so, he said, "Don't go yet. I shall stay here until I get something from Grant."

I resumed my seat, and half an hour later the dispatch came in. Then the worn, weary man took my hand, saying, "Good-by. God bless you," and I went to my quarters.

I wrote at once to Generals Rosecrans and Garfield, and soon afterwards had a response from Major Frank S. Bond, aid to Rosecrans, dated Murfreesboro, June 4, 1863. A portion of it was as follows: "Your letter to the general and inclosure to Garfield & Co. were both duly received, and will probably be acknowledged by the parties to whom they were addressed. A letter has also been received [the one promised by Mr. Lincoln] as to the matter of Dr. J., of similar import to that stated in your letter. On receipt of this letter I sent for Colonel J., and had a talk with him. He says he does not wish to start at once, if the army is to move. He also asks, would he be warranted in saying that the government would, under certain circumstances, be willing to pay a *fair price* to the smaller slave-owners — say, to the owners of five slaves and under; also, would they allow the leaders to leave the country without molestation, or would they make it compulsory. Please write me your views on these points."

All letters and conversations which are quoted in the course of this article, I copy from the originals, or from minutes made by me at the time, but of my reply to this letter I either did not keep a copy, or have mislaid it. To the best of my recollection, the substance of my answer, addressed to Major Bond, or direct to General Rosecrans, was that

Jaquess had better not go into details in his proffers to the Rebels; that, conceding union and emancipation, they would find Mr. Lincoln most liberal on all collateral matters; also, that Colonel Jacquess, on his return, had better report to General Rosecrans, and not attempt to communicate direct with Mr. Lincoln, there being strong reasons why the President should have, at the time, no intercourse with him.

The next tidings I had of Colonel Jacquess were in a letter to me from General Garfield, dated Murfreesboro, June 17, 1863. He said, "Colonel Jacquess has gone on his mission. The President approved it, though, of course, did not make it an official matter. There are some very curious facts relating to his mission, which would particularly interest your friend Judge Edmonds, and which I hope to tell you of some day. It will be sufficient for me to say that enough of the mysterious is in it to give me almost a superstitious feeling of half faith, and certainly a very great interest in his work. He is most solemnly in earnest, and has great confidence in the result of his mission."

I had no further tidings of Colonel Jacquess until the following November, though I was in frequent correspondence with General Garfield, and would have heard of him had Jacquess reported, as was expected, to General Rosecrans. Nor did Mr. Lincoln hear from him. I was twice in Washington during the summer, and on each occasion saw the President, who, at our last interview, expressed much concern about Jacquess. He feared some evil had befallen him, and regretted having let him go, for just then such men could be poorly spared by the country. My own opinion was that Jacquess had been detained by the Confederates; but about the middle of November I received a letter from him which showed that he had returned in safety. He subsequently told me that, on leaving Murfreesboro, he went direct to Baltimore,

where he reported to General Schenck, who, on learning his purpose, forwarded him on to Fortress Monroe. There he explained to General Dix his object in going into the Confederacy, and he, after some delay (probably to secure instructions from Washington), allowed him to go on board a flag-of-truce boat, which was about to start for the Confederate lines. He was in his uniform, but was courteously treated, and a message from him to General Longstreet was promptly conveyed to that officer. Before the return of the boat General Longstreet came down to meet him, received him cordially, and invited him to his own quarters. There he met many of the Confederate leaders, with all of whom he discussed the situation frankly and freely. To all of them he said, "Lay down your arms, go back to your allegiance, and the country will deal kindly and generously by you." He could not say more, for he was restricted from going into details. From all he had, in effect, the same answer: "We are tired of the war. We are willing to give up slavery. We know it is gone; but so long as our government holds out, we must stand by it. We cannot betray it and each other." It was this sentiment of loyalty to their government which made the Southern people follow so blindly the lead of Jefferson Davis; and it throws upon him the responsibility of the two years of carnage that followed. It will also appear, farther on in this paper, that it was altogether owing to the blind obstinacy and insane ambition of that man that the Southern people came out of the war, stripped, without payment, of their slaves, and with scarcely more that they could call their own than the ground they trod upon.

Colonel Jacquess failed to gain audience of Mr. Davis, and was told that it would be useless to approach him without having distinct proposals from Mr. Lincoln. But if he brought those, and

they were on a liberal basis, they would, without doubt, be accepted. To obtain more definite proposals Jacquess returned to the North. His subsequent movements are related in his letter to me, which I have mentioned as being received about the middle of November. It was as follows : —

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., November 4, 1863.

J. R. GILMORE, ESQ. :

MY VERY DEAR SIR, — I entered upon my mission, passed into the Confederate lines, met a most cordial reception, was received by those to whom my mission was directed as a visitant from the other world, and was strongly urged not to cease my efforts till the end was accomplished. I obtained some very valuable information, which appears more so to me now, since events have transpired to which I need not now refer.

I returned to Baltimore, with a view to communicating with President Lincoln. I wrote him — without stating that I had been within the enemy's lines — “that I had valuable information. Can I have permission to communicate it? If so, how, — by telegraph, mail, or in person? I await an answer at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, Md.”

I waited there two weeks; no answer came. General Schenck, to whom I had made known my business when outward bound, was absent. I did not feel at liberty to report to any one else.

At this time I learned from parties here that a battle, at or near this place, would be fought soon, and that my regiment very much desired me to be with them. I hastened to join them, which I did just in time to be in the most desperate and bloody battle of the war. I lost over two hundred of my men, nineteen commissioned officers in killed and wounded, and I had two horses shot under me. I was not touched.

I cannot perceive why President L. should decline any communication with me. I can give him some *most valuable*

information; no one else need know it, and he be uncommitted.

Generals Rosecrans and Garfield are gone, and there are no others here with whom I feel free to communicate. I would be most thankful for the privilege of prosecuting this work further, — feel that I ought to do it, that great good would result from it. I find my way perfectly clear on the other side of the line. My only trouble is on this side. I can do our cause more good in one month, in my own way, than I can here in *twelve*. More anon.

Yours truly, J. F. JAQUESS,
Colonel 73d Reg. Ill. Vols.

This letter I received as I was about to set out on a lecturing tour, which would not leave three consecutive days at my disposal until the following April. Consequently, I could not go to Washington; and writing to Mr. Lincoln seemed to be useless, for if he had not answered Jacquess, it was to be presumed he would not correspond with any one on that subject. Besides, I could tell him nothing till I had seen the colonel. This I wrote to Jacquess, suggesting that he should apply to General Thomas, who knew and approved of his first visit, and would, no doubt, depute some trusty person to go to Mr. Lincoln, report what Jacquess had to communicate, and obtain a new furlough. I suggested also that he should not again attempt direct access to Mr. Lincoln, unless he could bring to him definite proposals of surrender from the Rebel leaders.

To this letter Jacquess replied that he would wait until I could go to Washington, as it was necessary he should know more definitely Mr. Lincoln's views before he went again into the Confederacy; and the extreme caution the President had shown convinced him that he would not talk to any stranger as freely as he had talked, and probably would again talk, to me.

I was not able to visit Washington till

early in the following May. Then, about the first question I asked of Mr. Lincoln was, why he had not replied to Colonel Jaquess's letter.

"I never received his letter," was the unexpected answer. The person to whom it had come had not thought it of sufficient importance to bring it to the notice of the President. I then handed him Jaquess's letter to me of November 4, 1863. He read it carefully, and then said, "He's got something worth hearing. What a pity it is they did n't give me that letter!"

"It's not too late, sir," I remarked. "Those people are ripe for peace. Let Jaquess go again. There is no telling what he may accomplish."

Without a word, he turned about on his chair, and on a small card wrote as follows: —

To whom it may concern:

The bearer, Colonel James F. Jaquess, 73d Illinois, has leave of absence until further orders.

A. LINCOLN.

When he handed this card to me I said, "I will send this at once to General Thomas, and write to Jaquess to come to me at my home in Boston. Then I will send to you, through General Garfield, a full report of Jaquess's doings within the Rebel lines."

"All right," he answered. "Garfield will be discreet. Have you seen him?"

"Not yet, sir; but he is here, and I can see him to-day. However, it seems to me, it would be vastly better for you to talk with Jaquess. Would it not do for me to bring him here in citizen's clothes? It could be managed with absolute secrecy."

"No doubt," he answered, "but the fact would exist; and I could n't deny it, if it should prove inconvenient."

"Do you desire I should name any more definite terms to Jaquess?"

"What did you tell me, some time

ago, that Rosecrans wrote to you about pay to the small slave-owners?"

"His aid, Major Bond, wrote to me that Jaquess asked if you would pay the owners of five slaves and under, and if the leaders would be allowed to leave the country without molestation."

"Let him tell them all to stay at home; and I think I could manage the five slaves, — perhaps more. You see, Chickamauga has taught the country something. People don't talk so much about the Confederacy being a shell; perhaps it is, but it's an awful hard shell to crack. You can say to Jaquess that you are satisfied we will grant such terms, but don't say I distinctly offer them. He might construe that into some sort of authority."

It was not till the 13th of June that I heard from Colonel Jaquess. Then I received a torn sheet, written by him in pencil on the 10th of the same month, from one of the battle-fields about Kenesaw Mountain, in which he said that he was ready to go again, and would see me in Boston about the first of July. I at once wrote to Mr. Lincoln, apprising him of this, and adding that the more I thought of it, the more it seemed to me important that Jaquess should have fuller and more definite instructions. I hoped also that he would change his mind about giving him a personal interview. Should I not bring Jaquess on to Washington, and he then decide what to do in the premises?

This letter I sent open, to General Garfield, with a note requesting him to read it, and urge my views upon the President. Answer came from Garfield in an appendix to a letter of five pages, which he had written me on other subjects (June 19, 1863). The appendix was as follows: —

"I have delayed sending this till I could see the President in reference to Jaquess; and after two ineffectual attempts, I saw him, and talked with him. There were other persons in the room,

and we could not talk freely, so he summed it all up by saying, 'Tell Gilmore to bring Jaquess here, and I will see him. Of course it should be done very quietly.' "

My next communication on this subject was a telegram from Colonel Jaquess, dated "Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, June 30th," which was as follows: "Can you come to Baltimore and Washington? It is important."

As soon thereafter as possible I went to Baltimore, and met Colonel Jaquess. He informed me that he had brought dispatches from General Sherman to Washington, and, being there, had sent in his name to Mr. Lincoln, who had declined to see him, but advised his seeing me in Boston. He had telegraphed to me to come on, he said, because he was fearful that some unforeseen difficulty had arisen in the way of his return into the Confederacy. This apprehension I quieted by assuring him that Mr. Lincoln was more anxious for peace than any one in the country.

We took the next train for Washington, and I called at once upon Mr. Lincoln. About his first remark was that on the very day he had told Garfield to write me that he would see Jaquess, General Schenck had called upon him with some volunteer advice as to the terms he should offer the Rebels through Colonel Jaquess. On subsequent inquiry he had learned that Schenck had spoken of the subject freely and everywhere. "This," he said, "may greatly embarrass me. I therefore refused to see Jaquess, and shall countermand his furlough, and send him back to his regiment."

"I am very sure, sir," I said, "that Jaquess has never disclosed his business, except, perhaps, when it was necessary in order to get through the lines."

"No doubt," he said. "I don't question his discretion; but the fact that he has had to mention it at all shows the thing should not go any further. The

whole business is irregular, and had better not be proceeded with."

"That is, of course, for you to decide, sir; but will you allow me five minutes by a slow watch?"

"Yes," he answered, "ten; and if you are very entertaining, I'll give you twenty."

Then, as briefly as I could, I spoke of the universal impression existing at the North that some honorable peace could be made with the South; and I said that if liberal terms were offered to the Confederacy, and were refused, it would remove that impression, kill the peace party, and secure his reelection to the presidency. The country was so thoroughly tired of the war that it would welcome any peace that would preserve the Union. The Democrats would promise such a peace, and the result would be that their candidate would be elected, and the Union would go to pieces. On the other hand, if Jaquess went, and Davis should refuse to negotiate — as he probably would — except on the basis of Southern independence, that fact alone would unite the North, reelect him, and thus save the Union.

"Then," he said, "you would fight the devil with fire? You would get that declaration from Davis, and use it against him?"

"I would, sir," I answered. "I would spread it wherever the English language is spoken; and in thirty days there would not be a peace man at the North, except in the Copperhead party. But I would deal squarely with Davis. I would offer him terms so liberal that, if he rejected them, he would stand condemned before the civilized world."

Until this time Mr. Lincoln had sat with one of his long legs upon the corner of the table, but now he drew the leg down, and leaned slightly forward, looking directly into my eyes, but with an absent, far-away gaze, as if unconscious of my presence. Thus he sat for fully a couple of minutes, in absolute

silence. Then, relapsing into his usual manner, he said, "There is something in what you say. But Jaquess could n't do it, — he could n't draw Davis's fire; he is too honest. You are the man for that business."

Not stopping to be amused by his equivocal compliment, I replied, "Excuse me, sir, if I differ with you. His very honesty and sincerity exactly fit him for the business. Davis is astute and wary, but the colonel's transparent honesty would disarm him completely."

"Have you suggested this to Jaquess?"

"No, sir."

"Well, if you propose it to him, he will tell you he won't have anything to do with the business. He feels that he is acting as God's servant and messenger, and he would recoil from anything like political finesse. But if Davis should make such a declaration, the country should know of it; and I can see that, coming from him now, when everybody is tired of the war, and so many think some honorable settlement can be made, it might be of vital importance to us. But I tell you that not Jaquess, but *you*, are the man for that business."

"Ah! I see, sir," I remarked. "You propose that I shall go upon this mission."

"No, I do not," he answered. "I do not propose anything. I can't propose anything about such a business. I can only say that I will give you a pass into the Rebel lines, and then — ask Jaquess to pray for you."

"When I might be past praying for!" I rejoined. "This is a new and unexpected thought to me, Mr. Lincoln. Will you allow me to consider it, and talk it over with Mr. Chase and General Garfield?"

"Certainly," he answered. "Talk with them, and bring them both here with you this evening. I should like to confer with them myself, — with Chase particularly. Tell him so."

After explaining the position of things to Colonel Jaquess, I called upon General Garfield, and explained the subject to him fully. His opinion upon it may be condensed into a very few words: "I never had much faith in the power of the 'Methodist Church South' to control Davis; but I tell you, you've got the idea now that will dethrone him. Let him make that declaration, and there won't be an honest peace man at the North. Come, I will go with you to see Mr. Chase."

With Mr. Chase we went over the whole ground, and he expressed the decided opinion that, in view of the state of feeling in the North, it was of the first importance that liberal terms should be at once offered to Davis, and, if he declined them, that the country should know the fact. Garfield had an important engagement that evening, but, after I had dined with Mr. Chase, the latter went with me to the White House. This he did without hesitation, though, only a few days before, he had resigned from the Treasury Department, and it was currently reported that relations between him and Mr. Lincoln were somewhat strained. I judged, however, that if any feeling existed, it was entirely on the side of Mr. Chase, for Mr. Lincoln's manner to him was most cordial, — had the frank trustfulness that he showed only to those who had his entire confidence. Before we were seated he said, "Ah, Chase, I am glad you've come; but where is Garfield?"

"He had an engagement with a client," said Mr. Chase. "He is eking out his income with a little practice in the Supreme Court."

"Well, I wanted *you* particularly," said Mr. Lincoln. "This is a delicate and important business, and I don't want to stir in it without your advice."

"I know you are sincere in that expression, Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Chase, "and I feel honored by it."

"Well, sit down, both of you," said

Mr. Lincoln, "and let us get to business. Now, Mr. Gilmore, have you decided to ask me for a pass into the Rebel lines?"

"I have, sir," I answered, "on the condition that you allow me to make such overtures to Davis as will put him entirely in the wrong if he rejects them."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Chase and I will talk about that in a moment. But, first, another question: Do you understand that I neither suggest, nor request, nor direct you to take this journey?"

"I do."

"And will you say so, if it should seem to me to be necessary?"

"I will, whether you should ask it or not."

"And if those people should hold on to you, — should give you free lodgings till our election is over, or in any other manner treat you unlike gentlemen, — do you understand that I shall be absolutely powerless to help you?"

"I understand that, sir, fully."

"And you are willing to go entirely upon your own muscle?"

"No, sir, not upon my muscle. I suspect it will be more a matter of nerve than of muscle."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Chase?" said Mr. Lincoln, with an indescribable look of comic gravity. "He criticises my English at the very moment that I am giving him an office. Well, now that we have arranged the preliminaries, Mr. Chase, what terms shall we offer the Rebels? Draw your chair up to the table, Mr. Gilmore, and take down what Mr. Chase says."

"You had better name them, Mr. Lincoln," answered Mr. Chase. "I will make any suggestions that may seem necessary."

"Well, either way," replied Mr. Lincoln.

He then went on to dictate to me, without interruption from Mr. Chase, the following: —

"First. The immediate dissolution of the Southern government, and disbandment of its armies; and the acknowledgment by all the States in rebellion of the supremacy of the Union.

"Second. The total and absolute abolition of slavery in every one of the late slave States and throughout the Union. This to be perpetual.

"Third. Full amnesty to all who have been in any way engaged in the Rebellion, and their restoration to all the rights of citizenship.

"Fourth. All acts of secession to be regarded as nullities; and the late rebellious States to be, and be regarded, as if they had never attempted to secede from the Union. Representation in the House from the recent slave States to be on the basis of their voting population."

Here Mr. Chase remarked, "About that I may want to say something, Mr. Lincoln; but please to go on now, and I will suggest some points afterwards."

"Very well," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Fifth. The sum of five hundred millions, in United States stock, to be issued and divided between the late slave States, to be used by them in payment to slave-owners, loyal and disloyal, for the slaves emancipated by my proclamation. This sum to be divided among the late slave-owners, equally and equitably, at the rate of one half the value of the slaves in the year 1860; and if any surplus should remain, it to be returned to the United States treasury.

"Sixth. A national convention to be convened as soon as practicable, to ratify this settlement, and make such changes in the Constitution as may be in accord with the new order of things.

"Seventh. The intent and meaning of all the foregoing is that the Union shall be fully restored, as it was before the Rebellion, with the exception that all slaves within its borders are, and shall forever be, freemen."

As he finished the dictation, Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Chase, saying, "All

of which, Mr. Chase, is respectfully submitted; and now I am open to amendments."

A two hours' discussion followed upon the fourth and fifth clauses. The fourth clause Mr. Chase desired should be modified, so as to provide expressly for negro suffrage. Mr. Lincoln replied that it did, in effect, secure it, because it based representation upon the *voting* population. It would be inadvisable to embarrass a negotiation like this with such a question.

To the fifth clause Mr. Chase objected altogether, contending that it would be regarded as "buying a peace," and in its present mood the North would not submit to such a measure. Mr. Lincoln must bear in mind that no peace could be lasting that was not based upon principles of eternal justice; and by those principles the black was entitled to both freedom and suffrage, without payment or thanks to any one. To this Mr. Lincoln replied that the sum named was less than would be the cost of another year of war, to say nothing of the bloodshed; and it was also right to pay for property we had destroyed, — repeating much the same arguments he had used to me fully a year previously. The clause was finally modified by restricting payment to owners of fifty slaves and under, and reducing the amount named to an absolute sum of four hundred millions. To this Mr. Chase finally assented, with the remark, "I conceive that it makes but very little difference. Mr. Davis is not likely to accept the offer. Mr. Gilmore is confident that he will not accept of peace without separation. To get his declaration to that effect is why you send Mr. Gilmore."

"True," said Mr. Lincoln, "but peace may possibly come out of this; and I don't want to say a word that is not in good faith. We want to draw Davis's fire; but we must do it fairly. What I think of most is the risk Mr. Gilmore will run. The case is not the same with

him as with Jaquess. There is something about that man, a kind of 'thus saith the Lord,' that would protect him anywhere. But Gilmore is not Jaquess. He will go in with my pass, and the Rebels won't talk with him five minutes before they ascertain that he is fully possessed of my views. He will say he does n't represent me; but they will think they know better. Now, as the thing they want most is our recognition of them, may they not hold on to him, to force me to some step for his protection that shall recognize them? And if they decline the overtures, as they probably will, is it not likely they will refuse to let him out before our election, because of the damage he may do their friends by publishing the facts to the country? Now, Mr. Chase, can you see any way by which I can protect him?"

"I cannot," replied Mr. Chase, "unless you should copy the proposals into a letter addressed to Mr. Gilmore, sign it, and in it request him to read it to Mr. Davis. That would give him a semi-official character, and they would not dare to molest him."

"That I can't do," said Mr. Lincoln. "It would be making direct overtures. I don't see, Gilmore, but you will have to trust in the Lord; only be sure to keep your powder dry, for they are wily and unscrupulous fellows."

I then informed him that Colonel Jaquess had agreed to go with me. To this he assented, and, turning to his table, he wrote a couple of passes. They were on small cards, one of which said simply, —

Will General Grant allow J. R. Gilmore and friend to pass our lines, with ordinary baggage, and go South.

A. LINCOLN.

July 6, 1864.

This I delivered to General Grant; the other I was able to retain. It read as follows: —

Allow J. R. Gilmore and friend to pass, with ordinary baggage, to General Grant, at his headquarters.

A. LINCOLN.

July 6, 1864.

As I glanced at the cards he remarked, Tell Colonel Jaquess that I omit his name on account of the talk about his previous trip; and I wish you would explain to him my refusal to see him. I want him to feel kindly to me."

As Mr. Chase and I rose to go, he rose also, and, bidding "Good-night" to Mr. Chase, he took me by the hand, and held it while he said, "God bless and prosper you. My best wishes will be with you. Good-by."

It was after midnight when I recounted the interview to Colonel Jaquess, and told him that we would take the City Point boat on the following afternoon.

In about a fortnight we arrived in Richmond, and were admitted to an interview with Mr. Davis and the Confederate Secretary of State, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin. What passed on that occasion I soon afterwards recounted in an article in this magazine,¹ and it need not be here repeated. The sum of it all was that the Confederate government would negotiate upon no other basis than Southern independence. Mr. Davis said, "We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence, and that, or extermination, we *will* have." Again, when we rose to take our leave of him, he added, "Say to Mr. Lincoln from me that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other." This was my report of Mr. Davis's language, but in a manifesto which Secretary Benjamin addressed to the "Minister to the Continent," he put this declaration of Mr. Davis in even stronger terms. He represented him as saying to us "that the separation of the States was an accom-

plished fact; that he had no authority to receive proposals for negotiation except by virtue of his office as President of an independent Confederacy, and on this basis alone must proposals be made to him."

These declarations were sufficiently explicit to convince the most hopeful of peace advocates that negotiations with Mr. Davis could be conducted only with the bayonet. It only remained to scatter his words far and wide over the North, to enable every voter to cast an intelligent ballot at the approaching election, which was to decide the fate of the Union.

At General Grant's invitation, Colonel Jaquess remained a few days at City Point, but I took the first boat for Washington. On the way down the river, and while the facts were fresh in my mind, I wrote out the interview with Davis and Benjamin, which I proposed to read to Mr. Lincoln, to avoid the omissions and inaccuracies that might occur in a verbal recital. Arrived in Washington, I hurried to the White House. Mr. Sumner was closeted with the President, but my name was no sooner announced than a kindly voice said, "Come in. Bring him in." As I entered his room he rose, and, grasping my hand, said, "I'm glad you're back. I heard of your return two nights ago; but they said you were non-committal. What is it, — as we expected?"

"Exactly, sir," I answered. "There is no peace without separation. Coming down on the boat, I wrote out the interview, to read to you when you are at leisure."

"I am at leisure now," he replied. "Sumner, too, would be glad to hear it."

When I had finished the reading, he said, "What do you propose to do with this?"

"Put a beginning and an end to it, sir, on my way home, and hand it to the Tribune."

"Can't you get it into The Atlantic?"

¹ Atlantic Monthly for September, 1864.

he asked. "It would have less of a partisan look there."

"No doubt I can, sir," I replied; "but there will be some delay about it."

"And it is important that Davis's position should be known at once," said Mr. Lincoln. "It will show the country that I did n't fight shy of Greeley's Niagara business without a reason; and everybody is agog to hear your report. Let it go into the Tribune."

"Permit me to suggest," said Mr. Sumner, "that Mr. Gilmore put at once a short card, with the separation declaration of Davis, into one of the Boston papers, and then, as soon as he can, the fuller report into *The Atlantic*."

"That is it," said Mr. Lincoln. "Put Davis's 'We are not fighting for slavery, we are fighting for independence,' into the card, — that is enough; and send me the proof of what goes into *The Atlantic*. Don't let it appear till I return the proof. Some day all this will come out, but just now we must use discretion."

As I rose to leave, Mr. Lincoln took my hand, and while he held it in his said, "Jaquess was right, — God's hand is in it. This may be worth as much to us as half a dozen battles. Get the thing out as soon as you can; but don't forget to send me the proof of what you write for *The Atlantic*. Good-by. God bless you."

The "card" appeared in the Boston

Evening Transcript of July 22, 1864, and two or three days afterwards Mr. James T. Fields handed to me the proof of *The Atlantic* article, which I at once forwarded to Mr. Lincoln. He retained it seven days, and thereby delayed the issue of the magazine considerably beyond the usual period; and when the proof came back it was curtailed a full page and a half of its original proportions. He had stricken out the territorial reference which I had made, and all reference which I had made to compensation for the slaves. I had intended the article not only as a declaration of Mr. Davis's position, but also as a manifesto to the Southern people of the liberal conditions on which they could return to the Union. I thought a knowledge of those conditions would create a rebellion within a rebellion, and so much deplete the Southern armies as to shorten the war materially.

Mr. Lincoln told me subsequently that he held the proof under consideration for a few days because he was at first tempted to let the article stand as I had written it; but that fuller reflection convinced him that the publication of his terms would sow dissension in the South, and he was unwilling that his words should have any such effect. Had these terms been accepted, the South would have come out of the war in a better financial position than the North, and the revolted States would have been saved the long agony of reconstruction.

Edmund Kirke.

SONG.

THE very stars will rise and swing
 More radiant censers in the air,
 No shadow fall on anything,
 The red rose paint itself more fair,
 So brief the hours, divine their sum,
 When Love is come, when Love is come.

Beauty will fail from earth and sky,
 Fragrance and song will lose their dower,
 The world in dark eclipse will lie,
 And all things wither in that hour,
 When still the heart beats on and on,
 And Love is gone, and Love is gone.

Mary N. Prescott.

THE SECOND SON.

XIII.

NINA'S VIEWS.

It was very surprising to the Squire to find himself at table with no other companion save Nina, the only member of the family left at home. When he had been alone in the house before, this little person had been still in the school-room, and her father had not been incommoded by her company; and to see her rise from her seat, as he passed through, forgetting all about her, and timidly precede him to the dining-room, took him entirely aback. He felt, somehow, that she must disappear with her brothers, and that his dinner would be the easy and solitary "square meal" which it had been many times before, without the least idea on his part that it was dreary to be alone. She was not even at the other end of the table, where he could have ignored her, but, by the considerateness of the butler, who thought Miss Nina would feel lonely, her place had been laid quite near her father's, so that they might entertain each other mutually. The situation was one for which Mr. Mitford was not prepared. He had nothing to say to his own little girl. Politeness might have suggested a few nothings to answer the uses of conversation with other juvenile members of Nina's class, but a man has no need to be polite to his own child, and he had not a notion what Nina was

pable of talking about, or if there were anything, indeed, that was likely to interest her among the subjects with which he was acquainted. Asking her rather gruffly if she would take soup, if she would like some fish, served the purpose for a little; but when it came to the beef and mutton stage, which was with the Squire, an old-fashioned Englishman, priding himself on an excellent appetite, a prolonged period, the sight of her, saying nothing, eating nothing, sitting with little hands clasped before her, ready with a timid smile whenever he looked at her, became more and more an embarrassment to him. He broke forth at last with a question in which his own *ennui* found vent, though it appeared to be intended to gauge hers: "Is n't it a great bore to you, Nina, to sit at table with me alone?"

"Oh, no, papa," cried Nina, in a tone of surprise.

"Not a bore? Well, you are a better creature than I am, which is very likely at your age. Are n't you sorry, then, that your brothers are away?"

"Very sorry, papa," Nina answered; and then there was a pause again.

"It's your turn now to fire away," he said, after a moment. "I've asked you two questions, now you can ask me two."

"Oh, may I?" said Nina, faster than seemed possible, clapping her hands softly with apparent pleasure. "That is exactly what I should like, for I want

above all things to ask you why it was that Roger and Edmund went away so very suddenly. They said nothing of it at dinner, and next day they were off by the early train."

"I suppose," said the Squire, with his mouth full, "they had got tired of the country."

"No, I'm sure it was n't that; they are both fond of the country. Either they heard some news, or something happened, or perhaps you scolded them. You talked very loud after dinner, and you were angry with me when you dashed in and found me sitting near the door."

"That was because I don't want you to get into that mean sort of womanish way. You looked as if you had been listening at the door."

"Oh, no, papa, never; but I always sit at that end of the room for company. To hear voices is something; it makes you feel as if you were not quite alone, though you may not hear a word they say."

"Oh!" said Mr. Mitford. He resolved from that moment to put a guard upon his tongue; for if it is only saying "deuce," and other words that begin with a *d*, a man would rather not say these things in a girl's ear.

"And when I saw them go away this morning, I thought that perhaps you had been scolding them, papa."

"Scolding does not make so much difference at your brothers' age as at yours," he said, softening in spite of himself.

"Does n't it? Roger had an angry look, as if he were going against his will, and Edmund was anxious to get him to go. The servants say"—But here Nina pursed up her mouth suddenly, perceiving Mr. Larkins, the butler, in the background. It was difficult to see the attendants, except the footman in his white stockings, who was visible low down, going round the table; for the lamp which hung over it was shaded, and left everything beyond in an un-

certain aspect. But she saw Larkins like a shadow standing by the great side-board, and her mouth was closed.

"What do the servants say?"

"I will tell you afterwards, papa," the little girl said.

"Prudent, by Jove, that little thing," the Squire said to himself, as if this had been a crowning wonder. He did not speak again till the beef had gone, and something of a savory character, replacing the exhausted game, smoked upon his plate, while Nina ate her rice pudding. Then he resumed, quite unconscious that such keen observers as his child and his servant could easily trace the line of connection between his present utterance and what had been last said.

"Do you ever pass by the West Lodge in your little walks?"

"Oh, the Fords, papa? Yes, to be sure," cried Nina. "Lily is just my age. I have always known her. Oh, is n't she pretty? We all think so in this house."

"Who thinks so? I don't understand what you mean by 'all,'" exclaimed the Squire, with lowering looks.

"They are a little jealous of her," said Nina, "which is not wonderful, for she does not look like them at all. She is quite a lady, Mrs. Simmons says. You may think how lovely she must be when Simmons allows it. They say she has a great many admirers, and that"—Here Nina gave a little cough of intelligence, and made a slight gesture with her hand towards the flowers on the table. "*Him*, you know," she said, nodding her head.

"What do you mean?" cried the Squire, confounded, Nina's confidential communication being more than any man's patience could bear.

Nina drew closer, and put her hand to her mouth. "The gardener, you know," she said, "but I don't like to mention his name aloud, because of the men."

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Mitford. He

had been very careless of his little girl! he had paid no more attention to her, as she grew up, than if she had been one of the hounds. But in that moment he got his reward. "Do you know," he said, angrily, "that you talk like a little village gossip, Nina? What have you to do with such stories? If I hear you discoursing again upon the servants and their love affairs, or any other affairs, I shall send you back to the school-room, and you shall not appear here again."

Poor Nina gave a little frightened cry. She did not know what she had done. The color went out of her cheeks. She sat quaking, thrown back upon herself, her eyes filling with tears that she dared not let fall. "Oh, papa!" she said, faintly. This threat penetrated to her very heart, for no one could know so well what the school-room was as the least of the little victims who had languished there, to be delivered only by marriage. Nina saw with very clear prevision that it was very unlikely she ever could be emancipated by marriage, seeing that she never met any one, and that nobody ever came to Melcombe who was not, she said to herself, half a hundred. The poor child's heart sank within her. She had been bolder than usual, encouraged by her father's attention to her little chatter, and she did not know into what pitfall it was that she had dropped. She sat quite still, sometimes lifting a pair of wistful eyes towards him, while the wearisome dinner concluded. The servants, stealing about in the shade, with their subdued steps silently offering all the fruits of the desert, which she would have liked very much, but had not the courage to touch, were like ghosts to Nina; and her father's severe face, in the light of the lamp, shone upon her like that of an awful judge who should presently pronounce sentence upon her. Larkins and his satellites were a kind of protection; they saved her temporarily, at least, from receiving her sentence, and when she

saw them preparing to go away, her heart sank. The Squire did not say a word during the conclusion of the dinner. He did not hurry over it; he took everything as leisurely as usual, showing no burning desire to proceed to the execution of Nina. But in this she could not take any comfort, not seeing in reality how it was.

When the servants had left the room, Mr. Mitford, after a brief interval, spoke, and his voice seemed to fill all the room with echoes. Nina was so paralyzed with fear that she did not perceive its softened tone.

"You have no business with the affairs of the servants. Keeper and gardener, or whatever they are, you have nothing to do with them. It is not becoming in the young lady of the house to discuss their concerns or intentions; remember that, Nina."

"Yes, papa," assented the girl, scarcely venturing to breathe.

"However," said the Squire, "now those fellows are gone who have ears for everything, you may tell me what you know about this business. That daughter of Ford's is going to marry the gardener, is she? And a very good thing, too; it will keep her out of the way of mischief; and when is *that* to be?"

"I don't know, papa," said Nina, without raising her eyes.

"You seemed to know all about it a few minutes ago. I didn't mean to frighten you, child. Speak up, and tell me what you do know."

Nina began to pluck up a little courage. "It is only what they say. They all think a great deal of Mr. Witherspoon, the gardener. They say he is quite the gentleman, and so clever. They think he is too good for Lily. Mr. Witherspoon was once after Miss Brown, the steward's sister. You know, papa, she is Scotch, too."

"I know," said Mr. Mitford, with a nod of his head; "go on. So little Ford has cut out the red-haired one? I

shouldn't have thought by Miss Lily's looks she would be content with such small game."

"Oh, she is not in love with him at all," cried Nina, forgetting her caution. "It is all her father and mother, just like a story-book. But some take Miss Brown's side. Old Simmons is all for Lily; she is always having private talks with Mr. Witherspoon. They say she wants to get her married and out of the way; for, papa," said the girl, dropping her voice, and putting out her hand with the instinct of a true gossip for the dramatic climax, "papa, they say that all the gentlemen are always going to the West Lodge. They all think so much of her, for to be pretty is all the gentlemen think of; and they say that Roger" —

"All the gentlemen!" cried the Squire, with a sudden quiver of rage which appalled Nina. "What do you mean by all the gentlemen, you little gossip, you confounded little — How dare you say anything about Roger! How dare you discuss your brother with the servants! Do you mean to tell me that Roger — that Roger" —

"Oh papa," cried Nina, beginning to weep, "I don't talk about Roger. I only hear what they say."

"What *they* say! The people in the servants' hall? By Jove," said the Squire, "you ought to go out to service yourself; you seem just of their kind." He got up in his impatience, and began to pace about the room, as he had done on the previous night. "I have a nice family," he went on. "A son who is after Lily Ford, the keeper's daughter; and you, you little soubrette, you waiting-maid, you Cinderella! I believe, by Jove, you have been changed at nurse, and it is Lily Ford who is the lady, and you that should be sent to the servants' hall."

Nina sank altogether under this storm. She began to cry and sob. Instead of getting better, as things had promised

to do, here was everything worse and worse! The school-room, with which she had been threatened first, was bad enough; but the servants' hall! As the Squire went on enumerating his own misfortunes, piling darker and darker shades of reprobation upon the children who were bringing him to shame, fear and dismay overwhelmed the poor little girl. She was at last unable to keep down her misery, and ran and flung herself, half on the ground before him, half clinging to his elbow. "Oh papa! send me to Geraldine or Amy. — they will take me in; send me to aunt Dacres; send me to school, even, if you are so very, very angry; but don't send me to service; don't put me in a place like one of the maids. Oh, papa, papa! I am your own daughter, whatever you may think. I am Nina, — indeed I am, I am!" cried the girl in a paroxysm that shook her little frame, and even shook his great bulk. He was moved in spite of himself by the passion of the girl's panic and the matter-of-fact acceptance of his unmeaning threats, which to Nina, with her childlike apprehension, seemed so horribly real and imminent. He took hold of her shoulder, which was thrown against him, the slight, round, soft form, in its white muslin, all quivering with measureless fear.

"Get up, child," he said; "sit down, dry your eyes, don't be a little fool. Of course I know you are Nina. Do you think I can stop to weigh every word, when you drive me out of my senses? Of course I don't mean that. But you oughtn't to listen to the servants and their gossip, or put yourself on a level with the maids; you ought to have been taught better, you ought" —

"Oh papa, I know it's wrong," cried Nina, rubbing her head against his arm and clasping it with both her hands, "but I have never had any one to care for me, and I have no one to talk to, and it's so lonely."

He took a little trouble to soothe her,

partly moved by her words, and partly by the childlike clinging; and presently dismissed her up-stairs, bidding her go to bed and take care of herself, an injunction which Nina obeyed by holding a long chatter with her maid, in which she disclosed the fact that papa had given her a dreadful scolding for something she had said about Lily Ford. Mr. Mitford returned to his wine with thoughts that were not at all agreeable. His son publicly reported to be "after" that roadside beauty, his daughter talking like a little waiting-woman, full of the gossip of the servants' hall, — these were pleasant reflections. He had taken a certain pride in the young men who were his representatives in the world, which stood more or less in the place of paternal love; and even Nina, of whom he knew little more than the outside, had gratified occasionally, when he thought of her at all, that rudimentary sentiment. They had all done him credit, more or less. But there was not much credit to be got out of a little thing who talked like a village gossip, nor out of probably a degrading marriage on the part of the young man who considered himself his heir. "My heir, by Jove!" the Squire said to himself. The veins stood out on his forehead and on his hand as he clenched it and struck it against the table. He was not a man to bear with the follies of his children, and this was not the first occasion upon which he had reminded Roger that he was entirely at his mercy. Let the boy take but one step towards the accomplishment of that act of madness, and he should see, he should see! No gamekeeper's daughter should ever be received at Melcombe, much less placed at the head of that table where he himself had so long sat. A hot flush of fury came over him at the thought. If that was what the fool was thinking of, if that was what had made him turn away from Elizabeth Travers, a fine woman with a fine fortune in her hands, then by Jove — It

is not necessary in such circumstance to put a conclusion into words. The threat was well enough expressed in that angry exclamation. A man must submit to many things when he is bound down and cannot help himself. It is a very different matter when he has all the power in own hands.

XIV.

A NEW ACTOR.

It was some time after these events, after a period of great quiet, during which Mr. Mitford had been living alone with his daughter, seeing her at every meal, and with a curious compound of compunction and fatigue endeavoring to talk to her, and to encourage her to talk to him, an exercise which bored him infinitely, when he received one day a letter from Stephen, in itself a somewhat unusual event. Stephen had heard, he said, that his brothers were away, though he did not inform his father how he had found it out, and he thought, if the Squire did not disapprove, of taking his leave and coming home in their absence. "You know, sir," he wrote, "though it is no doubt my fault as much as theirs, that we don't pull together as well as might be desired; and as it happens that a lot of our fellows are in barracks, — for town is very handy from this place, and they can run up almost every day, — it would be a good moment for getting leave, as I'm not going in for town much this year. Perhaps you would n't mind my company when there's nobody else about." Impossible to be more surprised than was the Squire by this letter. Stephen himself to propose to come home in April, exactly the time when there was nothing doing! Stephen to give up town and its delights and the possibility of running up every day, in order to come home and make himself agreeable to his father, when everybody of his kind turned, like the sunflower to

the sun, towards the opening joys of the season! Mr. Mitford was so much astonished that he instinctively cast about in his mind to make out what motives the young man might have, presumably not so good as those which he put forward; but he could not discover anything that Stephen could do, nor any reason why he should wish to bury himself in the country in spring, that least attractive of all seasons to the child of fashion, the young man of the period. It was not with much pleasure that the Squire contemplated the offered visit. Stephen interfered with his own habits and ways more than any other of the family; he turned the household in the direction he himself wished more than either of his brothers ever attempted to do; he was less amiable, more self-assertive, than either, and showed much more of that contempt for the judgment of the elder generation which exists so generally, whether displayed or not, among the younger than either Roger or Edmund had ever done. On the whole, Mr. Mitford would rather have been left to his own devices; he did not yearn for sympathy or companionship. If there was one thing that consoled him, it was, perhaps, the thought of being delivered from that *tête-à-tête* with Nina, which began to be a very heavy necessity. But whether he liked it or not, he could not refuse to receive his youngest son.

It was almost the end of April when Stephen arrived. He came home in the spring twilight some time after his baggage, having chosen to walk, as the evening was fine. It was not a long distance from the station, but he explained that he had made a little round to see how everything was looking. The explanation was quite unnecessary, for Mr. Mitford was not like an anxious mother who counts the moments in such circumstances. He was quite willing to wait till his son made his appearance in the natural course of events. Stephen was the biggest of the family, a large, strong-

ly built, well-developed young man, with a soldier's straight back and square shoulders, and he had altogether more color about him than was usual to the Mitfords. His hair was reddish-brown, crisp and curling, every ring and twist of it looking like a demonstration of vigor and life. Edmund was pale, and Roger had no more than the average Englishman's health and vitality (which is, however, saying a great deal), but Stephen had something exuberant, almost riotous, in his strength and life. He began at once to interfere, to suggest and meddle. He paused even before he took his place at table. "Nina, you should come up here; come along, young 'un," he said. "It's your place, now you've grown up, to take the t'other end."

"Let Nina alone," interposed Mr. Mitford. "If you don't like taking your brother's place, take your own, and let's begin dinner. 'For what we are about to receive' " — The Squire's murmur of thanksgiving seemed to lose itself in the fumes of the soup from which Lar-kins lifted the cover as he sat down.

"Oh, I don't mind taking my brother's place," cried Stephen, with a laugh, "not a bit! I'll cut him out whenever I can, I promise you. There's no reason why a fellow like that should have all the good things. But now Nina's out, as I suppose she calls it."

"Let Nina alone," said the Squire again briskly. "She does n't understand your chaff, — and neither do I, for that matter. Did you see either of them as you came through town?"

"Roger or Ned? No, we don't belong to the same sets. I never see them in town, and I was there only an hour or two. I was impatient, as you see, sir, to get home."

He said this with a slight laugh, and the Squire replied with a *Humph!* through his nostrils. Stephen did not even pretend to be serious in this profession of regard for his home. What did the fellow want? What was his object? His

father could give no answer to this question, which was asked mutely by Nina's wondering blue eyes. She had not sufficiently advanced in knowledge of life, indeed, to question her brother's motives, but her look was full of an incredulous surprise.

"Are you so fond of home, Steve?" Nina inquired timidly, in the pause that ensued.

Stephen burst out laughing over his soup. "Are you, little 'un?" he said. "Tell the truth and shame the — I don't believe you are, a bit. Yes, I'm devoted to home, but I wish the Squire had a better cook. Do you call this *bisque*, Larkins? I call it mud."

"I will see the name in the *menu*, sir," said the butler, with grave severity.

"Sure enough. That's what comes of having a woman. You should give yourself the luxury of a *chef*, sir. The women are less expensive, but they always make a mess. You appreciate good living, and you can afford it. Hallo, what's this? *Sole au gratin*; why, it's black! I say, Larkins, you must really tell Mrs. Simmons, with my compliments" —

"That's enough, Stephen," exclaimed Mr. Mitford. "What's good enough for me must be good enough for my company, even if that company happens to be my youngest son, fresh from a mess-table."

"Ah, that's bitter," said Stephen, with a laugh. "Your youngest son happens to care for what he's eating. Now my elders don't know the delicate *bisque* from the common gravy, or what your cook no doubt calls clear. Clear soup, that's the word. As for the mess-table, just you come and dine with us one day, Squire, and if you don't forgive me all my impudence — Larkins, some *chablis*. Why, man alive! you don't serve sherry, I hope, with the fish?"

"I suppose there's no news, except what's in the papers," said Mr. Mitford, to stop these remarks.

"Well, sir, I don't imagine that you expect to see any real news in the papers," said Stephen. "I hear there's all sorts of things going on, — a pretty to-do in the war office, and the devil to pay among the ordnance. They tell the public there's no evidence against those big-wigs, don't you know, which means that the witnesses have been squared, of course. Government don't dare to stir up that dirty pond."

"Will you tell me, sir," cried Mr. Mitford, "that British officers, gentlemen, men of honor" —

"Oh — oh!" cried Stephen. "Softly, sir, softly. The British public ain't here, unless it's for Larkins you do it. Officers and gentlemen are just about like other people; a little percentage is neither here nor there. The country does n't really mind, and a little more money to spend is good for everybody. Why, that's political economy, is n't it? — or so I've heard."

"I don't see how money spent in bribes can be good for anybody," said the Squire. "I hope we're not going to take a lesson from Russia at this time of day."

"The Yankees do it," said Stephen calmly, "and they're the most go-ahead people on the face of the earth. As for the Russians, we shall probably have to fight them, but I don't mind them in a general way. They're up to a lot of things. In the way of life there's not much to teach those fellows. I'd like you to meet Salgoroufsky, sir. He's the last new thing in accomplished foreigners: lives better, and plays higher, and — in short, goes the whole" —

"I don't put any faith in Russians," asserted the Squire. "Oh, I suppose they're fast enough, if that's what you like. You know the old proverb, Scratch a Russian and you'll come to the Tartar."

"Ah!" said Stephen. "Don't you think we've got a little beyond the range of proverbs nowadays? A real Russ

was n't known to our seniors, sir, in the proverb-making age. By the way, I hear Salgoroufsky is coming before the public in a more piquant way. They say he's one of a half dozen Co—"

"Stephen!" said Mr. Mitford, "none of that here; you're not at the mess-table now."

"What's the matter, sir?" asked Stephen, arching his eyebrows with surprise. "Oh, Nina. Good gracious, what does it matter? I dare say she would n't understand; and if she did, why, a girl can't go anywhere nowadays without hearing such things talked about. If you think the women don't discuss them as much as we do"—

"Then I can tell you they sha'n't be discussed here," cried Mr. Mitford, who had the traditions of his generation. "What do you fellows think about the chances of war? That's more to the purpose, and a subject upon which a soldier may have an opinion."

"Oh, if you like shop!" said Stephen, with an indulgent smile. "I make a point of avoiding it myself. We're always game, you know, and that sort of thing, by jingo, if we do—and so long as it happens at the dull time of the year, when there's nothing much going on. Modern warfare's capital for that; a man can arrange his engagements so as to lose next to nothing."

"Unless he chances to lose his life by the way!"

"Exactly so, sir," assented Stephen coolly. "Of course that's on the cards, but fellows don't calculate upon it. Our only general's a good 'un for that. He knows pretty well how long it will take to do a business,—or to come to smash," he added philosophically. "The one or the other is sure to happen, don't you know, within a certain time."

"And I suppose nowadays," said the indignant father, "with all your new enlightened views on the subject, you don't mind much which it is, so long as you get back in time for your engagements."

"Well, sir, it fits in somehow," returned the young warrior calmly. "I don't know whether, in a social point of view, the smash, on the whole, is n't the best, for you are always the victim of circumstances and all the women are quite sure that if it had depended on you"—

"And as for the country, or the cause, or anything of that old-fashioned sort"—

"Oh, well, sir!" said Stephen, shrugging his shoulders, elevating his eyebrows, and putting out his hands.

Nina sat listening to all this with very wide-open eyes, turning from one to the other with a rapt attention which was not wholly accompanied by understanding. Her mind did not travel quick enough to follow all these changes of subject, and she was quite unaware how much of the unknown element of chaff lay within the utterances of her brother. Chaff is not a thing which is easily understood (without careful training) by the very young. She took it all seriously, wondering at Stephen's wisdom, who by this time felt that he had done enough in the way of enlightening his father, and that a little time might be given to dazzling the sister, whose eyes regarded him with so much admiration. Stephen liked to be admired by ladies; even, when no one else was about, was capable of appreciating the worship of Nina, and open to the gratification of getting a little fun out of her, as he would himself have said.

"I say, little 'un! you should see Gerry in all her grandeur," he said. "Statham's joined the Four-in-Hand, don't you know? and there she is on the top of the coach with all her fast friends; little Algy Banks in close attendance, of course, and Petersham and Beckerbaum and all that lot. Why does n't she ask you to stay with her, little Nines? You should tell her you're coming,—don't stop to be asked. You'd have such fun you can't think."

"Oh, Steve!" cried Nina, her blue eyes growing rounder and bigger.

"Once they have their heads loose, how these girls do go it, to be sure!" remarked Stephen, with benign admiration. "Amy's to be met with all over the place, wherever there's anything going on. And to think they were just such little mice as you, a year or two since; never a word above their breath! They're ungrateful little cats, too," said this philosopher, indifferent to the change of metaphor; "they never throw anything in a fellow's way. Let's hope they'll give you a hand, Nina, though they take no notice of a brother, and then you'll remember me, my dear, and say to yourself it was Steve who put it first into your head."

"Let Nina alone," said the Squire once more. "I tell you she does n't understand your chaff. And I hope this is chaff as well as the rest, Stephen. I hope you don't mean that Geraldine, a child of mine" —

"Oh, for that matter, sir!" returned Stephen, with cool contempt; then he added quickly, perhaps thinking better of it, for his father's eyes were across the pyramid of flowers in the middle of the table, "Statham's quite able to look after his wife. He is one of the coolest hands going. If they go too fast, he knows exactly when to pull up. As for that, they are in a very good set, and have lots of fun. I'd let them introduce the little 'un, sir, if I were in your place. Gerry ought to do something for her family. Great exertions were used, as we all recollect, to get her off," and Stephen laughed, aware that under the protection of Larkins he was safe for the moment, at least, Mr. Mitford being much too great a personage to compromise himself, so long as the servants were in the room, by any outbreak of temper. And looks do not hurt. He was rather pleased than otherwise, amused and tickled by the barbed darts that flew across the table at him from Mr. Mitford's eyes.

"Oh, papa," cried Nina, "I wish you would. I am seventeen, and I have never been at a dance, certainly not at a ball, a real ball, all my life. Geraldine and Laura and Amy were asked out on visits, but I think people have forgotten there is a fourth one of us. And I am the last. Oh, papa, let me go."

"You had better wait till you are asked," said the Squire, morosely; and the rest of the dinner went over in comparative silence, broken chiefly by Stephen's remarks and comments. He thought the *soufflé* was like lead; he suggested that his father was using up *that* cheap claret "that you thought you had got at such a bargain, sir," he added cheerfully, and with a laugh.

When Larkins left the room the Squire broke out, almost before he had shut the door; and indeed he need not have waited, for Larkins was perfectly aware of what was about to take place, and as he passed immediately into the drawing-room, to see that the lamps were burning properly, got the advantage of it in a great degree, as Nina had done, when she sat near the door "for company," on a previous occasion. But Stephen was not discomposed by his father's temper. Having spent all his time in "poking up the bear," according to his own refined description, he would have been disappointed had the excited animal refused to dance. Mr. Mitford delivered his mind in very forcible language, driving Nina off to her retirement in the drawing-room, and following her in a gust of wrath a few minutes afterwards. Stephen's arrival at Melcombe was generally signalized in this way. Papa, as Stephen now chose to call him, shut himself up in his library, slamming the doors like an enraged waiting-maid, while Nina sat and trembled, and listened not without a certain demure satisfaction in the mischief. She admired her brother for the brilliancy of his appearance in general, and for the effect he had pro-

duced, and hoped that he would come in and tell her more of Geraldine's fast and furious proceedings and the splendor of Amy. Ah, if she could but go, if she had but an invitation! She saw herself on the top of the coach, with all the ecstasy of happiness foreseen; and, as Stephen said, why should she wait to be asked? Why not say she was coming? A sister could surely take that liberty. Nina drew forth her little cabinet of ornamental stationery, hesitated, took out a sheet of note paper and put it back again. Could she venture upon it, in spite of what papa had said! Oh, if Stephen would but come in and advise her!

But Stephen apparently found something more attractive to do. He sat a while at the table his father had left, and smoked a cigarette, which was a thing no one else dared to do, considering the close vicinity of the door which led into the drawing-room, and smiled to himself at something, perhaps at his success in routing the Squire; and he held up his glass of claret to the light with an admiration of its color, which was in strong contrast to his scoff at his father about the cheap wine. He had the air of enjoying himself very much, as he balanced himself on the hind legs of his chair, and finished his claret and his cigarette. Nina, who had gone to her favorite corner in one of those deep window-recesses, heard him laugh to himself, and smelt his cigar with all the pleasure which attaches to the forbidden. She admired him for smoking and doing what no one else was allowed to do, but she did not venture to steal in and join him, which was what she would have liked. Presently, however, this heavenly odor died away. Stephen got up, still smiling, and went out into the hall, where he put on a light overcoat and lit another cigarette; then, with that smile of triumph still upon his face, he stepped forth into the soft darkness of the April night.

XV.

LOVE.

Into the April night! It was very light, for there was a new moon, which, without giving the effect of white light and profound shadow which moonlight generally gives, produced a sort of mystic twilight, the sky still showing all its soft color, the park lying half seen, with dim trees in groups and soft undulations, all harmonious in the faint and dreamy landscape. The weather was warm, for the season, and all the scents and sensations of the evening were indescribable, so full of balm and movement, everything still tingling with life. The impression of peace and soft conclusion which belongs to the hour was contradicted, yet enhanced, by the deeper sentiment of the sweet spring, with all its renewals. The dew fell like a benediction, and it was answered by the noiseless but almost audible (for is not paradox the very law of this soft, self-contradictory nature?) rising of the sap in all these trees, and of life refreshed throughout all the old framework of the earth. It scarcely needed Fine-Ear, with his fairy sense, to hear the grass growing. The air was full of it, and of the breath of the primroses, which were almost over, and of the bluebells, which had but newly come. There was a rustle, and a tingle, and a sigh, a something which was at once silence and sound, inarticulate, uncertain as that faint darkness which yet was light. It was an hour of dreams and long, delicate vision, — an hour in which the young man's fancy, as the poet says, turns lightly to thoughts of love.

Alas! there are so many ways of that. The young man whose thoughts we are about to trace stepped forth in the splendor of his evening clothes, the broad white bosom of his shirt showing under his open overcoat at a quarter of a mile's distance; his quick step ringing over the

gravel when he crossed it, coming down rapid but restless on every daisy bud and new blade of grass; his red-brown hair curling all the more crisply for the humidity of the evening air; his whole vigorous, relentless being moving on through those soft influences unaffected, bent upon one aim, moved by one purpose, in which there was nothing akin to the charities of the blowing season, although what was in his mind was love. — after his kind, love, — with no anxieties, humilities, doubts of itself or its own charm, with a smile of conquest half disdainful, and superiority assured; love triumphant, elated with a sense of power, patronizing, and yet humorous, too, amused by the delusions which it meant to encourage and develop. The smiling lips sometimes widened into a laugh, the elated imagination blew off a little strain in a snatch of song. He was going to conquest, going to success, and he knew his own power.

About the same time there stole out of a low garden gate, opening directly into the park, a figure, very different, more ideal, yet perhaps not quite ideal, either; a slim, lightly moving form in a neutral-tinted dress, which made her like another shadow in the ethereal twilight, scarcely more marked, except by the gliding, noiseless movement, than the bushes among which she threaded her way into the silent glades. Lily Ford had stolen out, as it had long been her romantic habit to do, sometimes on pretense of meeting her father; oftener still, and especially on moonlight nights, for her own pleasure. It was a habit which had seemed in keeping with the poetic creature whom her parents worshipped. She was as safe as in their own garden, and it was like a poem, Mrs. Ford thought, to think of Lily's moonlight walks, not like the strolls of the village girls with their sweethearts. The mother, with a little pang made up of mingled pride and exultation, saw her go out. It was scarcely warm enough yet

for these rambles. But it was so sweet a night! She wound a shawl about the child's throat, and begged her not to be long, to come back at once if she felt cold. "It's a little bit chilly," she said. But Lily would hear no objection. A new moon, and the wind in the south, not a bit of east in it. "And I'll be back in half an hour, mother," she said. Her heart beat as she glided away over the grassy slopes and hollows; her steps made no sound upon the old mossy turf. She was all athrill with excitement, and expectation, and awakened fancy, lightly turned to thoughts of love. She thought so, at least, as she skimmed along, a noiseless shadow, lifting her face now and then to the tender moon, which was new, and young like herself, and full of soft suggestion. She was going to meet — him. How she knew that he had come and that she was to meet him she never revealed. It was not the first by many times, and there was no reason why she should not have told that by accident, as first happened, she had met Mr. Stephen in the park. She had meant to say so at the time. She held it in reserve to say now, if there should ever come a moment in which it would be expedient to make known the accidental nature of that meeting. Lily's entire being thrilled with the expectation, with the delightful excitement, with something which, if it were not love, answered all the purposes of love, making her heart beat and the blood dance in her veins. Roger's visits had never caused her such palpitations, by which she knew that it was not ambition, nor the delight of having a lover so much above her and out of her sphere. It was not that. She stood half in awe of Roger, though there was a pleasure in seeing him come night after night (in the cold weather, and while the other was away); but Stephen filled her with a dazzled admiration and delight. She had been bewildered at first by the careless splendor of him in his evening dress. That was

one glory of the gentleman lover which was doubly seductive to Lily's aspiring heart. The gardener, in his respectable Sunday clothes, was "quite a gentleman" to the servants' hall; but even Mr. Witherspoon did not attempt an evening suit; and nothing had ever so flattered the girl's longing to belong to the patrician class, to get a footing in that paradise above her, as the splendor of Stephen's fine linen, the whiteness of his tie and his cuffs, the perfection of the costume, which nobody wore who did not dine late and belong to that world for which Lily's soul sighed, which was, she felt, the only world in which she could be content to live. All this was in her mind to-night, as she stole out to keep her tryst: the lover, with all his ardor and warmth, not respectful like Roger, and the love which drew her to him, which was like wine in her own veins, and the sense of being drawn upward into the heaven she wished for, and the intoxicating consciousness of all that he could give her, of the life in which she should be like him, in which those evening clothes of his should be balanced by her own gleaming white shoulders and the flowers in her hair. Let it not appear that this was mere vulgar vanity of dress with Lily. This was not at all how it moved her. It was the last refinement of the change for which her heart was longing, her transfer from the gamekeeper's lodge and all its incongruities into what she felt was the only life for her, the real world.

Was it, then, not love on either side?

Stephen was aware that it was something more than ordinary, a sentiment much deeper than the usual easy entanglements, which had brought him down from all the attractions of town to the country at the end of April; and though he laughed a little at Lily's conviction that it was a *grande passion* for both herself and him, yet there was no small excitement in the pursuit which he was carrying on at so much trouble to himself.

In her inexperienced soul there was the sweep of a great current of emotion, swiftly, irresistibly, drawing her toward him with an impulse which sometimes seemed altogether beyond her own control. There had been times, indeed, when she had tried to stem it, to stop herself, to ask whether what she was doing was right; and Lily had learned, with an intoxication of mingled pleasure and terror, that her power to do so was small, and that this high tide was carrying her away. With terror, but yet with pleasure too; for the girl was eager for all the high sensations of life, and wanted to be heroically in love almost as much as she wanted to be a lady; so that the thought of being unable to stop herself, of being swept away by that great flood of feeling, was delightful and ecstatic, elevating her in her own opinion. As for any moral danger, or the possibility of ever finding herself in the position of the village heroines who abound in fiction, the victims of passion, it never at any time entered into Lily's imagination that anything of the kind was possible to herself. There are evils which can be, and there are some which cannot. We do not, on the top of a hill, consider how to save ourselves from being carried off by a flood, for instance. That she should ever be a poor creature, betrayed and abandoned, was as impossible a contingency. Indeed, it did not even touch the sphere of Lily's thoughts.

They were in a little dell, where the trees opened on each side, leaving a long, soft line of light descending from the pale, clear blue of the sky, with the young moon in it, to the scarcely visible undulations of the turf. It was scarcely light so much as lightness, a relief of the evening atmosphere from the shadows of the trees, and the vista slanting upwards towards that pure, far radiance of the heavens. It was a spot in which the tenderest lovers in the world, the gentlest hearts, most full of visionary passion, might have met, and where all

things, both visible and concealed, the soft light and softer dark, the silent watch and hush of nature, the guardian groups of the trees, protectors, yet sentinels, enhanced the ideal of that meeting. But perhaps even Lily, discovering before anything else her lover, by that spotless expanse of shirt front which Stephen exposed without hesitation to the night, was scarcely quite on a level with the scene, notwithstanding the thrill in her nerves and the sound of her heart in her ears, which was, according to the last requirements of *banal* romance, the only sound she heard. She glided along towards him, admiring him, with a sense that he was, if not a god, nor even a king, in the phraseology so largely adopted by love-lorn ladies nowadays, yet in all the entrancing reality of that fact a gentleman, able to confer upon the girl he loved the corresponding position of a lady and all that was desirable in this world. But perhaps we do injustice to Lily. In the enthusiasm of the moment she did not think of what he could bestow, but of himself in that climax of perfection, exquisite in those circumstances and surroundings which nowhere else had she ever touched so closely, — not only a gentleman, but one in full dress, in the attire only vaguely dreamed of by admiring visionaries in villages, in his evening clothes.

It is very probable that Stephen would have been, though not of very delicate sensibilities, extremely mortified and shocked had he been aware of the part which his shirt front, his white tie, and that very tiny diamond stud bore in the fascination which he was conscious of exercising over Lily. Fortunately, no such idea ever entered his mind, any more than the possibility of harm occurred to Lily. The thoughts of the one were so far entirely incomprehensible to the other. But at the moment of their meeting, perhaps, on both sides the reserve fell away, and they were what they seemed for one big heart-beat —

lovers; forgetting everything in a sudden flash of emotion, such as banishes every other feeling.

"Well, little 'un," Stephen said. "So you've come at last."

"Oh, Stephen!" Lily cried.

After a minute, this transport being over, they entered upon details.

"Have you been waiting long? I could n't get away."

"Never mind, now you're here. You are a darling to come on such short notice. I was awfully afraid you would n't."

"Do you think there are so many things to occupy me that I have n't always time to think?" —

"Of what, my little Lily? Say of me. I know it's of me."

"Oh, Stephen!"

"You are the most enchanting little — Would you like to know exactly how it was? As soon as I heard Roger was out of the way — You are sure you did n't cry your little eyes out for Roger?"

"Stephen!" with indignation.

"Well, little 'un. He ain't half bad — for" — "you," he was about to say, but paused, with a sense that Lily's meekness was not sufficiently proved. "As for looks — but looks are not everything; he has his backers, as I have mine. What side would you be on, Lily?" —

"Oh, *Stephen!*" She rung the changes upon his name in any tone from enthusiasm to indignation.

"Well!" he cried, triumphantly. "As soon as I heard they were out of the way I got my leave like a shot. The Squire can't make it out, Lily. A fellow like me, fond of being in the middle of everything, to turn his back on the fun just as the fiddles are tuning up, — he can't make it out."

"Oh, Stephen! and you are giving that up, and the balls, and all the grand ladies, and everything, for me!"

"Well, ain't you pleased? I should have thought that was just what you

would like best, Lil. To know you're more attractive than the whole lot, eh? that I'd rather come here for this — for a look of you — even when I can't see you," he cried, laughing.

"Oh, Stephen! it is too much."

Her cheek touched the polished surface of that shirt front, but for the moment she was not sensible of it, being swept away by the feeling that there was no one like him, no one so noble, so disinterested, so true.

"Well, it's a good deal, my pet; it's about all a fellow can do, to show — I shall get the good of it all the more another time, when we're no longer parted like this, having to meet in the dark; when we're" —

"Together!" she said softly, under her breath, with a sense of ecstatic expectation, as if it had been heaven.

He laughed and held her close; he did not echo the word, but what did that pressure mean save a more eloquent repetition? Together! Before Lily's eyes the darkness of the dell lighted up with a light that never was on ball-room or theatre, a vision of entertainments indescribable, happiness ineffable, splendors, raptures, visions of delight. She saw herself walking into marble halls, leaning upon his arm, dancing with him, riding with him, always together, and in the first circles, among the best people in England. Her heart melted in the softening of enthusiasm and gratitude and joy.

"Oh, tell me one thing," she said.

"A hundred, my pet, whatever you please."

"Are you sure — oh, tell me the truth! don't flatter me, for I want to know — are you sure that when you take me among all those grand people you will never be ashamed of your poor Lily? Think where you are taking me from, a poor little cottage. Won't you ever feel ashamed? Oh, Stephen! I think it would kill me, but I want to know."

"You little goose!" he said, with

various caresses; "if I were ashamed of you, do you think I'd ever take you among the grand people, as you say?" He laughed, and the echoes seemed to catch his laugh and send it back in a fashion which frightened Lily. "We'll settle it in that way," he cried; "you may trust me for that."

"If you are sure, if you are quite sure."

"I'm sure," he returned, "and I'll tell you why; for whether it would put you out or not, it would put me out horribly, and I never expose myself to an unpleasantness, — don't you understand that, Lily? So you need n't be afraid."

The form of this protest did not quite satisfy Lily. It was not exactly the reply she expected; but after all, was it not the best pledge she could have? Did it not show how certain he was that never through her could he be shamed? But she went on with him a little in silence, daunted, she could scarcely tell why.

"We've something to talk of, of much more importance, Lily. There are to be no silly fancies, mind! We'll not often have such a good time as this, with nobody spying. When are you coming to me for good and all?"

"Oh, Stephen!"

"Yes, my pet, I know all that. I've thought it over and settled everything. Lily, you *are* a little goose, though you're a very sweet one. I believe you're hankering all the time after the white satin and the veil, and church-bells ringing, and village brats scattering flowers."

What a leap her heart gave at the suggestion! Ah, that she did, — hankered, as he said, longed, would have given her finger for the possibility, not, to do her justice, of the white satin, but of the orderly, lawful, peaceful rite which everybody should know.

"No," she replied, with a falter in her voice, "not if that — would be against — your interest."

"Against my interest ! I should think it would be," he said, "and a nice quiet registrar's office is as good in every way."

"Ah, not that ; a little old church in the city. Don't you remember what we agreed ?"

He looked at her a moment, then broke into a laugh again. "To be sure," he cried, "a little old church in the city ; St. Botolph's or St. Aldgate's, or something of that sort, with an old sexton and pew-opener, and everything mouldy and quiet. I know where you have taken that from, you little novel-reader ; they're all alike in the romances. Well, it shall have its little old church, if it won't be content without."

"Oh, Stephen, you are not to think me fanciful, but unless it was in a church I should never believe it any good."

"What, not with a special license, and a ring, and everything orthodox ? Do you think," he said with a laugh, "that I should want to deceive you, Lily ?"

"Oh, no !" she cried, with a vehemence which seemed to push him from her, so earnest was she. "Oh, no, no !" She was wounded even by the suggestion, which never could have come from her own mind. "I would as soon think of the sky falling, — sooner, sooner !"

He laughed again, but in a less assured and triumphant tone. He added nothing to the strength of her denial ; why should he ? She was sure enough to make all other asseveration unnecessary. And then they went on, slowly wandering in the soft darkness of the night, getting under the shadow of the trees as they turned in the direction of the West Lodge, for it was time for Lily to go home. Their figures disappeared amid the groups of trees, where the clear sky-light and the faint radiance of the moon reached them but by moments. Not the keenest-eyed spectator could have followed them through the wood, which they both knew so well, every step of the way, round the boles of the great

beeches and the gnarled roots of the oaks. They spoke of all the details of that event, which had been already arranged and agreed upon ; to which Lily had long ago worn out all her objections, and now regarded almost as a matter settled ; which had come, by much reasoning over it, to look like an ordinary event. She had ceased to think of the misery of her father and mother, which at first had weighed very heavily upon her ; for what was that to be ? — the distress of a morning, the anxiety of a single night, ending in delight and triumph. All these points were disposed of long ago ; the sole thing that remained was to carry out this project, — to carry it out so effectively, so speedily, so quietly, that until it was done and over nobody should suspect its possibility. For no one was aware of these silent and darkling meetings. No spy had ever encountered them, no prying eye seen them together. Roger, indeed, was well enough known to be a constant visitor at the cottage, but of Stephen, who was so seldom at Melcombe, and who knew nothing of the country, — Stephen the officer, the one who had always been away, — of him nobody knew anything ; nor had he ever seen Lily Ford, so far as the country neighbors were aware, in his life.

XVI.

THOUGHTS AND TALKS.

Roger and Edmund Mitford had gone away together, much against the will of the elder brother. He had not consented to it even at the moment when, obeying a hundred half-resisted impulses, he had finally, without any intention of doing so, refusing at the very moment when he yielded, gone away, to Edmund's surprise and his own. So unlikely up to the last had it been that they went off finally by the night train,

without any provision for going, making a step which commends itself, somehow, in all cases to the imagination of the miserable, — a sudden rush into the night, an escape from all the known and usual conditions of ordinary existence. Edmund so understood and humored the capricious, fantastic misery of Roger's mind as to go on without pause or inquiry, not to London only, as everybody thought, but as fast as the railway could carry them across France, till they reached those soft shores of the Mediterranean, where so many people go when life ceases to be practicable, as if there were something healing in the mere contact with those mild breezes and in the sight of that tideless sea. Even the journey, occupying so many long hours, in which he was at once tired out and shut up in a moving prison from which he could not escape, did Roger good, and restored, or seemed to restore, his mental balance. He broke out into wild ridicule of himself when he got to the Riviera. What did he want there, a fellow in such health, who did not know whereabouts his lungs were, or had anything that wanted setting right in his constitution? He stalked through the rooms at Monte Carlo, observing the play with the scornful calm of a man whom this kind of superficial excitement did not touch, and who could scarcely suppress his contempt for the human beings whose souls were absorbed in the attractions of a color or the number of a card. The greater part of them, no doubt, however conscious of their own folly, would have considered the plight of a young man in his position, disturbed in all the duties and responsibilities of life by the pretty face of a gamekeeper's daughter, as an idiocy far more unaccountable. Thus we criticise but do not better each other. After a few days, in which he composed himself thus by the observation of other people's imbecilities, Roger turned back, always humored by his anxious companion, by whose motion it was that they paused in

Paris, then brilliant in all the beauty and gayety of spring; and it was only after Stephen had been for some days at Melcombe that the brothers came back to London. It was by this time the beginning of May. Easter was over, and with it all country claims upon the attention of society. The season had begun its hot career, and there were a thousand things to do for all those who were affected by the influx of the invading class, and by many who were not. Roger had got back, as his brother thought, much of his self-command and healthy balance of faculty. He allowed himself to float into the usual current, and do what other men did. If he said something bitter now and then about the men, or particularly the women, whom he encountered, or betrayed a scornful consciousness of those little attempts to attract so excellent a *parti*, to which the intended victims of such attempts are nowadays so very wide awake, these, though very unlike Roger, were not at all unlike the utterances of his kind, and roused no astonishment among those who heard them. A fine and generous mind, bent out of nature by some personal experience, is rarely bitter enough to equal the common sentiments of the vulgar and coarse-minded in society or out of it. The cynical outbursts which grieved Edmund, and jarred upon Roger's own ear like false notes, were not so false as the common jargon which men were accustomed to listen to and give vent to, without thought of any particular meaning at all. So that the state of mind of which the brothers were so painfully conscious scarcely betrayed itself outside. And they ceased to be each other's constant companions in the familiar circles of town. Edmund had his own "set," which was not that of his brother. It was at once a humbler and more exclusive world than that into which Roger allowed himself to be drawn, without any special inclination one way or the other, drifting upon the customary tide.

Edmund avoided the ordinary and inevitable, to which Roger resigned himself. He had friends here and there of quite different claims and pretensions. Sometimes he would be at an artist's gorgeous house in St. John's Wood, sometimes at the big plain dwelling of a lawyer or *savant* in Russell Square. He did not at all mind where it was, so long as he found people who were congenial, and whose notions of existence were more or less in keeping with his own. These notions of existence, it is scarcely necessary to say, were not confined to the habits of Belgravia or even Mayfair.

It cannot be denied that Edmund, when thus freed of all responsibility for his brother, and the position which had been little less than that of Roger's keeper, or his nurse, felt much more at his ease, and began to enjoy himself. He liked the beginning of the season. The stir of renewal in the veins of the great city, a stir which runs through everything, and in which all her various developments have a share, was pleasant to him. He went to all the exhibitions, and to the scientific gatherings, and — what we fear will greatly impair any favorable impression he may have made for himself upon the mind of the reader — even to some which are far from being scientific, those which flourish in the neighborhood of Exeter Hall. He did this without a blush, and realized with a smile how wonderfully alike they all were, both in their good qualities and in their bad. In all there was a certain ground of honest enthusiasm, and in all a superstructure of humbug and make-believe, and not one of the actors in these scenes was aware where the reality ended and the sham began. In some of these places he encountered Mr. Gavelkind, the lawyer who had charge of the affairs of the Travers family, whom Edmund had met at Mount Travers in the late proprietor's lifetime. Mr. Gavelkind was something of an amateur in

life, like Edmund himself, notwithstanding that he was a sober married man, with a family. He was so sober, so respectable, so out of place in some of the haunts where the young man found him, that the lawyer felt it necessary to explain. "You will wonder to see me so much about," he said. "You will think I ought to be at my own fireside, a man of my age."

"I was not thinking specially of firesides," returned Edmund; and indeed there was but little occasion, for a lecture was then going on at the Royal Institution which was of a nature altogether to discountenance such old-fashioned ideas. There was a large audience, and the occasion was supposed to be highly interesting. But Edmund and Mr. Gavelkind were both among that restless and disturbing element, the men who hang like a sort of moving, rustling fringe round the outskirts of every such assemblage, — men who could evidently have found comfortable seats, and listened at their ease to all the lecturer's demonstrations, had they chosen, but who preferred to stand, or swing on one foot, looking on, with their heads close together, and making remarks, which were not always in the subdued tone which recognizes the sanctity of teaching, whatever the character of that teaching may be.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I ought to be at home; but my family are all grown up and settled, Mr. Mitford. My youngest girl was married a year ago, and the consequence is that their mother is after one or the other of them forever, and nobody takes any trouble about me. There is always a baby come, or coming, or something. It's all very well for half a dozen other houses, but it does n't add to the charm of mine. We don't think it worth while to change our house, my wife and I, but it's a great deal too large for us, that's the truth, and a little bit dreary, — just a little bit. Mrs. Gavelkind has always one of her brood to look after, and I come here, or there," he

added, with a gesture of his thumb over his shoulder; where that was, whether Exeter Hall, or the theatres in the Strand, or the House of Commons, or Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, it would have been difficult to tell, for Mr. Gavelkind frequented them all.

"It's not particularly lively here," Edmund remarked.

"You mean the lecturer? Well, I imagine I know all his arguments by heart. But then, why should he take trouble about me? I don't want to be convinced. I don't care much for what he believes, one way or another. It's *that* lot he's thinking of, and quite right, too. It is *not* you or I, Mr. Mitford, who will ever do him any credit."

"Softly," said Edmund. "I may be an enthusiastic student seeking enlightenment on this particular point, for anything you know."

"Oh!" said the other, with some curiosity and surprise. He paused a little, and then resumed: "Are you really interested in this evolution business, now? Well, we're a strange lot; that's what I always say. I see strange things in my way of business every day. Bless us all, what's a thumb or half a dozen of 'em to what you can see, going about with eyes in your head, every day?"

"Indeed, that is my opinion, too," assented Edmund, thinking rather sadly of his brother and his arrested life.

"I knew it. I've a little experience with my fellow-creatures, and I generally know from a man's looks. We are a droll lot, Mr. Mitford. Last time I met you, it was at that Fifi business. Odd, was n't it? What you call unconventional those fellows ought to have been, if anybody. Dear me! they were just as cut and dry as the best of us," said Mr. Gavelkind, with a sort of admiring pity, shaking his head.

"That is true, too," returned Edmund, with a laugh. "You are a desperate critic, Mr. Gavelkind. From Exeter Hall to this sort of thing, do you

never get any satisfaction?—for we have met now at a number of places."

"Not the sort of places people generally mean when they say that," said the lawyer, with a chuckle. "I'll tell you now, Mr. Mitford, that actor man,—that's the fellow, of all I've seen, that has got the most confidence in himself. It is n't a course, or anything of that sort, but for going at it helter-skelter, whether he can do or not, and carrying the whole hurly-burly along with him. This man here's got no convictions," the lawyer added. "It puts him out to look at you and me."

"Perhaps it is not very respectful to stand and talk while he is doing his best."

"That's well said, too. Perhaps I don't think enough of that. If you're going my way, Mr. Mitford, I don't mind breaking off in the middle of the argument. A stroll in the streets is just as instructive as anything else, when you've got a rational being along with you. I know how to get out without disturbing anybody." When they had emerged into the streets, however, instead of pursuing the course of his reflections, Mr. Gavelkind said,—

"I've been down in your part of the country since I saw you last."

"Indeed?" said Edmund. He was taken entirely unawares, and it brought a color to his cheek, which was not lost on his companion. "I suppose with Miss Travers," he continued. "I hope that all is well there."

"Well enough, and very ill, too," affirmed the lawyer, shaking his head. "You know the deception she's got in hand?"

"Deception!" said Edmund, with surprise.

"Perhaps you don't know. By her uncle's will she has everything, but to save the feelings of that little, useless, uninteresting person"—

"I remember," said Edmund; "but surely it's a sacred sort of deception."

"A sacred falsehood," said the other, shaking his head; "all that does n't make it easier to manage now. She has wound herself up in coil on coil, and unless the poor old lady dies, which would be the only safe ending, I don't know how she's to come out. It's better to let things take their course. You can't play providence with any success that I have ever seen."

"But surely, it was most natural, and, indeed, the only thing which Miss Travers, being the woman she is, could have done."

"Being the woman she is," the lawyer repeated, shaking his head. "She's a very fine woman, Elizabeth Travers. I don't mean in the usual sense of the words, though she's a handsome girl, too. There are not many like her, Mr. Mitford, though I don't know whether she's properly appreciated among all the old fogysims of a country neighborhood."

"I think Miss Travers is valued as she ought to be," said Edmund, again with a slight embarrassment. "At least, as near that as common understanding goes," he added, after a moment.

"Ah, there you're right," cried Mr. Gavelkind; "that's never within a long way of the reality. A country neighborhood — begging your pardon, if you're fond of it — is the devil for that. They're all so precious set up on their own merits. And the new people, as you call 'em, the new people get no chance."

"All that has been got over in this case," Edmund said. "The old people — had very little in common with" —

He was going to say "Elizabeth," the lawyer felt sure. The puppy! And yet what a natural and, on the whole, pleasant thing to do!

"Mrs. Travers is not a badly bred woman. She has some sense, in her way. But now they've both got wound round and round in the coils of this huge mistake, and the worst is that everybody

knows. You might as well have tried," declared Mr. Gavelkind, "to smother the scent of that ointment, you know, in the Bible, as to keep a will from being known. Who tells it you never can find out, but before the seals are broken it's always known. That's one of the things that can't be hid. And some time or other it will all come out, unless the old lady dies, which would be the best."

"It seems a pity to doom the old lady on that account."

"Then Miss Travers should marry, sir, as great a fool as herself, who would accept the position and keep it up. And I don't suppose a saint like that is easily to be met with in this commonplace sort of a world."

"Should he be a saint?" Edmund asked, with a faint laugh. They were crossing a stream of bright light from an open door, and Mr. Gavelkind, looking sharply up, saw the wave of color which went once more over his face.

"If you know anybody so disinterested, put the circumstances before him, and tell him that the man that marries Elizabeth Travers will get" —

"Excuse me," said Edmund, putting up his hand quickly, "but don't you think we're going rather far? I have no right, on my side, to discuss such a question, whatever you may have."

"Oh, I've right enough," cried Mr. Gavelkind. "Good-night, Mr. Edmund Mitford. We are a queer lot in this world. Lord, to think of a man troubling his head about evolution that can see the contradictions of human nature every day!"

With this curious bombshell or Parthian arrow, the lawyer gave Edmund's hand a hasty shake, and before he could draw his breath had turned round and darted away.

The man that marries Elizabeth Travers will get — Edmund went along Piccadilly, when he was thus left, with these words ringing through his mind. They formed into a kind of chorus, and

sung themselves to the accompaniment of all the rhythm of life around, as he passed along quickly, silently, absorbed in the thought. It was not a new thought, though it was one which he had never allowed himself to entertain. Nobody could understand like himself the chill resistance of the country neighborhood first, the flutter of discussion after, and all those levities about the heiress which had flown about like thistle-down. The man who marries Elizabeth Travers will get — What should he get, that happy man? Was it so many hundreds of thousands that old Gavelkind had been about to say? Half the people in the country could have told that with a glib certainty, and had repeated it till an honest heart grew sick. Was that all the husband of Elizabeth Travers would get? Edmund unconsciously flung his head high, with a half sob of generous feeling in his throat. That was not what the old lawyer had been about to say. Even that old fellow knew better.

The man that marries Elizabeth Travers — The man that — Fortunate man, favored of Heaven! The tumult of the streets changed around Edmund to a ring of mingled echoes, all chiming round these words. They pressed upon him so, and rang in his ears, that presently, when he reached that corner where all the lights were flashing, and the streams of the great thoroughfares meeting, and the carriage lamps darting past each other like fireflies, he took refuge in the quiet and comparative seclusion of the Park, like a man pursued. But when he got there, and caught sight of the soft May sky over the wide spaces of the Park, and felt upon him the shining of that same moon, only a little older, which shone upon Stephen and his coming at Melcombe, instead of escaping, he found himself caught again by softer echoes, like the sound of marriage-bells. The man who marries Elizabeth Travers — Who, in the name of all happy inspirations, who — was that to be?

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

VERSES.

I.

Left Out.

OVER parchèd hill and plain
Sweep the legions of the rain.
Here its bounty knows no stay,
Here in showers it ebbs away,
Here, unslaked, the summer burns;
Downward, to the mother, turns
Choicest flower of all the fields,
With a sigh its spirit yields.
You may blame the rain or no,
But it ever hath been so, —
Something loveliest of its race
Perisheth from out its place,
For the lack of freshening care,
While the rain pours otherwhere.

From the caverned shores and seas
Springs the wafting, sail-loved breeze ;
To its port speeds many a bark,
Like an arrow to the mark.
Here, a zephyr's might, it blows,
Here the sea unruffled flows ;
Here is held, with sails asleep,
Swiftest ship that swept the deep.
You may blame the wind or no,
But it ever hath been so, —
Something bravest of its kind
Leads a frustrate life and blind,
For the lack of favoring gales,
Blowing blithe on other sails.

II.

Gray Hair in Youth.

What does youth with silvered crown?
Snows of winter come not down
Till the frost hath made its way,
And the night outmeasured day ;
Till the harvest all is stored,
And the cordial vintage poured,
That can heavy memories drown.
What does youth with silvered crown?

Passion's fires have burned apace,
Laying waste the summer's grace,
Than the frost more cruel keen,
Making youth as age be seen,
Save upon his silken hairs
Ashes white, not snow, he bears, —
Mournful frame for morning face !
Passion's fires have burned apace.

III.

Rose Color.

Send me thorns a half year through,
Branches hung with frozen dew,
Blight-leaf feuds and blanching hates,
(If ye will) ye cankered Fates :
All your leaden seasons' toil
To fair weather lends a foil !

'Gainst December how June glows, —
Hey! the color of the rose!

Bid the morning of my day
(If ye will) be dull and gray;
Chase afar the shining hours
With a scourge of braided showers,
Lightning-flash, and thunder-crack:
But at eve the cloudy rack
Blossoms like a garden-close, —
Hey! the color of the rose!

Beauty, on whom homage waits,
I appeal to thee from Fates.
As my year and as my day
Genial turn from cold and gray,
Let the selfsame sign bespeak
Thy rich heart upon thy cheek:
Up the gracious June warmth goes, —
Hey! the color of the rose!

IV.

In Trust.

Love itself cannot bestow;
Heaven bestowed Love long ago.
Sweet the error of thy thought,
If it deem I give thee aught,
Who but render back thine own,
Destined thine from time unknown.
Gladly it reverts to thee,
Casting off my regency:
So the carrier-dove, when freed,
Cannot choose but homeward speed;
So the flower-lent dewdrop flies
Back unto its native skies;
So the brightness of the wave
But returns what Titan gave;
So the voice from out the hill
Runneth at the bidder's will;
So the soul that hidden lies
In the flute now lives, now dies,
Mastered by a breath and touch.
Only this I marvel much:
Heaven, designing gifts for thee,
Placed them here in trust with me.

Edith M. Thomas.

RUSSIA IN ASIA.

FOR three hundred years Russia has slowly and stealthily enlarged her grasp and tightened her hold on northern and western Asia. At the end of the seventeenth century almost the whole of modern Siberia and bleak Kamchatka were under the sway of the Russian autocrat. Since the day when the great Peter built the city on the Baltic, named in honor of his patron saint, that he might, as he said, have an eye through which to look out upon Europe, and seized Azov from the Turks in order to gain a foot-hold, or ship-hold, upon the Black Sea, the Russians have contemplated the extermination of their ancient enemies, the Tartar hordes of central Asia, and the final occupation of their territory. From the time of Catherine the Great, there has been added to the purpose just stated another, namely, to get possession of central Asia, not alone as the material proof of Russian superiority over the barbarians, but perhaps also as a means of aggrandizement and base of operations in a struggle for the vast territory and untold wealth of the Indies.

Since 1725, the time of Peter's death, till the accession of Nicholas in 1826, Russia was occupied in overpowering Fins and Swedes, in partitioning Poland, in conquering Turks in the Crimea, in gaining control of the Euxine, in further robbery of Persia of its rights and possessions along the Caspian, and in subjugating the rude nomadic tribes of the great barren steppe between Siberia and Turkestan. The process by which this last was accomplished is most interesting. A line of frontier posts was established, and from these, agents were dispatched into the wild country beyond, who persuaded the nomadic tribes to settle permanently by families on the land. In due course of time the villages thus

formed, attacked by the fiercer races on the south, appealed to Russia for aid to repel the enemy. Russian protection, readily given, soon becomes Russian dominion, to which resistance is impossible. The frontier line of military posts were moved forward, and similar acts were repeated, with the same result, — the establishment of Russian supremacy. All this was quietly done; it did not attract the notice of Europe, which was engrossed, during this period, in the career of Frederick the Great, in the American and French Revolutions, and the Napoleonic wars. It was the work of more than a hundred years to force a way south on the east and west borders of the Khirgiz country, to bring under a semi-control three million savages, reaching from the Altai Range to Lake Issyk Kul, and from Orenburg to the Aral Sea and the river Jaxartes, or Syr Daria. Thus across two thousand miles of barren steppe, difficult mountain ranges, unfordable rivers; across a dreary country whose only inhabitants were the fierce savages known as the "Great" and "Little" Hordes, Russia stretched the strong arm of her military, and had, at the close of the Crimean War, in 1858, brought the confines of her territory near to the door of fertile Khiva on the west, and Khokand on the east. It was a tremendous undertaking, accomplished with characteristic pertinacity and cunning. Immediately to the south lay a line of fortresses constructed by the Khokandis, which would be most useful to the Russians if once in their possession. Between 1860 and 1864 these forts surrendered, one after the other, to the Russian army, giving the Tsar control over the richest district of Khokand. This was a serious matter. No longer could Europe laugh at the absurdity of wasting men and money in an attempt which

was sure to prove futile, — to conquer the barren country and barbarous wanderers of the steppe. The steppe was conquered; the subjugation of fertile country and settled inhabitants was begun; Russia was one thousand miles nearer the Persian Gulf and India. Europe was alarmed.

At this stage of the game, Russia thought it prudent, or expedient, rather, to vouchsafe some explanation of her acts. This she did in a circular written by that prince and diplomat, and prince of diplomats, Gortschakoff. It was necessary — so reasoned our diplomatist — that the two frontiers, one starting from China, and extending as far as Lake Issyk Kul, the other from the Aral Sea along the Syr Daria, should be united by fortified posts, so connected that nomadic tribes might not harass and plunder the peoples under their protection. It was necessary that the line of advanced posts should be in a country sufficiently fertile to furnish provisions and facilitate colonization, thus giving stability and prosperity, and a means of winning the neighboring populations to a civilized life. "Lastly," and here I quote, "it is urgent to fix the line in a definite manner, in order to escape from the dangerous and almost inevitable inducements to go on from repression to reprisals, which might result in endless extension." "The line now established," says Gortschakoff in substance, "is determined by reason, and by geographical and political conditions which are of a fixed and permanent nature."

Before the ink had become dry on this circular, a new military province was organized, under the name Turkestan, ostensibly governed from Orenburg, but in reality by the general commanding in the chief town of the province, the city of Turkestan. The next step in advance was an attack upon the great fortress of Tashkend, which was defended for many weeks by the combined forces of Khokandis and Bokhariots. The city was

finally captured by storm, and with it fell the last hope of Khokandi independence. A large part of the territory of the Khanate became Russian. The civil government of the province is in the hands of a native prince, who conducts affairs in accordance with the kind suggestions of Russian ministers resident, who is protected by Russian troops and carefully guarded by Russian police; in Tashkend itself are a Russian governor and council, and Russian courts and police control the city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, while the commercial and civil ascendancy of Russia enables her to dictate all measures of foreign or domestic policy.

Khokand conquered brought new adversaries by a demand for the evacuation of Tashkend; this exaction was preferred by the Ameer of Bokhara, who felt that his state would be the next object of northern rapacity. Finding his remonstrance unheeded, he marched against the Russians in Tashkend with an army of forty thousand men. Discipline and fine equipment won the day, and opened the way to the occupation of Khojend, important as a commercial centre, and Samarcand, remarkable for its beauty, and renowned for its connection with the conqueror, Timour Tamerlane, who died within its walls, and whose dust is entombed within its precincts. Thus the great Jaxartes Valley was added to the widening Russian possessions, and the historic ground — perhaps the cradle of the human race — passed underneath the sway of a hereditary foe.

Two years later Khojend was actually seized, and Khokandi power crushed; next year a fortified town, commanding a view of Samarcand, was occupied, and the Ameer threatened with destruction. To avert this he sent out forty thousand men, whose rusty guns, slow to fire, burst, with damage only to those who fired them. The Ameer's army was routed, and Samarcand passed under Russian control. The fate of these forty thou-

sand foreshadows the destiny of all the Uzbek states, — gradual extinction, or absorption into the empire.

Writing in July, 1868, shortly after the events just narrated, Sir Henry Rawlinson says of Russia: "Her present position is another illustration of the old doctrine that where civilization and barbarism come in contact, the latter must inevitably give way; and thus, whether the final consummation occur this year, or next year, or five years hence, or even ten years hence, come it soon or come it late, we may take it for granted that nothing can prevent the extinction of the three independent governments of Khokand, Bokhara, and Khiva, and the consequent extension of the Russian frontier to the Oxus," — a prophecy to be accomplished and surpassed much sooner than the vaticinations of most political seers.

We turn to the west, and find the Tsar standing on the borders of Khiva, where his ancestors had wished to place the banner of Russian sovereignty generations before. Peter the Great sent a general, Bekovitch by name, to take Khiva; he failed, and was captured and flayed by the Uzbeks. About one hundred years later Nicholas sent Perovsky on the same errand. We may imagine, with perhaps some reason, that Perovsky was met by troops keeping step to the beats of a drum whose head was formed of the well-tanned skin of his unfortunate predecessor. He too failed most dismally, and during more than thirty years Khiva was unmolested by the Bear of the North.

In 1872, notwithstanding the direct orders of the home government to the contrary, General Kaufmann planned, and in the following spring executed, an attack upon Khiva. The expedition was conducted in four columns, two starting from the Caspian, and two from opposite shores of the Aral Sea. The four columns, numbering only four thousand soldiers, headed by the intrepid Kauf-

mann, arriving within a few days of one another, laid siege to a city of more than five hundred thousand inhabitants. The contest was sharp, short, and conclusive. Russia, after taking to herself all the right bank of the Oxus, generously established the Khan as sovereign over the remaining portion of his kingdom lying on the left of the river, subject only to the suggestions of Russian ministers and the burden of an enormous war indemnity.

This conquest gave Russia new power in Asia. Already her vessels floated on the Caspian, and her naval stations were established on the Persian shore of that sea; but now her fleets could sail the inland Aral, and her vessels steam up the Jaxartes to within less than one hundred miles from Samarcand, and up the Oxus to within a much shorter distance from Bokhara, and meet with no more opposition than that offered by the natural current of the streams.

In the opinion of the Russo-phobes, every conquest made by Russia, each step toward the south, has been only another advance toward the accomplishment of her ulterior and consummate purpose, to despoil the British crown of its fairest jewel, — India. If this is really her end, she is much more likely to attain it by a southeasterly route from the Caspian than by the long and dreary way across the steppe from Orenburg. Pursuing the latter course, her progress is hindered by bleak wastes, great rivers, yet unconquered tribes, and the lofty mountain ranges of the Hindoo Koosh; should she wish to invade India by the former, the path is easy and almost open, — entirely so from Krasnovodsk on the Caspian to Herat. Says Marvin, "Setting out from Krasnovodsk, a Russian could drive a four-in-hand all the way to the Indian frontier near Quetta."

Let us look for a few minutes at this southern route, over which the Russian might so easily drive his chariot and

four. As in the northern advance, the beginning was made in the reign of Peter, and continued by Nicholas; but the first definite step was taken when, in 1869, a fleet left one of the north Caspian ports, two hundred miles south of the Volga Delta, and landed a few men and guns on the opposite side of the sea, at Krasnovodsk. During ten years the Russians "dawdled about," to use Skobeloff's expression, before making a decisive attempt to secure control of the interior of the Turkoman country. 1879 saw the attack, and slaughter, and conquest of Geok Tepe. The cost of ammunition and lives was fearful. Twenty thousand, or more than half the besieged, fell, while the rest were scattered and plundered. The effect of this victory was almost incalculable. Skobeloff had conquered and nearly crushed a people who had successfully withstood Genghis Khan, Timour Tamerlane, and Nadir. The power of the north had won the admiration and respect of the barbarians, and the everlasting gratitude of the Persians for ridding them of the marauding Turkomans. In this fertile country Russia can give scope to her genius for colonization. Already a beginning has been made. A railroad was several years since completed from the Balkan Bay to Askhabad, a distance of over two hundred and fifty miles; the Turkomans, scattered by the victory at Geok Tepe, have been called from the deserts to which they had fled, have been invited, and urged, and assisted to take up their abode in their old homes, and to till the soil as heretofore. Vámbéry, who can see nothing good in Russia and its conquests, declares that the Turkomans are in large part sent to Hades, and the remaining part naked and wretched, and sums up the effect of European civilization *à la Russe* by saying that in the course of two years six whiskey distilleries were opened in Askhabad, and that "even playing-cards, formerly known as the Koran of the Muscovites," had found

their way to the tent of the simple Turkoman." Judging from less partial authority, it would seem that, though Russian efforts to bring content and prosperity have not been so successful as those to subjugate, enough has been done to establish tranquillity and peaceful pursuits, and to insure, at no distant day, large domestic production and extensive commerce.

Among the inferior officers who assisted at the Geok Tepe assault was a bright and reckless fellow, by name Alikanoff. He it was who conceived and executed a trip to Merv. Setting forth from Askhabad, now the headquarters of the Russian troops, a small party, in guise of traders, easily made their way to Merv, and gained admission to the city. Marvin tells a most entertaining story of the surprise and indignation of the city authorities when they found the hated Russians in their midst. An assembly, called to drive the intruders from their town, was so impressed with the advantages of commercial relations as set forth by the wily Alikanoff that it ended in granting them permission to remain and sell their wares. The two weeks of grace were employed, not so much in buying and selling fabrics as in the purchase of friendship and promises of secret and open support. Merv was in the last century a dependency of Persia, and occupied until 1884 a semi-independent position, though it would seem that, had the English exerted their influence, an alliance between Merv and the Shah would not have been difficult of accomplishment. However this may be, Russia absolutely prohibited any intimate relation between the Mervis and Persia, enforcing her command by the occupation of Tejend, an oasis strongly fortified, lying one hundred and twenty miles from Askhabad, and ninety miles from Merv. This occupation took place in October, 1883; though the Russian officials at St. Petersburg denied all knowledge of it as late as January, 1884.

England's protestations were of no avail, and thus everything was ready for a grand swoop upon Merv, when the time should be ripe for such action. One morning in February, 1884, Alikanoff rode out of Tejend at the head of a small company of cavalry. Arriving at Merv, they were cordially received, and were presented, according to Russian authorities, with a petition to the effect that his imperial majesty the Tsar would take Merv under his protection and government. Possibly, if the facts were all known, it would appear that the presence of a large force not a hundred miles away, and the impossibility of sustaining a prolonged siege, had some influence in prompting this *voluntary* submission. Certain it is that when the main line of the army approached, a few days later, they were attacked by a strong band from the city, who withdrew only after a severe skirmish, in which the Mervis were utterly routed. A Russian governor was established in Merv, and the Turkoman district was elevated to the position of military province, under the name of Transcaspia, equal in rank to Turkestan, and having its capital at Askhabad. The home government, notwithstanding its pretended ignorance of what its generals were doing, rewarded the plucky Alikanoff with the governorship of Merv, and Komaroff with the order of the "White Eagle" and the command of the newly erected province.

The practical advantage in the possession of Merv is by no means small. "The Queen of the World," though in ruins, is still a great commercial centre, lying in the path of the caravan trade between Persia and Bokhara, and India and central Asia. Its conquest makes a complete whole of the scattered Turkomans, and gives Russia a cordon entirely around Bokhara and the small part of central Asia not yet owning her sway. Its importance as a strategic point has been acknowledged by all great Asiatic conquerors. In the opinion of most

military men of the present day it is the natural key to Herat, from which fortress it is distant only two hundred and forty miles, almost three hundred miles nearer than England's nearest outpost, Quetta. Merv is not separated from Herat by impassable mountains, but connected with it by easy, or not difficult roads, wending through the Murghab Valley. Thus it would seem that Russia at Merv is a continual menace to English influence in Afghanistan, and English power in India.

But Merv was by no means the limit of Russian advance in 1884. Eighty miles to the southwest of Merv, on either side of the Hari-Rud River, lie Old and New Sarakhs. New Sarakhs is held by the Persians; Old Sarakhs, in ruins during the last fifty years, was seized by the Russians. Many thought it ridiculous that Russia should, twice within the year, possess itself of heaps of ruins; but Komaroff was sagacious enough to see its value as a terminal point for the railroad already completed from the Caspian to Askhabad, and as a means of access to Herat. Sarakhs, too, is forty miles nearer Herat than Merv, lies on the same river, and is at the meeting of the three frontiers of Persia, Afghanistan, and the Turkoman country. By the surrender of Sarakhs all of central Asia was in the power of the Russians. There were abundant pretexts, on each successive occasion, for the annexation of the Khanates and the Tekke-Turkoman region; would there be equally satisfactory reasons for the annexation of further territory? At Sarakhs Russia stood on the very frontier which she had acknowledged, since 1875, as the border of the Ameer's territory. A short time before she had crossed the Oxus, which had been agreed upon between England and herself as the line which was to be eternally the "thus far, but no farther;" would she also cross the Afghan frontier? The answer came before the dawn of the year 1885. England, alarmed,

and at last thoroughly aroused, entered into negotiations with Russia for the appointment of a commission which should finally determine the Afghan boundary. Sir Peter Lumsden was selected to represent the English, and left London for that purpose in September; before he could arrive at Herat, Russia had forced her boundary still further to the south.

Two rivers flow from Afghanistan into the now Russian country: the Murghab toward the east, the Hari-Rud to the west. By either valley is there ready access to the heart of Afghanistan. Near the close of this most eventful year, Komaroff pushed from Sarakhs up the western valley, and his lieutenant, Alikanoff, departed from Merv to force his way up the Murghab to Penjdeh, if possible. The western advance moved through the Zulfikar Pass, — the same through which Alexander the Great led his conquering forces twenty-two hundred years before, — and reached Ak Robat, seventy miles from Herat; the eastern division, under the new governor of Merv, reached Sari-Yazi, only fifteen miles from Penjdeh, to which place the Ameer's forces had, in the mean time, advanced. These two Russian parties were confronted at Penjdeh, as I said, by the Ameer's troops, and at Gul-ran, but little way from Ak Robat, by Sir Peter Lumsden and the English escort. Here they stand, practically, as they did two years ago, save that the boundary commission was a fiasco, owing to the dilatoriness of the Russian ministers and the remarkable energy of Russian generals, and therefore Sir Peter and his attendants have gone back to their homes. Here they will stand glaring at each other until Russia moves forward another step, — not a long stride, only seventy miles, — and plants her foot in Herat.

Why is Herat of such importance, — why the objective point of Russia's hopes and England's fears? First, historically speaking, it has been reckoned the gate, or, to change the figure slightly,

the key, to India. Alexander, Genghis Khan, Timour, Nadir, and Ahmad, each in turn occupied Herat before, and that he might take possession of India; and Colonel Mallison, as quoted by Mr. Marvin, declares that had not Herat been successfully defended against him in 1837, Mohammed Shah, the Persian prince, would have made himself also master of India. Second, geographically speaking, Herat commands the roadways to western Turkestan and Afghanistan, and with the railway extending at present to Askhabad, only four hundred miles distant, completed to Herat, via Old Sarakhs, Herat would be brought near to the Russian borders of Europe. Toward the south it looks upon the only way to India, whose border city, Quetta, lies but little more than four hundred miles away, by no difficult road. Third, strategically, Herat gives its possessors the command of the approaches to India, — a command hardly to be disturbed. It is a fortified city, inclosed by a wall set on an earthwork fifty feet in height, and a moat, and overlooked by a strong citadel, which is situated near the centre of the city, and is also surrounded by a moat. All these defenses combine to make the town exceptionally advantageous as a military stronghold. Fourth, add to these three reasons another, and perhaps the greatest: that Herat lies in the very heart of a fertile country, abounding with milk and honey, corn and wine, and capable of supporting, for almost any length of time, an army of at least one hundred thousand men, and you see its importance to any power which would gain or long retain control of India.

No more eminent authority can be quoted than Sir Henry Rawlinson, the geographer and general, who wrote, fifteen years ago: "It is no exaggeration to say that if Russia were once established in full force at Herat, and her communications were secured in one direction with Askhabad thorough Meshed.

in another with Khiva through Merv, and in another with Tashkend and Bokhara through the passage of the Oxus, all the forces of Asia would be inadequate to expel her from the position. Supposing, too, that she were bent upon mischief, . . . she would have the means of seriously injuring us (that is, England), since, in addition to her own forces, the unchallenged occupation of Herat would place the whole military forces of Persia and Afghanistan at her disposal."

The Russians, if not actually possessors of Herat, are at its gates, and they are not likely to recede from their present position; nor, judging England from her past record, is the government of the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India likely to give fight to the Russians on the score of any danger threatened short of the actual occupation of Herat. When the steppe was crossed in 1863 England protested, and said she would declare war if the Russians advanced farther into the three Khanates. Gortschakoff's circular, already quoted, allayed English fears, and when Russia, soon after, occupied a part of Khokand, no war was declared. Several times this farce was repeated, but when at last Russia, by the annexation of Khiva, planted herself firmly on the right bank of the Oxus, both parties agreed that the crossing of that river by the power of the north should be a "*casus belli*." Soon after the Oxus was crossed; Geok Tepe, Askhabad, Merv, Sarakhs, the Zulfikar Pass, Ak Robat, Sari Yazi, passed under Russian control, — some only oases, but others beautiful cities in fertile valleys, and all places of importance, each bringing Russia nearer to, and then into, the country of the Afghans, which has all along served as a buffer between India and advancing Russia. Yet England has not declared war, and the student of these events begins to wonder if, after all, the Tsar will not soon lay his measuring rod along the boundary line of the Indies.

Whatever one's opinion as to the justice of Russia's occupation and claims, or the honorableness of her methods, he cannot but express wonder and admiration at the persistent maintenance of a purpose conceived nearly two centuries ago with almost infinite foresight, and executed in the face of frequent defeat, danger, hardship, barbarism abroad, and dissatisfaction and threatening anarchy at home; a plan devised with shrewd cunning, and persevered in by brave, devoted, ambitious, unscrupulous, audacious generals.

Russia seems to have a genius for colonization. The land that she has gained she has made her own. Russian soldiers have conquered the peoples, but Russian husbandmen and merchants and manufacturers have occupied the countries. Great manufactories of cloth have sprung up; vast mercantile operations have been undertaken and successfully continued; the wilderness has been made, if not to blossom as the rose, at least to bring forth fruits and cotton, so that from the three Uzbek states alone Russia imports to Europe annually more than \$3,000,000 worth of products. The wild nomads have, to a considerable extent, been brought to a settled life, and taught industry and the arts of civilization. Peace and order prevail, and a European form of government is general. It cannot be denied that this government is of military authority, and naturally enough works occasional injustice, and burdens the people with taxes, for which sufficient return is not always made, and that little or nothing has been done in the way of general education; but native religions are protected, sanitary measures are introduced into the large towns and cities, and hospitals have been erected in many places. After all, the greatest good to the Asiatics must be extra-governmental, — a benefit secured by continued contact with men who, by their European education and liberal ideas, are on a higher plane

than themselves, and who must sensibly and purposely, or unconsciously and involuntarily, lift the people of central Asia to better manners, better modes of thought and life, and a new pleasure in mere existence and business activity. The great civilizer, the locomotive, is doing its work. At an expense of \$45,000,000 Russia completed her road from the Black Sea to the Caspian. Already she has pushed her line to Askhabad, and within a few weeks to Merv, and the cost of completion to Herat by way of Sarakhs is estimated at only \$8,260,000. Should Russia hold Herat, and England extend her Indian railway system, now terminating in Quetta, to the same place, a trip from London to Calcutta might be made in ten days. Political reasons prohibit just now such a junction of Russia and England by a five-foot band of iron, but the time will come, soon or late, when through the Zulfikar Pass will rush the iron horse, a mightier conqueror than Tamerlane, the exponent of a nobler civilization than Alexander.

What does Russia purpose in all this increase of her domain?

Some say, Russia's conquests have been planned to draw away public attention from the tyranny and oppression of a despotic government, and the consequent sufferings of her own citizens, sufferings so intense that an organized revolt has been begun by the people, a revolt likely to end in all that is implied in the name assumed by the revolutionary party, Nihilists.

Another purpose assigned to Russia is that of securing to herself the extensive commerce of China and of all central Asia. Much of the latter is already in her hands, and more must fall to her share now that the railway from Askhabad is extended northwest to Merv and into the very heart of the country of the Khanates.

Other writers have expressed the opinion that the Tsar has made this *détour*

in order to secure possession of long-coveted Constantinople. If Asia should become his, and he approach the confines of India, England, in alarm, — so say those who hold this opinion — will at last give her consent to the realization of Peter the Great's fondest dream, the Russian occupation of the proud city on the Bosphorus.

Still a fourth answer is returned by many in England: that Russia has from the first looked to India, and means to include that fertile country under her sovereign sway. It would appear to the casual observer that this would not be so very difficult a feat. The Russian army on a peace footing numbers 800,000 well-disciplined troops, and in time of war she can call into active service, says Towle, 3,200,000; a prodigious body, one twenty-fourth the whole population of European and Asiatic Russia. Her ships of war are among the best in the world, and number, including armored and unarmored men-of-war, frigates, and transports, nearly 400 vessels, manned by more than 26,000 officers and sailors. A commanding position upon the southern seas, the control of the richest commerce of the East, a victory over her old enemy, England, the glory and renown of military conquest, the wealth of the Indies, extension of power, are tempting prizes just beyond the frontier line, and thus far Russia's territorial greed has overmastered any objections to her progress raised on the mere question of right.

It is possible that Russia's true purpose is a commingling of those just named and others. A restless, ambitious people, fierce, with enough of old barbarism in them to delight in war as a profession and for its own sake, they probably have not questioned too closely their purposes in acting upon impulses natural to their individual and national character.

In 1871 Sir Henry Rawlinson wrote these words: "She [Russia] certainly

has not contemplated anything like an invasion of India; but it would be to convict her of political blindness to imagine her ignorant of what is patent to all the rest of the world, that if England has any vulnerable heel it is in the East; that in fact the stronger may be the position of Russia in central Asia, the higher will be the tone she can command in discussing with us any question of European policy." Yet twice during the present century has the invasion of India been proposed, once by Napoleon the Great to Paul I., and a few years later by the same general to Alexander; it is said on tolerably good authority that the same proposition was seriously considered by Tsar Nicholas in the early days of his reign.

Russia openly disavows any such design, but on no other hypothesis is it easy to explain satisfactorily her later advances directly toward the Indian frontier, where, as some recent writer has said in substance, her presence must be a perpetual menace to the prestige of English government and arms, and a constant injury to English commercial prosperity.

It is no business of this paper to discuss the position of England, her resources, her means of defense, or the strange indifference of her policy, and we must rest the subject here. If the

struggle for the final possession of India and Constantinople must come, we can but wish that the Anglo-Saxon blood of western Europe may gain the victory over the descendants of the old Tartar race. Should the advance of Russia be stayed at Herat, we would hope that the great nation which now possesses more than one half of Europe and considerably more than two fifths of all Asia, and which has a population of one hundred million souls, may learn the lesson of freedom and justice, and may teach it in turn to the barbarian hordes of the conquered lands, and so do its part toward bringing on the day of peace, and of faith in all that is true and noble.

Russia is the youngest as well as the vastest nation of Europe. Her national life began hardly two hundred years, her national literature only one hundred years ago. "She stands," says one of the bishops of her church, "on the threshold of the morning." The danger that threatens India and Europe is not that of Russian aggression, but of Russian absolutism; if this danger be averted, the day of liberty and light opens for her and her subjects. The question of Russia in Asia will no longer disturb English statesmen, but will be determined in the interests of the state and of humanity.

W. H. Ray.

LAZARUS MART'N, DE CULLUD LIEYER.

"DEM whar take'n up de fiddle an de banjer gotter put down de Gabriel horn an de heavenly harp."

These were the last words spoken by Uncle Bob Martin to his son Lazarus. It was after the war, but before a railroad had superseded the canal, and so, despite a scarcity of money, Lazarus Martin, colored, was enabled to work

his way to Richmond on one of those picturesque James River bateaux. He was proud of his newly acquired freedom, and he left the plantation against the protest of his old father, whose faithful service had been rewarded by the present of a good patch of land from his former master. It had been indeed a happy day in Uncle Bob Martin's life

when he received the deed to the bit of real estate, on which he would be able to raise corn and pigs enough to supply him for life. Marse William had declared, during the war, that he would never forget a certain brave service rendered by his old slave; and now that the war had left the once rich farmer nothing but a quantity of land, he adopted the only means in his power of fulfilling his promise. Lazarus was Uncle Bob's only son, and was called "a likely nigger" by his companions. He had from boyhood been so prone to dressing himself in such gorgeous fashion as his ingenuity would permit, had been so volatile in temperament, that more than one of the older hands had been heard to remark, "Borb boy too fluke [that is, too pert]; dat boy got too much nonsense in he haid; dats de laz'st nigger on dish yere farm, dat is." The young darkey so disparagingly alluded to, however, had given little heed to such remarks. It had been his good fortune to be a banjo-player, and his accomplishment made him in a measure a privileged personage, since it secured him the powerful influence of the three young masters. The result was that he led a lounging, easy existence. But the edict that emancipated the slave forced Lazarus Martin to begin for the first time in his life the startling undertaking of really supporting himself. Many months' work of burning brush and digging stumps in the pine field where his father desired to plant corn disgusted him. He declared his intention of seeking his fortune in the city of Richmond. The announcement was a shock to Uncle Bob, who since the death of his wife, five years before, had made a constant companion of Lazarus. His calculations as to his own future had always embraced his son, and he had believed that a diligent use of the hoe would not only develop Lazarus into a useful coadjutor, but would develop the corn-patch as well.

"Er looky heyar, fool nigger!" he said, in exasperation. "You'se a fool, Laz'us Mart'n. What you gwine ter Richmond fr? Speen somebody spoat you dar same 's I been doin? Who gwi do 't?"

"Lemmine bout you," the son responded sulkily, and with an air indicating possession beyond all peradventure of vast resources of knowledge on this very point, — "lemmine bout you. What I know I know. You ain sposn I gwi stay here an starve? I know what I gwi do in Richmond."

Lazarus had much confidence in himself. One of the young white men on the plantation had taught him to read after a halting fashion, and the accomplishment was one of which, in the early days of freedom, Lazarus thought he could make good use. It was not altogether ambition that caused him to leave the home of his boyhood. Not only had the farm life become dull, but he realized that those who had been his companions in slavery did not now render him such homage as in the old days. In slave times it was known that Lazarus had the ear of the young masters, and therefore the policy of securing his good-will was obvious. But now he was in no wise more influential than any other colored man on the farm, and Lazarus, being human and having once felt that gratification accompanying a slight elevation above the rest of mankind, was unwilling to occupy a subordinate place. When rumors reached him that several smart darkeys were coming to the front in Richmond, he decided to make his way to that point. In fact, after profound thought, Lazarus Martin had determined to become a lawyer, but at present he intended to keep quiet on the subject. During the days of slavery the negroes looked upon lawyers with superstitious awe, and imagined them in a degree prescient. They believed, in a vague way, that the lawyer, if not in partnership with the devil, was able at

a moment's notice to summon him. In these early years after slavery the superstition still lingered, and Lazarus, knowing this, decided to be the first of his race to turn it to advantage and to dare to be a lawyer; but at the same time he knew that he could not woo the law and stay on the farm, because the effect of this change upon his former associates would be lost. He luxuriated in imagining the sensation to be created among his old companions when the news should come to them from Richmond that Lazarus Martin was a lawyer. The very fact that he was acting in secret gave him confidence, and the consequent elation with which he bade all hands goodbye had its intended effect upon them. Uncle Bob, however, was the solitary exception, and after the vain effort to dissuade his son from taking the trip he accompanied him to the boat, and when he saw among the traveler's baggage a banjo he called Lazarus aside. Uncle Bob was a member of the church, and he referred on this occasion with much emotion to a subject which had already agitated the Red Hill community of Christian brothers.

"Laz'us, what you gwi keyar dat insterment down 't Richmond fr? Leff dat thing behind, kase hit 's got de devil in 't. You heyar me! Ev time you done struck er tune an shake er foot, dat vey time you done hut yo salvashun; de devil all de time *he* dancin' fit ter kill hisseff. Dem whar take'n up de fiddle an de banjer gotter put down de Gabriel horn an de heav'nly harp." This parting, though ineffectual, admonition rang in the ears of Lazarus Martin as he boarded the boat.

During the first year in Richmond Lazarus led a scuffling life. Much of the time was spent in cleaning bricks, among the ruins of the conflagration that had almost destroyed the late capital of the Southern Confederacy. To one who had breathed the clear country air, the inhalation of clouds of burnt

mortar-dust made a severe contrast, and more than once Lazarus yearned for his old home; but just about the time his strength of purpose was failing he chanced to attend one of the political meetings then held nightly by colored men in Richmond. He was in his element. He heard the Constitution frequently spoken of, but what particularly captivated him was the gentle exhilaration caused by the interminable raising of "pints er order." These punctuated the proceedings every ten minutes, and kept the chairman busy. In a small room serving as a grocery store and bar combined, Lazarus enrolled himself among the rising statesmen. This gathering was the result of a bolt from a bolter's meeting. The original meeting of the series, of which this was number three, had been held for the purpose of electing delegates to a convention. Dissatisfied members of the first meeting had bolted, and elected another set of delegates; and dissatisfied members of this second meeting had bolted, and had assembled together to elect their set of delegates, when Lazarus entered the hall, innocent of the object of the assemblage. He watched the proceedings with keen interest. Time after time cries were raised of "Question, question!" but whenever the chairman rose and said, "Gent'men, is you ready for de question?" he was as invariably met with the reply, "Not ready, Mr. Charm'n." Therefore the conventions of that significant era in this nation's history rarely reached the adjourning point, some of them being in session to this very day. The subject of discussion was whether a member who had been defeated for a position of delegate before the body from which this meeting had bolted had a right to again run for the place of delegate. The convention was noisy, the would-be delegate himself being one of the most persistent debaters, and he, without embarrassment, argued his claims. Lazarus looked on with intense

excitement, and longed to participate in the discussion. He felt that he could speak better than a good many who were taking so conspicuous a part in the proceedings. He was not wanting in assurance, and when he had gained some idea of the drift of the argument he moved forward, and after a majestic wave of the hand, such as he had seen the butler on the old plantation make when opening the door for the white folks, said : —

“ Mr. Charm'n ” —

“ De gent'mun 'll state whar he fum,” said the presiding officer.

“ I'se fum Goochland, Mr. Charm'n : dat's whar I come fum,” replied Lazarus, smiling, as he now felt some degree of self-possession. “ Mr. Charm'n ” —

“ Mr. Cheerm'n,” — a member of the body here rose, with much show of indignation. He was the one whose claims were in dispute, a short, stout, and pompous-looking individual, whose voice seemed to come from a very hollow-sounding chest, — “ Mr. Cheerm'n, a pint, suh, a pint. I were astonished when you *re-cog-nize* dat gent'mun. He air got no place in dis meet'n. Dis air a meet'n er citizens er Richmond. Dis air not Goochland.”

As this speaker proceeded, Lazarus looked on in some bewilderment. He was a very imitative darkey, and what especially impressed him was the elegant language of the speaker who said “cheerm'n,” and whose use of the familiar words “air” and “were” was not as Lazarus had heard the plantation darkeys use them. Indeed, had Lazarus been a student of philology, he would have known that in the mere pronunciation of this one word “chairman” each stage of the progress in statesmanship of the colored orator in Virginia is indicated. In the original or vulgar plantation darkey dialect it is “charm'n.” The second step upward is “chum'n,” given with a jerk on the first syllable. The third and last is “cheerm'n.”

There is no word handled by the colored statesman with more delight than “recognize.” He always divides it into three sections, and opens mildly and lingeringly on the first, but attacks the second sharply and with an emphasis that makes it tower in prominence above any three-letter word in the language ; so much energy being placed upon it, indeed, that there is not much left for the last section, which dies out in a whisper. These interesting facts in the history of the Virginia darkey's meritorious struggles with the English tongue should properly be recorded here, because Lazarus Martin then learned that a man of his own race had used the language in an entirely new and more vigorous way ; and the further fact may be noted that Lazarus was so much impressed that at one bound he began a reformation of his own diction, and proceeding to reply said : —

“ Mr. Cheerm'n,” — and then, sensible of an indescribable buoyancy of spirit, such as must reward the daring leap from “charm'n” to “cheerm'n,” he proceeded to observe, “ I gwi say dis ” —

“ Mr. Chum'n, a pint, suh, a pint.”

This interruption came from another speaker.

“ De gent'mun state he pint er order,” said the chairman.

“ My pint er order is dis : have de gent'mun whar rizin on dis flo creden-shuns ? ”

Lazarus was somewhat puzzled. This was his first glimpse of parliamentary life, and he replied at random, but with easy effrontery : —

“ Mr. Charm'n,” his inward agitation causing him to forget for the moment the newly noted “cheerm'n,” — “ Mr. Charm'n, I'se bin out er wuck here lately, an ain bin able for to buy none *yit*, but I gwi git um.”

This reply created a stir in the meeting.

“ De gent'mun ain ketch de question,” said the chairman, leaning towards Laz-

arus. "Is you got de papers whar showen dat you blongst to dis party an dish yere ward?"

"I uz raised by Dr. Foster, up 'n Goochland County," ventured Lazarus slowly.

"Mr. Chum'n, a pint, suh, a pint."

"De gent'mun state he pint," said the chairman.

"My pint is dis. Dish yere ain no place to talk about rais'n people. *Dem* days is done gone. Dey ain no sich thing ez rais'n people now. You raise hogs an chicken, but de collud man raise hisseff now, an he er standn dis vey time onter de great Constitushun er de lan whar he done liff hisseff, and whar he *gwi* stan tell he eekal to nar man in de lan [great applause]. De gent'mun — I ain cotch he name — out er order when he say dat whar he done say."

"De pint er order well taken," said the chairman, partaking somewhat of the enthusiasm of the moment, and frowning at Lazarus. But Lazarus was quick-witted, and he had gleaned sufficient material from the question and points of order decided to essay the task of extricating himself from the ignoble position of ignorance of the meaning of credentials.

"Mr. Cheerm'n," he said, "I *re-cog*-nize de facs what have bin said on dish yere flo. De gent'mun whar spoken ain gimme nar chance ter clar myseff. One member, he ups an axes is I got any credenshuns. I says I ain bin 't wuck. Den I see 'm larf'n fit ter kill hisseff. What I mean when I say I warn able to buy none? I mean dis: de man whar mak'n money, dat man better off 'n de man whar *ain* mak'n no money. I ain had nuff money ter spoat me while I tend ter my plitical *re-cord*. Dat how come I ain tended ter no credenshuns. What I mean when I say Dr. Foster raise me? I mean dat when I live dar hit was rais'n, but when I come here I done riz."

This explanation was satisfactory, and

before Lazarus left he had been enrolled as a member of the Free Light Club, and had so far progressed as to be appointed on the committee on address to voters. But more important still, he made a warm friend of Napoleon Bonaparte, the delegate whose novel language had captivated him. Bonaparte was a statesman of much experience, and as he had been a lifelong resident of Richmond his knowledge of the people was great. He was an older man than Lazarus, who congratulated himself on possessing such a friend and counselor. And, better still, when Lazarus informed him in confidence of his proposed adoption of the law as a profession, Bonaparte not only cordially indorsed the scheme, but was kind enough to say that it was just the profession he had thought of taking up, because the colored man, in these important times, had no member of his race to whom he could go for legal advice. The result of the exchange of confidence was that the law firm of Bonaparte & Martin was formed, and began its varied career in the exciting reconstruction times, when it was nobody's business to ascertain whether lawyers had licenses to practice or not. In conformity with Bonaparte's suggestion, the firm confined itself mainly to giving legal advice, and kept out of the courts.

"Dere's two kind er lawyer," Bonaparte explained to his visitors. "Dere's de lawyer where go into de coat an speak, an dere's de lawyer where stay in he office an giv'n you advice what to do, an if you got to go into de coat where tell'n you what sort er coat lawyer you got ter git. Dis firm office practice so big, it air not got no time to wasten at coat, — it air not," he said, smiling, and rolling unctuously over his tongue those words "air" and "were" which always impressed the visitor. Bonaparte & Martin being the only colored lawyers in the capital of the late Confederacy, the new firm was soon thriving, and when the rush of business was great the

joint receipts were often as much as four or five dollars a week. Bonaparte & Martin were not bound down by certain ancient rules and customs, which have hampered the legal profession since remote periods. They saved their own time as well as that of their clients by having but two books in their law library, — Mayo's Virginia Magistrate's Guide and a copy of the Constitution of the United States. The former volume contained all that they deemed necessary of the law of the commonwealth, and the latter gave the vital principles of the law of the United States. As the grocer soon learns when his customers prefer a certain brand of flour, and therefore keeps that on hand in largest quantities, so the firm of Bonaparte & Martin soon learned that their clients were better satisfied with the Constitution of the United States, and therefore dealt out to them sections of that venerable work as bearing upon the case in hand. The fact may be stated as evidencing the marvelous wisdom of the authors of that great guide, in making it adaptable to all classes, that whenever a portion of it was read aloud to one of the clients of Bonaparte & Martin, it not only settled the case, but drew forth the encomium, "Dat's so." The firm adopted a cash system. If the visitor had only twenty-five cents, that amount was taken, and his case given full attention, and treated as satisfactorily to the client as if he had been called on to pay one or two thousand dollars. The sign "Quick Sales and Small Profits," which Bonaparte had seen over the store of a Yankee sutler, had impressed him. He believed that it contained the secret of all real success, and was especially applicable to the profession of law, because the client who knew he could get his legal advice quickly would probably come again. The firm of Bonaparte & Martin was successful because it believed in charging what it could get, and getting what it charged. "How much air

you got?" was Bonaparte's usual formula for eliciting the client's cash basis; and "How much is you got?" was the less elegant but equally effective wording of Lazarus's query before he himself adopted the language of his abler partner. The fee, whether it was a dollar or fifty cents, was always collected before the advice was given. Another and more astute feature of Bonaparte & Martin's equity system was their ability to represent both parties to a legal proceeding. When John Doe had a difficulty with Richard Roe, and the said Doe sought legal advice, the Messrs. Bonaparte & Martin sent also for Roe, the other party to the misunderstanding, if the said Roe did not come of his own volition; but he usually did come, as eager for advice as his opponent. Then the firm of Bonaparte & Martin, having heard in its capacity of one the evidence from both parties, proceeded to dissolve this relation of oneness for the moment, and Bonaparte took Roe into a corner, while Martin took Doe into another corner, and the litigants were generously advised to make up the difference, and were shown how this result could be accomplished legally as well as in accordance with those sentiments of self-respect which animate every man when he goes to law, and which generally depart from him before he is through law, — though in this latter respect the method of Bonaparte & Martin was different from the usual lawsuit, since the litigants left satisfied, the trouble being ended in an hour instead of in weary years. This happy blending of the judge and advocate was peculiar to Bonaparte & Martin's system of procedure. As their clients regarded the arguments as absolutely irrefutable, and yielded obedience to them, the result was always a settlement of the trouble.

On a morning memorable to Lazarus in after years, he sat in his office reading the Constitution. He was nodding his head in affirmation of the truths therein

set forth, when a knock at the door caused him to pause. In response to his invitation to walk in, a young colored woman, of jaunty aspect, entered.

"Is dis de office er Bonaparte & Martin, de cullud lieyers?" she asked.

"Dis is dat vey office, mum," replied the lawyer, offering a chair. "I'se Mr. Martin er dat firm."

"Dat's what I come to see you bout. Dey tell me you kin give folks de benefit er de law douten dey gwine to coat, an as how hit don cost much ter git justice in datter way."

"Dey tellin you de truth, too," said Lazarus, leaning back in his chair and crossing his legs.

Thus reassured, the visitor said, "Mr. Mart'n, I hear um say as how when er man promus ter marry er ooman, hit's er law whar kin meck him marry her, an dat law bindin on him same's ef er ooman, when she promus ter marry er man, dat law say she got ter do *hit*. Dat's what I come ter ax you."

"I know what de law say on dat pint," Lazarus responded, turning the leaves of the Constitution. "Hit's my business ter know all dem things. I bin look'n into dat vey matter dis day."

"You doan say!" ejaculated the client, in amazement.

"Deeze law pints vey deep, an hit teck er deep lieyer ter git down ter de bottom whar dey is. You gotter git er lieyer whar know all deeze things. Me'n my partner does all dat kind er business. He out now look'n arfter case juss like dat whar you bin tell'n me."

"Well, I declar!"

"We has ter have cash down fr our advice," continued Lazarus. "I know whar de law is what'll help you, but dey is mitey few men what do know. Hoc cum (how come) dat? You want ter know? Well, kase I had so many people come arfter me meck'n great miration, some men ter meck ooman marry dem, some ooman want ter meck men marry dem. I give de law ter de fust

whar come an whar pay fr my pinion fust."

"How much is you axn?" she inquired tremulously, and drawing out some ten-cent notes.

"Dis pinion cost you twenty-five cent er pint. De fust pint we gotter look at is ter prove de man promus ter marry de ooman. De second pint is dat de ooman gree ter marry de man. De third pint is, did de man fuse ter hold ter his promus? An de foth pint is ter git de law ter show he wrong. De is fo pints in dis heyar case right now, dat meck er dollar even. De is some mo pints, but I ain charge you fr dem." The client handed him a dollar, which Lazarus, having eyed as she held it in her hand, put in his pocket with an air of carelessness, and without looking at it, thereby conveying the impression that handling money was an every-day matter with him. "Now," said he, as he let his chin drop on his breast and compressed his lips, "you got justice on yo side, tell me all bout dish year matter."

"Mr. Mart'n," she said solemnly, "I gwi tell you de truth. I ain gwi tell you no lie, kase ef I gotter git er thing by tell'n er lie I don want dat thing. Dat's what I say to Susan Jyner; an Susan Jyner, she say, 'Henrietta, you'se right.' I say I know I right, kase I blongst to de chutch, an I know I ain gwi git justice douten I tell de truth."

"Yes, dat's so, but less git at dis case," said Lazarus impatiently. "Dis man say he gwi marry you, an now he say he ain gwi marry you. Is dat so?"

"Dat's de truth whar I tell'n you, Mr. Mart'n. I ain gwi tell you no lie. He sutnly say as how I was de kind er ooman he 'ud marry. He say I a *safe* ooman, an he wish he seed me befo. I tell Susan Jyner bout hit dat vey night, I did, kase I ain gwi tell you no lie. Our chutch have er scusion up de river, an he chutch have er scusion down de river, an de two scusions meet one nur

an g'long togerr. He gin ter talk ter me on de cunnal-boat, an when we come sho he ax me ter walk wid him, an Susan Jyner whisper in my ear, 'Dat man sutnly like you,' which he sutnly meck b'leve he did. Den he ax me is I married. I say no. He say, 'I sutnly glad ter hear dat.'

"He say he sutnly glad ter hear you ain married?" repeated Lazarus interrogatively.

"Dem's his vey words, Mr. Mart'n. I ain gwi tell you no lie. Dem's his vey words, kase I tell Susan Jyner bout hit. Dat time he say, 'How old is you, Henrietta?' — he ain call me nuthn but Henrietta; an when I tell Susan Jyner dat, she say, 'Ef a preacher hadder bin dar, he could er married dem two, on dem vey words,' — dat's what *Susan* say. I tell him I thirty year old dis gone May, an he say I doan look ter be twenty, an he smile when he say hit, an den he say I meck some man mitey good wife. I say I glad ter hear him say dat, an he say he glad ter heyar me say I glad. When I tell Susan Jyner dat, she say, 'Dem words fisht fr marriage.' He talk datter way ter me cornstant dat day. He say life mitey lonesome dout er wife. I say I glad ter heyar him say dat. Den when we go home he sit by me on de boat cornstant, an folks round say, 'Dat man sutnly like Henrietta.' He sutnly press my han when he tell me good-by, an say he spec'n ter see me gin. Den three weeks arfter dat, Susan Jyner an me, we go ter stay in he neighborhood wid Say Jane Thomas, an I go ter his chutch, an shake hans wid him, an he walk home wid me both er dem Sundays. An he say on dat last Sunday he wonder I ain marry all dis time; an I say de right man ain cum long tell now. Dem's my vey words, Mr. Mart'n. I ain gwi tell you no lie. An he say he vey glad ter heyar dat. Den he leff me at de do, an I tell Susan Jyner, 'Susan, he dun say de word now,' an she up an axn me what he say;

an I tell her, 'He say he wonder I ain marry all dis time, an I say de right man ain cum long tell now, an he say he vey glad ter heyar dat.' Den Susan Jyner, she say, Susan Jyner did, 'Dem words sutnly settle hit,' an dat he mean ter ax me ter marry him in dem words, an as how he sutnly got er right to think I say yes when I dun tell him de right man ain come long tell now. She say he bring preacher wid him next time sho. But he ain come no mo. I see him in de feel, an ax him why he ain bin, an he say he too busy. I say I wait'n fr him ter cum an bring preacher. He say, 'What you warn wid preacher?' An I say I think from what I heyar him say he gwi bring preacher ter marry him an me. Den he ups, mad like, an say, 'What you talkn bout, gal? Who you fool'n longest? You spec'n me ter marry you? I ainter gwi do it, you sassy, impdent, lazy black hussy. You go wuck fr er liv'n; doan come pesterin long me, or I war dish heyar hoe-handle out on you.' Den I gits mad, an say, 'Ef I black ez you, I go hang myseff.' Den he say, 'You git offn dis place, you jumber-jawed piece.' I say, 'I gwi sho you who impdent, I gwi sho you who jumber-jawed;' an I tell him he ain fitn ter sker crows outten de corn feel, I did, an how I gwi have jestic on him, an I gwi meck him pay fr dis."

Lazarus heard the narrative thus far without interrupting Henrietta, but he was growing tired of it. He desired to dispose of the case before his partner returned, so he asked:—

"How dus you want justice? What kin er justice? You warn punish dat man?"

"I sutnly dus," responded Henrietta, with energy.

"I dun manage sich cases fo dis. You go ter de magistrate whar liv'n narest whar you live."

"I ain live in Richmond. I live in de country."

"Den you go ter de magistrate whar

liv'n narest you, an swar out er warnt ginst him fr busen of you. Dey kin fine him fr dat. He be sorry he done hit. Den arfter he dun bin fine, you tell yo frens dat Lieyer Mart'n tole you all dis. Dey 'll know dat you had justice den."

The lawyer at this point seemed to indicate that the interview ought to end, but his client evidently had something more on her mind, and was not ready to leave. Lazarus noticed this, and said:

"Dat 'll fix hit. You ain want dat man whar busen you in datter way ter marry you, is you?"

"Susan Jyner say as how he gotter pay for all he dun say. He call me jumber-jawed, an he say he gwi brecker dat hoe-handle ov my haid. Susan tell me in de law he dun promus ter marry me, and he carn help hisseff douten he pay me ter be let off."

"Dey call dat — less see," murmured Lazarus reflectively, as he corrugated his brow, and endeavored to recall the legal expression he had heard which covered such cases. "Dey call dat breachin de promus."

"Yes, dat's hit; dem de vey words whar Susan say!" cried Henrietta ecstatically.

"But you carn meck nuthn outter him, kase he ain got nuthn. He ain got no property," said Lazarus.

"Who you tellen?" said the client sharply, and forgetting for the moment her awe of her legal adviser. "Dat man got property. I know dat. Dat nigger got cow, an mule, an horgs, kase I dun see um. Evbody know dat."

A new light dawned upon Lazarus. Here was a chance of reaching out and gathering in a fee of some proportions; for would not that man pay heavily to avoid taking the marriage step?

"You warn damages, dat's what you gotter git," said he significantly. "You ain toll me fuss dat man had property."

"Dat's hit," she ejaculated, with excitement. "He gotter vide wid me fo I let him off. He gotter marry me or

vide, an I ain gwi marry him, so he gotter vide."

"Dis case kin be com-comprum-comprummust," said Lazarus, gulping out the word in divisions; for the conversation had conveyed him into new and difficult fields, calling for the use of fresh expressions and knowledge, which were not readily at hand. His hesitation at this point seemed for the moment to excite his client's suspicion.

"Er cullud lieyer do well's er white lieyer for ter git damages, won't he?"

"Uv cose he will. He do better deeze days," replied Lazarus quickly. He was alarmed at the direction the conversation was taking.

"What sort er law you gwi put on him?" she asked, anxiously.

"I gwi put de law er de lan onto him," replied Lazarus solemnly. "I gwi bring de Constitution er de United States rite down squar ergin him. Dey is other ways, but dey ain so sutten. Dey ain no lieyers know how ter do dis cepten tis Bonaparte & Mart'n, an I larn Mr. Bonaparte dat whar he know. We dun win ev case we sot our mins onter win. Dey carn git er way fum us."

"You got dat law here, is you?" asked the client, glancing around the room. Lazarus appreciated that her talk was drifting in a dangerous direction; he took up the Constitution, which he had put down during Henrietta's narrative. He decided that the situation at this particular juncture required sharp, quick work. He slowly turned over the pages of the little volume, glancing at each carefully, and endeavoring to adjust their contents to the present emergency. Indeed, the firm of Bonaparte & Martin had found, after frequent practice, that the Constitution belonged to materials of the ductile class, and could be so drawn out or contracted by what they knew as liberal interpretation as to cover any case that came up. Lazarus then began to read aloud: —

"Ar-tick-l V an three I's. 'Exces-

sive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishment inflicted.' You doan see what dat gotter do wid hit, dus you?" he asked.

"N-no, suh," faltered the woman, already slightly awed by this sudden presence of the law.

"Uv cose you don't," he replied triumphantly, and then, tapping his forehead significantly with his forefinger, he continued, "but *I* dus. Hit's all heyah. I studies deeze things, an dey ain many know what I know."

"What do dat whar you said outter dat book mean?" asked the client anxiously.

"Hit say," he replied, again reading from the book, "'cruel and unusual punishment shall not be inflicted.' Ef promusin ter marry er young ooman, an den fus'n ter marry her arfter she got her min sot on hit, ain cruel an onusual punishment, what is hit?" asked Lazarus warmly, as he suddenly rose and swept the room with that comprehensive glance with which lawyers sometimes take in jury, judge, and spectators at once.

"Dat's so," she commented. "Dat's what de law say?"

"Dat de vey law er de lan. Dat de Constitution er de United States. Dat what all dis war was bout. De North hit say slavery cruel an onusual punishment. De South say hit aint, an tell de North, 'You glong an ten yo'wn bisness, an I ten ter mine.' Den dey fit one nurr, an bimeby de South git whip, an de North say, 'I show you I know what I talk'n bout.' An dey ain gwi be no mo spute bout dis law now."

"Yes, dat's so, dat's de vey truth you tellin," said Henrietta, in amazement. "Is dey any mo law in dat book?"

"Law in heyah fr evthing," responded Lazarus; "dis de law er de lan. When dey ain no law anywhar else, hit in heyah."

"Do hit say any mo whar meck er man pay fr promusin ter marry er ooman, an den insultin uv her?"

"Uv cose hit do," replied Lazarus, turning back the leaves slowly. Then he read "Ar-tick-l I an V. Section two I's. 'Privileges of Citizens. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' What do dat say? Up dar in New York er man promus ter marry er ooman, an den fuse. Dey had him up an meck him pay five thousan dollars for breachin de promus. Dat how New York pertect de ooman citizens dar. What dis Constitution say? Hit say, 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' Ain you a ooman citizen er Fuhginia, an doan dis law er de lan say dat de citizens er each State shill be entitled ter de same privlidges? Dis mean ef er ooman gotter right ter git five thousan dollars fr breachin de promus in New York, she got er right ter have hit in Fuhginia."

"Dat's so, Lieyer Mart'n," assented Henrietta, her face beaming with exultation, "he gotter pay me. De law sutnly say dat. You sutnly smart man," she continued, looking at him admiringly.

"You gotter git up wid de ole heyah an git ter bed wid de mink ter fine me wake," said the lawyer, modestly, by which figurative term he meant to convey the idea that he could never be caught napping. At this point he discerned the figure of his partner slowly approaching. As the interview had been carried on thus far during the absence of Bonaparte, Lazarus wished to terminate it before that individual reached the house. It was the first time he had conducted a legal examination without the supporting presence of his sharper associate, and he thought of this fact with some pride, while he already felt a glow of gratification over the prospect of telling Bonaparte what he had accom-

plished. His plan of action was quickly determined. "I bin givin you heap er my time, import'nt time," he said, rising. "I gotter vey big law case ter look arfter now. You lissen ter me, an do what I tell you. You tell dat man you see Lieyer Mart'n, an dat Lieyer Mart'n say he gotter marry you, or give up all he property fr damages. Den you tell him how Lieyer Mart'n say dis case kin be compromusst ef he come heyah an talk wid me. You bring dat man heyah, an doan nar one come but you two."

"I gwi do dat whar you tellin me," said she, slowly, and somewhat bewildered by the rapidity of Lazarus's utterances, while he almost hustled her out of the office. This prompt action was none too soon, for Bonaparte entered a few minutes later.

"Have air one bin here ter see me, Laz'us?" he asked, as he put down his umbrella.

"Nar one. But dey is bin a pusson ter cornsult wid me on er law pint. Hit's er big case I tell you, Poleyum."

He did not wait for further questions, but detailed the previous conversation.

"She say de man air got some property?" queried Bonaparte, rubbing his chin.

"Dat's what she specify," answered Lazarus.

"When you tell her ter fetch de man heyar?"

"I ain say. I tell her ter come wid him, an doan nar one come but dem two," responded Lazarus, uneasily, for he stood in awe of his partner.

"Laz'us," said Bonaparte, with a solemn air, — "Laz'us," he repeated, "you dun tree er coon, an dun let him git er way when you got yo han onter him. Tain no law when you air got yo han onter er client, an doan fix er time or er place ter men yo holt." And then, seeing that his partner was distressed, he continued, "But we kin men dat mistake. One er us gotter be in dis office

all de time, so ef dey come we be ready fr um."

The days that followed were days of weary waiting. The firm of Bonaparte & Martin did not know where to look for their Henrietta or her deceiver, because Lazarus, in his excitement, had neglected to get the necessary specific information; and his mortification was made the keener when his senior said, quite bitterly, "Laz'us, you gotter git er bigger holt onter de fust principles. De fust principles air, nuvr loose sight er de man tell you dun wid him. Dey was ten dollar; it mout er bin twenty dollar in dat case."

"Poleyum, doan tell me no mo. You right, — you right," muttered Lazarus, gloomily, and he went out into the fresh air.

It had been agreed that if the woman came, a sheet of white paper was to be displayed in the window, and if both the man and woman came, then a sheet of red paper was to be the signal, while the curtain drawn entirely down was to indicate that the lawyer was alone with the deceiver. This was the plan mapped out by Bonaparte himself, and was in accordance with Bonaparte & Martin's usual mode of law practice, since it was very often proper for only one member of the firm to be in the office with his client, especially at those junctures when one member of the firm represented the plaintiff, and the other the defendant. When Lazarus was within half a block of the office, to which he was returning, after an hour's walk, his heart gave a jump, for he saw that the curtain was entirely down. Then, as he halted, he was almost face to face with Henrietta, who stood on the curbstone, her eyes fixed on that same curtain, and he knew from her exultant glance that it in some way foreshadowed a triumph.

"How you do, Henrietta?" he said.

"I clar, ef tain Mr. Mart'n," she said, advancing to meet him, and giving him her hand.

"Hit workn like I tole you, ain hit?" said Lazarus, cautiously.

"Dey in dar now. Dat man an me, we come ter de offis an knock; an when de voice say come in, I open de do an ax fr Lieyer Mart'n, an de cullud gent'mun set'n dar say as how Lieyer Mart'n juss gone out, but low dat de partner, Mr. Bonaparte, in; but I say, I ain stud'n bout no Mr. Bonaparte, kase Mr. Mart'n de one I dar ter see. Den he say he got sorter inklin what I arfter, and tell me you dun gone out, an he spec'n I find you comin dis er way now. He say he arfter hav'n private talk wid de man I wid, an so I leffer dem two in dar, an come out heyar look'n ter find you. Dat time I have dat talk wid you I went straight arfter de man whar ciev'n me, an tole him dem words you say bout breachin de promus, an he git vey mad. Den when I tell him Lieyer Mart'n say he gwi put de Cornstitution er de lan onter him, he look like he gwi have er fit. Dat time I say 'Cornstitution er de lan' he trimble, an say sorter ter hisseff like, 'De good Lord, what do hit mean?' He sutnly fraid when I say dem words. Den arfter specifyn an act'n same's er fool, he say he come wid me, but he ain gwi marry me. He low he ain promus ter marry me, an as how one wife nuff fr him" —

"He got nuther wife?" interrupted Lazarus, in consternation. "You ain tole me dat at fust. Dat man in tight place. But who gwi pay fr dis breachin de promus?"

Before she could venture an answer, Lazarus, whose eyes had been fixed on the law office of Bonaparte & Martin, saw the curtain roll up suddenly; and as this indicated that his partner required his presence, he hastened to the scene, Henrietta following him eagerly. When they entered the room Lazarus caught his breath, and shook with fear, for he saw his father standing in front of Bonaparte.

"De name er de Lord, whar did you

come fum, Laz'us?" ejaculated the old man, wheeling upon him.

"Dis air my law partner," said Napoleon sharply, "an he juss like me. He know all bout dis case, an he air not gwi stan any fool'n, neither. You gotter settle wid dis lady mitey quick. Air them yo views on dis law pint, Mr. Mart'n?"

As Napoleon was making this explanation, Uncle Bob glanced from one to another of the party, and as the speaker concluded the old darkey repeated his last two words, "Mr. Mart'n," as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming. The truth, however, seemed to dawn upon him slowly, and his fright gave way to a feeling of intense indignation, which he proceeded to vent in no uncertain voice.

"Laz'us," he said, "you call'n youseff er lieyer? You sot dat ooman onto me, you ongrateful dorg, you lyin dev'l! You tryin ter rob me, you'n dis man whar call'n hisseff er lieyer! Er nigger call hisseff er lieyer! I come all dis way ter see dat! Dis gal ain tell me two niggers want ter see me. She say two *lieyers* say I gotter come dar, an douten I did dey would put de Cornstitution er de lan onter me. Dat meek how I come."

"Laz'us, you know dis man whar in-sultin of de law er de lan in dis er way? Air he in he good min?" asked Napoleon, turning to his associate.

"Do he know me? De black rarscul!" shouted Uncle Bob, his rage increasing as he spoke. "Do he know me? Axn de son do he know he father!"

Lazarus was still so agitated that he could not speak coherently, and Bonaparte and the client were now almost as much disconcerted at this unlooked-for complication of what had promised to be such an easy case. Uncle Bob Martin, believing that this was not only a plot to rob him, but that his son had knowingly selected him as the victim, took advan-

tage of the situation, of which he now seemed master, and poured forth a torrent of invective. He clenched his stick, and glared savagely at the group.

"I gwi war you out, you low-life nigger," he said to his son. "Arfter I dun raise you, you run off t' Richmond an git er sassy jade ter meck mock er me."

"I ain know 't was you," Lazarus found breath to say.

"You ain know t' was me! You liar, you liar! You meck blieve I dun change much es dat," replied Uncle Bob, misapprehending his son's explanation. "I gwi show you who you pesterin. All dis time I thinkn you wuekn fr livin you fixn ter rob me er dat Marse William gimme."

"Dis air most unfortunate," said Bonaparte, who now began to understand the matter. "De air some mistake bout dis year case. Laz'us ain tell me you he father. He ain evn tell me yo name. He ain know yo name hisseff. De air sumpn wrong; de air indeed."

"Who you telln? Doan try none er yo fanciful talk on me. Doan come er sputtern yo 'air' an yo 'ware' bout me!" yelled the old negro, mimicking Bonaparte. "Yo keyarn talk like white folk ter me. You'se er nigger, an er black nigger at dat."

"We ain know yo name, Laz'us ain, an I ain," expostulated Bonaparte. "Dis ooman where employ Laz'us fr her lieyer ain tell him who you was."

"De good Lord!" ejaculated the irate old man. "Laz'us Mart'n er lieyer! Whenev ar nigger drop he hoe an call hisseff er lieyer, look out fr yo hen-house. Who teach him law? He ain no mo lieyer 'n I is. Laz'us, you speen ter rob me er my piece er lan. I show you. Heyah! yah, yah! You keep on waitn fr dat lan." And with this remark, accompanied by a look of defiance, Uncle

Bob Martin stalked out of the room; nor did his son attempt to detain him, for he knew from former episodes that when his father's wrath once burst forth, many days must elapse before the quiet calm of his disposition could be assured. This was to Lazarus the bitterest experience of his life. The sudden collapse of a promising law case was as nothing compared to this defeat of a cherished plan of his, for he had carefully kept from his father and former associates the fact that he was pursuing the practice of law. He had designed visiting his old home, and dazzling them with the intelligence. And as he built his airy castles, he had dramatized the effect of this announcement on his father, picturing himself the pride of the old man, who would boast of his son's rise.

"He'll ruin all dat now," thought Lazarus, bitterly; "he'll tell 'm all. He say I meck mock er him, an now he gwi meck mock er me. Dey woan bleeve I lieyer, neither."

Lazarus was not mistaken in his fears. Uncle Bob not only denounced him as an unworthy son, but in caustic terms revealed him to the colored people near the old home as a charlatan. Two months after the imperative summons to the law office of Bonaparte & Martin Uncle Bob married a second wife, — a woman of more mature years than the one whose cause his son had unwittingly championed. There were those of Lazarus Martin's associates on the old farm who did not hesitate to affirm that this important step was taken to prevent "Lieber Mart'n," as they derisively termed him, from ultimately securing the patch of land which the plaintiff, in the breachin de promus case, had coveted so vainly. A few days after the nuptial ceremony the law firm of Bonaparte & Martin was, for some reason not obtainable by the public, dissolved.

William W. Archer.

VIA CRUCIS.

[*The manuscript, extremely imperfect, like so many of more value, began abruptly on a torn leaf, thus:*]

. . . And I swear to you by the helmet of Mars, Rutilius, that what with my anger and what with the confusion of the crowd outside, I could at first see nothing. I slammed the door at my back with the scornful cackle of the old eunuch, Medus, echoing in my two ears, "He, he, he! There he goes! Another plucked goose!" That to be said of me, Hilarius Gela, called the Lucky! But out of all that pocketful of gold I had now but a beggarly eight or ten drachmæ, and not a litter would take me back to the Prætorium on credit, you may be certain. How contemptible, thought I, was Decius Lallius to tell such a barefaced lie, and hurry away from the dice the instant luck began turning against both him and that thievish Greek, Thyotes, who, with Decius, simply plundered me of every sestertium! — taking my sword, too! As for any truth in what Decius Lallius had said as he folded up the message, and the sending after him by my uncle because of the winding up suddenly of this muddle over the Nazarene, and the high-priests, and the gods know who not besides, — why, that I admit I did not believe for a moment. And supposing my uncle had sent for Decius, like as not Decius had managed to get word to him first that he might be called away. Three hundred sestertia! Think of that, Rutilius! and I shall not win a penny of it back. Decius Lallius is gone mad, along with the rest of them; but that I will get to later.

Well, there was a diabolical dust blowing, and a stench, and the sun hot enough to scorch the skin on your back. I elbowed and shoved my way out of the alley, jamming to the wall Jews and bar-

barians alike, because the booths were surrounded with bargaining people, as are the spillings of honeycombs with bees. Buzz, buzz, buzz! clack, clack, clack! chaffer and dicker! When I came as far along as the angle of Ezra the Publican's house, I had already won enough curses and sour looks to make me heartily sorry for making my way alone through any such quarter of the town. Thought I, "If one other fellow were beside me and I had my sword, we could prudently lay about us very lustily, and stir up some sport in a trice!" But scarcely armed, and alone, it was not safe. So I stomached all their mutterings and insolence, and made the best haste I could. It was a fit sequel to such a night!

All of a sudden, however, I heard something like trumpets, just as I turned the corner of the long street whereon lives Mariamne, that rich little Jewess who accused your cousin Varus of filching her sapphire bracelet, — you recollect? Then said I to myself, "Upon my faith, that sounds like Decius Lallius, after all!" So although the throng of all conditions of men, women, and children was close, I tried to get over to the square and intercept whatever might be coming towards it. But I had less difficulty; because in a twinkling, and with the louder sound of the trumpets and the calling out about me to the effect that a procession of some sort was truly passing a short distance away, any quantity of those near me began to prick up their long ears, and stare and question, and then whisk right and left after it. A fat Pharisee, or a Jew that I took to be such, and certainly have seen before, became a battering-ram before me, and, thankfully, I sped close behind his back. Such a scramble, though, I little expected. I leaped up once upon a bale

of some stuffs before a shop, where two Israelitish girls, one of them on tiptoe of her pretty feet, were already standing, gazing off with their black eyes into the square. I stared, too, and saw over the heads of the streetful a denser, compacter throng bearing down toward the centre of the square. In the middle came a cohort, sure enough! I caught the glitter of their helmets and spears, and a flutter of scarlet from the cloaks and horse-hair plumes. And truly, there sat on his horse Decius Lallius himself! and for once he had spoken the truth! I caught also a glimpse, from where I was, of two or three criminals being fetched along by no means expeditiously. Now what I proposed to do was to get Decius's eye, and, of course, I could not whence I was. So down from my bale I jumped, with a clap on the back to the tallest of my two lasses, and hard after my Pharisee again, whom I nevertheless lost; and the next moment I had darted into an open and unfinished dwelling, and scrambled up a narrow staircase, and clambered out on the top of a wing, where stood two masons, looking down. The cohort, with the prisoners which they had the plague of conducting, and the mob that ran along every step of the way constantly growing larger and noisier, — these all were advancing straight toward my halting-place, as I had hoped they would.

So keeping my eye, like a viper's, fastened upon Decius Lallius, as along he came, with the trumpets blowing single, short notes before him and the legionaries, I put my hands about my mouth, and I bawled out, "Decius! Ho! Decius!" Finally, I made him look up at me. I shook my fist at him, and held up my emptied purse, and pointed to my sword sheath. Thereat he laughed so loud that I heard him above all the shuffling of feet and bustle and shoutings and trumpetings; and he threw back that big yellow head of his, and snapped the fingers of one hand, and

with the other, grinning, he flung a sesquialterum straight at me, with a wink, and I caught it.

I could not help laughing, too: it was so like Decius Lallius! He recognized at once the fact that good-humor was restored between us. I would have to confess that it was no pretext that took him off from Mardocheus's gaming-house, after all. Now, a train of camels blocked their way; and while he and his men paused for a moment or so, Lallius smirked, and pointed his finger at his three criminals, and I made out that he would have me look hard at them, or some one of them.

The three of them stood quietly, each a little separated from his fellows. Each had a white board hung before his breast, whereon was written in black letters his offense, — I forget whether your Alexandrian habit is precisely such. The foremost of them looked a stout, low-browed, black-locked fellow, all rags, and grease, and dirt; thief and murderer writ all over him, and no tablet needed to define his performances. Just at present the extent of highway robbery about this Jerusalem is simply intolerable. Nothing puts it down. . . . The man next was also a highwayman, but of oddly different type. He could scarcely have been older than four-and-twenty, and his gold hair was like the sun, and he had blue eyes, I should have said. He was jesting with those of the crowd who halted nearest him. Still, somebody told me afterward that he was a strong young thief, and had never been taken alive save for a false sweetheart, who betrayed him after he had thrown away his soul on her.

But naturally enough, it was at the famous Nazarene that I looked the most sharply. Now this business of crucifixion displeases me just as often as it comes under my very eyes, and I am not soft hearted, Rutilius, as you are aware. With the blockade of the camel train the Nazarene had contrived to

stand more upright, and to turn himself around, so that not at once could I catch sight of his features; and he was saying something to a knot of women who leaned most eagerly forward from the crowd's edge. I could not hear what were his words, but as he spoke them a handful of rotted fruit struck him on the neck, and he turned and became silent, and remained quite immovable for a few instants, with his eyes raised to the sky, as if it had been some one of our own philosophers or dreaming poets supplicating Jove to look down upon him, and judge if he were righteously in such gear, and to bestow upon him the indifference of the gods toward the behavior of our intolerable, ever contemptible race of mankind.

Our friend Sestius would be glad to give one of his eyes, I think, if he could, with the help of the other, commit that Nazarene's countenance to canvas. I swear it, Rutilius, by the divinities of very Styx! You have heard of the man's astonishing, immortal beauty, for only one story that I know Quintus told you. . . . The man could hardly stand. I saw that. I have since heard that they beat him desperately before the outsetting of Lallius; and . . . The German cohort are a wild set. The man's hair, which was exceedingly black, was a mat of blood and sweat, and filth adhered to it and his beard. His wrists had been cut by the cords wherewith he was bound. Once when he chanced to move his arm, the sleeve fell back, and, from where I was, aloft, I could discern livid bruises on it. His garments were dust-bedraggled, and stained with vile things cast upon him from out of the markets. He carried not the beams of his cross, like the rest. I was told that he could not, from the weakness that had come on him after his handling during the night; and I saw another Jew staggering on with them, to the great sport of the cohort, who had pressed him into such service.

Rutilius, despite these things, there dwelt in this man an exaltedness, and in his countenance a beauty, I have beheld in no statuary's work. He stooped from exhaustion; but it was as if a god bent in compassion over the earth. At no instant were the crowd silent: they roared and shouted vileness, they hustled the cohort, the soldiery swore roundly at the laggard camel-drivers; but this Nazarene was as one who hearkens to the lyres and pipes of the Elysian meadows, and beholds from far the choric dances of the spirits. Yea, I affirm to you that there were in the aspect and bearing of this poor fanatic, — or whatsoever he was rated by those who concerned themselves about him, which I assuredly have not done, — veritable mysteries, transcending those of Eleusis; and when one of the two masons, a humpback, who stood beside me on the cornice, hurled a fragment of mortar at him to make him glance our way, and he did so, and looked (as I fancied) directly at me, not the humpback, — why, then, Rutilius, what think you I either experienced, or now imagine I did?

It seemed — by the helmet of Mars! I know not how to tell it, and I feel like a fool as I begin — it seemed to me as if he demanded of me, — of me, Hilarius Gela, — “Wherefore hast *thou* brought me to this hour? It is thyself that hast done it!” And thereupon appeared it also to me that there began flashing before me my life; yea, every hour of it since I came to know that I lived. The days of our boyhood in Rome; the months you and I roamed Sicily; those forced marches in the Hispanian campaign, under the lonely night; those evenings in Gaul, when we lay upon our backs beneath the pine-trees, and watched the stars, — all that I have been, or done, or thought, or hoped, or despaired of, behold, I reviewed the same! And when the man's lids fell again over those eyes that so sought out me, Hilarius Gela, I swear unto you

that — I trembled, and stood there with my jaw fallen! These effects be some of his witchcraft. It is certain that he hath legions of demons that attend him often. From a fish's mouth he once drew a purse full of gold.

But all at once the camels were passed by, and Decius Lallius swore at his troop, and it was set in motion; and thieves and Nazarene and all moved onward, and the crowd set up a louder hoot and laughter and calling than ever, and the square was cleared of them. I watched the throng turn into a street leading from the square, and mount the hill. For this Jerusalem is all hill, and in the part where I was is only dirt for pavement. Once more I saw the cohort halt, and Decius angrily checked his horse. (Afterward I heard that a madman burst, shrieking, through the crowd and the legionaries, and fell foaming and cursing at the Nazarene's feet; whereupon the Nazarene spake something, and lo, they say the man was himself, sane and well! Heard one ever the like?) Then, the worst part of the crowd having gone with the cohort and prisoners, I gave the masons my last coins, and went down to the street, and managed to reach the guard-room without further annoyance.

And all the way, Rutilius, went I, marveling and laughing, in spite of what I had felt for the instant of the Nazarene's look, that any man should nowadays believe anything stoutly enough to die therefor. Oh, folly indeed! For we come we know not whence, and we go into black darkness, and the gods have become in our day, O my Rutilius, mere shameful or silly fables, and truth is nowhere, and the world is a tiresome and old matter altogether. What is there left in this thing called Life that a man, searching out the same, can set apart and say of it, "This is excellent"? To eat, to drink, to lose and win at dice, to answer to the sparkle in a bright eye or the pouting on red lips, — so must

man sum up all that he can have here; and the hereafter is of the poets. The world is all as empty as laughter; nor of that in it which accords ill with man's choice is there aught really worth tears. Ah, would that a god, some new god, might approach to us from some unknown stillness, and ask of you and of me, "*Wherefore do ye live, unless it be for — look! — these — and these — things?*"

But truly, I can behold your face wrinkled with smiles, as of old, and hear your sneer, "Inconsistent as ever! He speaks after the manner of the second-rate poets, and the philosophers who rant." And I doubt not I do, O my Rutilius, who alone knowest that I have a thought every day in the year that may, perhaps, outweigh a handful of chaff of the guard-room, or a touch of Nereia's lips, or a good swallow of Falernian, — would I had one whole amphora of it, for there is none fit for my drinking here. To conclude, then, the account of that day, and begin that of Decius Lallius, I assure you that what with the turmoil of this Hebrew Passover, which you know something of, and for which Jerusalem was now preparing, and what with the spread of the story of this Nazarene's strange trial and condemnation, the city grew that day into a worse ferment every hour. Pornio and I, you must know, had been examining the account ordered to be made ready for Pontius Pilatus's signature (but my uncle was ill all that day, and would do no business till nightfall), when there ran into the room a legionary with a scrawled letter. It was from Decius Lallius, still at the place of the Nazarene's execution. And while I tried to make it out, for it had suddenly become dark, in the most unaccountable manner . . .

Here breaks off this narration of Hilarus Gela. Nothing continuative is extant. But to the single copy I have here transcribed, in the Library of the

Propaganda, at Rome (which library has more out-of-the-way matters in it than many think), is appended this note, in another hand; probably an extract from some early martyrology:—

. . . But at this same time of persecution in Rome suffered Decius Lallius and Hilarius Gela. Now this Decius

Lallius had formerly been a centurion, the same who stood guard beside the cross; and Hilarius Gela was his friend, exceedingly zealous for the faith, and abundant in good works. And with these two also suffered a certain Rutilius, of Alexandria, a kinsman of one of them. . . .

Edward Irenæus Stevenson.

PAUL PATOFF.

VIII.

EARLY on the following morning John Carvel came to my room. He looked less anxious than on the previous night, but he was evidently not altogether his former self.

"Would you care to drive to the station and meet those boys?" he asked, cheerfully.

The weather was bright and frosty, and I was glad enough of an excuse for being alone for half an hour with my friend. I assented, therefore, to his proposition, and presently we were rattling along the hard road through the park. The hoar-frost was on the trees and on the blue-green frozen grass beneath them, and on the reeds and sedges beside the pond, which was overspread with a sheet of black ice. The breath flew from the horses' nostrils in white clouds to right and left, and the low morning sun flashed back from the harness, and made the little icicles and laces of frost upon the trees shine like diamonds.

"Carvel," I said presently, as we spun past the lodge, through the great iron gates, "I am not inquisitive, but it is easy to see that there is something going on in your house which is not agreeable to you. Will you tell me frankly whether you would like me to go away?"

"Not for worlds," my companion

ejaculated, and he turned a shade paler as he spoke. "I would rather tell you all about it—only"—He paused.

"Don't," said I. "I don't want to know. I merely thought you might prefer to be left free of outsiders at present."

"We hardly look upon you as an outsider, Griggs," said John, quietly. "You have been here so much and we have been so intimate that you are almost like one of the family. Besides, you know this young nephew of my wife's, Paul Patoff; and your knowing him will make matters a little easier. I am not at all sure I shall like him."

"I think you will. At all events, I can give you some idea of him."

"I wish you would," answered John.

"He is a thorough Russian in his ideas and an Englishman in appearance,—perhaps you might say he is more like a Scotchman. He is fair, with blue eyes, a brown mustache, and a prominent nose. He is angular in his movements and rather tall. He has a remarkable talent for languages, and is regarded as a very promising diplomatist. His temper is violent and changeable, but he has excellent manners and is full of tact. I should call him an extremely clever fellow in a general way, and he has done wisely in the selection of his career."

"That is not a bad description. Is there anything against him?"

"I cannot say; I only knew him in Persia, — a chance acquaintance. People said he was very eccentric."

"Eccentric?" asked John. "How?"

"Moody, I suppose, because he would sometimes shut himself up for days, and see nobody unless the minister sent for him. He used to beat his native servants when he was in a bad humor, and was said to be a reckless sort of fellow."

"I hope he will not indulge his eccentricities here. Heaven knows, he has reason enough for being odd, poor fellow. We must make the best of him," continued John hurriedly, as though regretting his last remark, "and you must help us to amuse him and keep him out of mischief. Those Russians are the very devil, sometimes, as I have no doubt you know, and just at present our relations with them are not of the best; but, after all, he is my nephew and one of the family, so that we must do what we can for him, and avoid trouble. Macaulay likes him, and I dare say he likes Macaulay. They will get on together very well."

"Yes — perhaps so — though I do not see what the two can have in common," I answered. "Macaulay can hardly have much sympathy for Patoff's peculiarities, however much he may like the man himself."

"Macaulay is very young, although he has seen something of the world. He has not outgrown the age which mistakes eccentricity for genius and bad temper for boldness. We shall see, — we shall see very soon. They will both hate Cutter, with his professorial wisdom and his immense experience of things they have never seen. How do you like him yourself?"

"Without being congenial to me, he represents what I would like to be myself."

"Would you change with him, if you could?" asked John.

"No, indeed. I, in my person, would

like to be what he is in his, — that is all. People often talk of changing. No man alive would really exchange his personality for that of another man, if he had the chance. He only wishes to adorn what he most admires in himself with those things which, in his neighbor, excite the admiration of others. He meditates no change which does not give his vanity a better appearance to himself, and his reputation a dash of more brilliant color in the popular eye."

"Perhaps you are right," said John. "At all events, the professor has qualities that any man might envy."

We reached the station just as the train ran in, and Macaulay Carvel and Patoff waved their hats from the carriage window. In a moment we were all shaking hands upon the platform.

"Papa, this is cousin Paul," said Macaulay, and he turned to greet me next. He is a good-looking fellow, with rather delicate features and a quiet, conscientious sort of expression, exquisite in his dress and scrupulous in his manners, with more of his mother's gentleness than of his father's bold frankness in his brown eyes. His small hand grasped mine readily enough, but seemed nerveless and lacking in vitality, a contrast to Paul Patoff's grip. The Russian was as angular as ever, and his wiry fingers seemed to discharge an electric shock as they touched mine. I realized that he was a very tall man, and that he was far from ugly. His prominent nose and high cheek-bones gave a singular eagle-like look to his face, and his cold, bright eyes added to the impression. He lacked grace of form, but he had plenty of force, and though his movements were sometimes sudden and ungainly he was not without a certain air of nobility. His brown mustache did not altogether hide the half-scornful expression of his mouth.

"How is everybody?" asked Macaulay Carvel of his father. "We shall have a most jolly Christmas, all together."

"Well, Mr. Griggs," said Patoff to me, "I did not expect, when we parted in Persia, that we should meet again in my uncle's house, did you? You will hardly believe that this is my first visit to England, and to my relations here."

"You will certainly not be taken for a foreigner here," I said, laughing.

"Oh, of course not. You see my mother is English, so that I speak the language. The difficulty for me will lie in learning the customs. The English have so many peculiar habits. Is Professor Cutter at the house?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"Very well. He has been my mother's physician for some time."

"Indeed — I was not aware that he practiced as a physician." I was surprised by the news, and a suspicion crossed my mind that the lady at Weissenstein might have been Patoff's mother. Instantly the meaning of the professor's warning flashed upon me, — I was not to mention that affair in the Black Forest to Carvel. Of course not. Carvel was the brother-in-law of the lady in question. However, I kept my own counsel as we drove rapidly homewards. The sun had risen higher in the cloudless sky, and the frozen ground was beginning to thaw, so that now and then the mud splashed high from under the horses' hoofs. The vehicle in which we drove was a mail phaeton, and Macaulay sat in front by his father's side, while Patoff and I sat behind. We chatted pleasantly along the road, and in half an hour were deposited at Carvel Place, where the ladies came out to meet us, and the new cousin was introduced to every one. He seemed to make himself at home very easily, and I think the first impression he produced was favorable. Mrs. Carvel held his hand for several seconds, and looked up into his cold blue eyes as though searching for some resemblance to his mother, and he met her gentle look frankly enough. Chrysophrasia eyed him and eyed him again, trying

to discover in him the attributes she had bestowed upon him in her imagination; he was certainly a bold-looking fellow, and she was not altogether disappointed. She allowed her hand to linger in his, and her sentimental eyes turned upwards towards him with a look that was intended to express profound sympathy. As for Paul, he looked at his aunt Chrysophrasia with a certain surprise, and he looked upon Hermione with a great admiration as she came forward and put out her hand. John Carvel stood near by, and I thought his expression changed as he saw the glance his nephew bestowed upon his daughter. I slipped away to the library, and left the family party to themselves. Professor Cutter had not yet appeared, and I hoped to find him. Sure enough, he was among the books. Three or four large volumes lay open upon a table near the window, and the sturdy professor was turning over the leaves, holding a pencil in his mouth and a sheet of paper in one hand, the image of a student in the pursuit of knowledge. I went straight up to him.

"Professor Cutter," I said, "you asked me last night whether I had ever heard anything more of the lady with whom I met you at Weissenstein. I have heard of her this morning."

The scientist took the pencil from his mouth, and thrust his hands into his pockets, gazing upon me through the large round lenses of his spectacles. He glanced towards the door before he spoke.

"Well, what have you heard?" he asked.

"Only that she was Paul Patoff's mother," I answered.

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"And how did you come by the information, if you please?" he inquired.

"Very simply. Paul Patoff volunteered to tell me that you had been his mother's physician for some time. I remembered that you warned me not to

speak of the Weissenstein affair to our friend Carvel; that was natural enough, since the lady was his sister-in-law. She did not look at all like Paul, it is true, but you are not in the habit of playing physician, and it is a thousand to one that you have attended no one else in the last year who is in any way connected with John Carvel."

The learned doctor smiled.

"You have made a very good guess, Mr. Griggs," he said. "Paul Patoff is a silly fellow enough, or he would not have spoken so plainly. Why do you tell me that you have found me out?"

"Because I imagine that you are still interested in the lady, and that you had better be informed of everything connected with the case."

"The case — yes — it is a very singular case, and I am intensely interested in it. Besides, it has very nearly cost me my reputation, as well as my life. I assure you I have rarely had to do with such a case, nor have I ever experienced such a sensation as when I went over the cliff at Weissenstein after Madame Patoff."

"Probably not," I remarked. "I never saw a braver thing more successfully accomplished."

"There is small courage in acting under necessity," said the professor, walking slowly across the room towards the fire. "If I had not rescued my patient, I should have been much more injured than if I had broken my neck in the attempt. I was responsible for her. What would have become of the 'great neurologist,' the celebrated 'mad-doctor,' as they call me, if one of the few patients to whom I ever devoted my whole personal attention had committed suicide under my very eyes? You can understand that there was something more than her life and mine at stake."

"I never knew exactly how it happened," I replied. "I was looking out of my window, when I saw a woman fall over the balcony below me. Her clothes

caught in the crooked branches of a wild cherry-tree that grew some ten feet below; and as she struggled, I saw you leaning over the parapet, as if you meant to scramble down the face of the cliff after her. I had a hundred feet of manilla rope which I was taking with me to Switzerland for a special expedition, and I let it down to you. The people of the inn came to my assistance, and we managed to haul you up together, thanks to your knowing how to tie the rope around you both. Then I saw you downstairs for a few minutes and you told me the lady was not hurt. I left almost immediately. I never knew what led to the accident."

Professor Cutter passed his heavy hand slowly over his thick gray hair, and looked pensively into the fire.

"It was simple enough," he said at last. "I was paying our bill to the landlord, and in doing so I turned my back upon Madame Patoff for a moment. She was standing on a low balcony outside the window, and she must have thrown herself over. Luckily she was dressed in a gown of strong Scotch stuff, which did not tear when it caught in the tree. It was the most extraordinary escape I ever saw."

"I should think so, indeed. But why did she want to kill herself? Was she insane?"

"Are people always insane who try to kill themselves?" asked the professor, eying me keenly through his glasses.

"Very generally they are. I suppose that she was."

"That is precisely the question," said the scientist. "Insanity is an expression that covers a multitude of sins of all kinds, but explains none of them, nor is itself explained. If I could tell you what insanity is, I could tell you whether Madame Patoff was insane or not. I can say that a man possesses a dog, because I can classify the dogs I have seen all over the world. But supposing I had

never met any specimen of the canine race but a King Charles spaniel, and on seeing a Scotch deerhound in the possession of a friend was told that the man had a 'dog.' I should be justified in doubting whether the deerhound was a dog at all in the sense in which the tiny spaniel—the only dog I had ever seen—represented the canine race in my mind and experience. The biblical 'devil,' which 'possessed' men, took as many shapes and characteristics as the *genus* 'dog' does: there was the devil that dwelt in tombs, the devil that tore its victim, the devil that entered into swine, the devil that spoke false prophecies, and many more. It is the same with insanity. No two mad people are alike. If I find a person with any madness I know, I can say he is mad; but if I find a person acting in a very unusual way under the influence of strong and protracted emotion, I am not justified in concluding that he is crazy. I have not seen everything in the world yet. I have not seen every kind of dog, nor every kind of devil, nor every kind of madness."

"You choose strange illustrations," I said, "but you speak clearly."

"Strange cases and strange examples. Insanity is the strangest phase of human nature, because it is the least common state of humanity. If a majority of men were mad, they would have a right to consider themselves sane, and sane men crazy. Your original question was whether, when she attempted suicide, Madame Patoff were sane or not. I do not know. I have known many persons to attempt to take their lives when, according to all their other actions, they were perfectly sane. The question of their sanity could be decided by placing a large number of sensible people in similar circumstances, in order to see whether the majority of them would kill themselves or not. That sort of experiment is not likely to be tried. I found Madame Patoff placed in very extraordi-

nary circumstances, but I did not know her before she was so placed. The case interests me exceedingly. I am still trying to understand it."

"You speak as though you were still treating it," I remarked.

"A physician, in his imagination, will continue to study a case for years after it has passed out of his treatment," answered my companion. "I must go and see Paul, however, since he was good enough to mention me to you." Whereupon Professor Cutter buttoned up his coat and went away, leaving me to my reflections by the library fire.

If Carvel had intended to have a family party in his house at Christmas, including this nephew whom he had never seen, and whose mother had been mad, and the great scientist who had attended her, it seemed strange that he should have asked me as directly as he had done to spend the whole winter under his roof. I had never been asked for so long a visit before, and had never been treated with such confidence and received so intimately as I now was. I could not help wondering whether I was to be told the reason of what was going on, whether, indeed, anything was going on at all, and whether the air of depression and mystery which I thought I observed were not the result of my own imagination, rather than of any actual foundation in fact. The professor might be making a visit for his pleasure, but I knew how valuable his time must be, and I wondered how he could afford to spend it in mere amusement. I remembered John Carvel's hesitation as we drove to the station that morning, and his evident annoyance when I proposed to leave. He knew me well enough to say, "All right, if you don't mind, run up to town for a day or two," but he had not said it. He had manifested the strongest desire that I should stay, and I had determined to comply with his request. At the same time I was left entirely in the dark as to what was going

on in the family, and whispered words, conversations that ceased abruptly on my approach, and many other little signs told me beyond all doubt that something was occurring of which I had no knowledge. Without being inquisitive, it is hard to live in such surroundings without having one's curiosity roused, and the circumstance of my former meeting with the professor, now so suddenly illuminated by the discovery that the lady whose life he had saved was the sister-in-law of our host, led me to believe, almost intuitively, that the mystery, if mystery there were, was connected in some way with Madame Patoff. As I thought of her, the memory of the little inn, the Gasthof zum Goldenen Anker, in Weissenstein, came vividly back to me. The splash of the plunging Nagold was in my ears, the smell of the boundless pine forest was in my nostrils; once more I seemed to be looking down from the upper window of the hostelry upon the deep ravine, a sheer precipice from the back of the house, broken only by some few struggling trees that appeared scarcely able to find foothold on the straight fall of rock, — one tree projecting just below the foundations of the inn, ten feet lower than the lowest window, a knotted wild cherry, storm-beaten and crooked, — and then, suddenly, something of uncertain shape, huddled together and falling from the balcony down the precipice, — a woman's figure, caught in the gnarled boughs of the cherry-tree, hanging and swinging over the abyss, while shriek on shriek echoed down to the swollen torrent and up to the turrets of the old inn in an agonized reverberation of horror.

It was a fearful memory, and the thought of being brought into the company of the woman whose life I had seen so risked and so saved was strange and fascinating. Often and often I had wondered about her fate, speculating upon the question whether her fall was due to accident or to the intention of sui-

cide, and I had tried to realize the terrible waking when she found herself saved from the destruction she sought by the man I had seen, — perhaps by the very man from whom she was endeavoring to escape. I was thrown off my balance by being so suddenly brought face to face with this woman's son, the tall, blue-eyed, awkward fine gentleman, Paul Patoff. I sat by the library fire and thought it all over, and I said to myself at last, "Paul Griggs, thou art an ass for thy pains, and an inquisitive idiot for thy curiosity." I, who am rarely out of conceit with myself, was disgusted at my lack of dignity in actually desiring to find out things that were in no way my business, nor ever concerned me. So I took a book and fell to reading. Far off in the house I could hear voices now and then, the voices of the family making the acquaintance of their new-found relation. The great fire blazed upon the broad hearth within, and the wintry sun shone brightly without, and there came gradually upon me the delight of comfort that reigns within a luxurious library when the frost is biting without, and there is no scent upon the frozen fields, — the comfort that lies in the contrasts we make for ourselves against nature; most of all, the peace that a wanderer on the face of the earth, as I am, can feel when he rests his weary limbs in some quiet home, half wishing he might at last be allowed to lay down the staff and scrip, and taste freely of the world's good things, yet knowing that before many days the devil of unrest will drive him forth again upon his road. So I sat in John Carvel's library, and read his books, and enjoyed the cushioned easy-chair with the swinging desk; and I envied John Carvel his home, and his quiet life, and his defenses against intrusion, saying that I also might be made happy by the trifling addition of twenty thousand pounds a year to my income.

But I was not long permitted to enjoy

the undisturbed possession of this temple of sweet dreams, reveling in my imagination at the idea of what I should do if I possessed such a place. The door of the library opened suddenly with a noise of many feet upon the polished floor.

"And this is the library," said the voice of Hermione, who led the way, followed by her mother and aunt and Paul; John Carvel brought up the rear, quietly looking on while his daughter showed the new cousin the wonders of Carvel Place.

"This is the library," she repeated, "and this is Mr. Griggs," she added, with a little laugh, as she discovered me in the deep easy-chair. "This is the celebrated Mr. Griggs. His name is Paul, like yours, but otherwise he is not in the least like you, I fancy. Everybody knows him, and he knows everybody."

"We have met before," said Patoff, "not only this morning, but in the East. Mr. Griggs certainly seemed to know everybody there, from the Shah to the Greek consul. What a splendid room! It must have taken you years of thought to construct such a literary retreat, uncle John," he added, turning to the master of the house as he spoke.

Indeed, Paul Patoff appeared much struck with everything he saw at Carvel Place. I left my chair and joined the party, who wandered through the rooms and into the great conservatory, and finally gravitated to the drawing-room. Patoff examined everything with an air of extreme interest, and seemed to understand intuitively the tastes of each member of the household. He praised John's pictures and Mrs. Carvel's engravings; he admired Chrysophrasia's stained-glass window, and her pots, and plates, and bits of drapery; he glanced reverently at Mrs. Carvel's religious books, and stopped now and then to smell the flowers Hermione loved. He noted the view upon the park from the

south windows, and thought the disposal of the shrubbery near the house was a masterpiece of landscape gardening. As he proceeded, surrounded by his relations, remarking upon everything he saw, and giving upon all things opinions which marvelously flattered the individual tastes of each one of the family, it became evident that he was making a very favorable impression upon them.

"It is delightful to show you things," said Hermione, "you are so appreciative."

"It needs little skill to appreciate, where everything is so beautiful," he answered. "Indeed," he continued, addressing himself to all present, "your home is the most charming I ever saw; I had no idea that the English understood luxury so well. You know that with us Continental people you have the reputation of being extravagant, even magnificent, in your ideas, but of being also ascetics in some measure, — loving to make yourselves strangely uncomfortable, fond of getting very hot, and of taking very cold baths, and of living on raw meat and cold potatoes and all manner of strange things. I do not see here any evidences of great asceticism."

"How wonderfully he speaks English!" exclaimed Mrs. Carvel, aside, to her husband.

"I should say," continued Paul, without noticing the flattering interruption, "that you are the most luxurious people in the world, that you have more taste than any people I have ever known, and that if I had had the least idea how charming my relations were, I should have come from our Russian wilds ten years ago to visit you and tell you how superior I think you are to ourselves."

Paul laughed pleasantly as he made this speech, and there was a little murmur of applause.

"We were very different, ten years ago," said John Carvel. "In the first place, there was no Hermione then, to do the honors and show you the sights.

She was quite a little thing, ten years ago."

"That would have made no difference in the place, though," said Hermione, simply.

"On the contrary," said Paul. "I am inclined to think, on reflection, that I would have postponed my visit, after all, for the sake of having my cousin for a guide."

"Ah, how gracefully these wild northern men can turn a phrase!" whispered Chrysophrasia in my ear, — "so strong and yet so tender!" She could not take her eyes from her nephew, and he appeared to understand that he had already made a conquest of the æsthetic old maid, for he took her admiration for granted, and addressed himself to Mrs. Carvel; not losing sight of Chrysophrasia, however, but looking pleasantly at her as he talked, though his words were meant for her sister.

"It is the whole atmosphere of this life that is delightful, and every little thing seems so harmonious," he said. "You have here the solidity of traditional English country life, combined with the comforts of the most advanced civilization; and, to make it all perfection, you have at every turn the lingering romance of the glorious mediæval life," with a glance at Miss Dabstreak, "that middle age which in beauty was the prime of age, from which began and spread all your most glorious ideas, your government, your warfare, your science. Did you never have an alchemist in your family, uncle John? Surely he found for you the golden secret, and it is his touch which has beautified these old walls!"

"I don't know," said John Carvel.

"Indeed there was!" cried Chrysophrasia, in delight. "I have found out all about him. He was not exactly an alchemist; he was an astrologer, and there are the ruins of his tower in the park. There are some old books upstairs, upon the Black Art, with his

name in them, Johannes Carvellius, written in the most enchanting angular handwriting."

"I believe there was somebody of that name," remarked John.

"They are full of delicious incantations for raising the devil, — such exquisite ceremonies, with all the dress described that you must wear, and the phases of the moon, and hazel wands cut at midnight. Imagine how delightful!"

"The tower in the park is a beautiful place," said Hermione. "I have it all filled with flowers in summer, and the gardener's boy once saw a ghost there on All Hallow E'en."

"You must take me there," said Paul, smiling good-humoredly at the reference to the alchemist. "I have a passion for ruins, and I had no idea that you had any; nothing seems ruined here, and yet everything appears old. What a delightful place!" Paul sat far back in his comfortable chair, and inserted a single eyeglass in the angle between his heavy brow and his aquiline nose; his bony fingers were spotless, long, and white, and as he sat there he had the appearance of a personage receiving the respectful homage of a body of devoted attendants, the indescribable air of easy superiority and condescending good-nature which a Roman patrician might have assumed when visiting the country villa of one of his clients. Everybody seemed delighted to be noticed by him and flattered by his words.

I am by nature cross-grained and crabbed, I presume. I admitted that Paul Patoff, though not graceful in his movements, was a fine-looking fellow, with an undeniable distinction of manner; he had a pleasant voice, an extraordinary command of English, though he was but half an Englishman, and a tact which he certainly owed to his foreign blood; he was irreproachable in appearance, in the simplicity of his dress, in the smoothness of his fair hair and well-trimmed mustache; he appeared

thoroughly at home among his new-found relations, and anxious to please them all alike; he was modest and unassuming, for he did not speak of himself, and he gave no opinion saving such as should be pleasing to his audience. He had all this, and yet in the cold stare of his stony eyes, in the ungainly twist of his broad white hand, where the bones and sinews crossed and recrossed like a network of marble, in the decisive tone with which he uttered the most flattering remarks, there was something which betrayed a tyrannical and unyielding character, — something which struck me at first sight, and which suggested a nature by no means so gentle and amiable as he was willing it should appear.

Nevertheless, I was the only one to notice these signs, to judge by the enthusiasm which Patoff produced at Carvel Place in those first hours of his stay. It is true that the professor was not present, although he had left me on pretense of going to see Paul, and Macaulay Carvel was resting from his journey in his own rooms, in a remote part of the house; but I judged that the latter had already fallen under the spell of Patoff's manner, and that it would not be easy to find out what the man of science really thought about the Anglo-Russian. They probably knew each other of old, and whatever opinions they held of each other were fully formed.

Paul sat in his easy-chair in the midst of the family, and smiled and surveyed everything through his single eyeglass, and if anything did not please him he did not say so. John had something to do, and went away, then Mrs. Carvel wanted to see her son alone, and she left us, too; so that Chrysophrasia and Hermione and I remained to amuse Patoff. Hermione immediately began to do so after her own fashion. I think that of all of us she was the one least inclined to give him absolute supremacy at first, but he interested her, for she had seen little of the world, and

nothing of such men as her cousin Paul, who was thirty years of age, and had been to most of the courts of the world in the course of twelve years in the diplomatic service. She was not inclined to admit that knowledge of the world was superiority of itself, nor that an easy manner and an irreproachable appearance constituted the ideal of a man; but she was barely twenty, and had seen little of those things. She recognized their importance, and desired to understand them; she felt that wonderful suspicion of possibilities which a young girl loves to dwell on in connection with every exceptional man she meets; she unconsciously said to herself that such a man as Patoff might possibly be her ideal, because there was nothing apparent to her at first sight which was in direct contradiction with the typical picture she had conceived of the typical man she hoped to meet.

Every young girl has an ideal, I presume. If it be possible to reason about so unreasonable a thing as love, I should say that love at first sight is probably due to the sudden supposed realization in every respect of an ideal long cherished and carefully developed in the imagination. But in most cases a young girl sees one man after another, hopes in each one to find those qualities which she has elected to admire, and finally submits to be satisfied with far less than she had at first supposed could satisfy her. As for young men, they are mostly fools, and they talk of love with a vast deal of swagger and bravery, laughing it to scorn, as a landsman talks of seasickness, telling you it is nothing but an impression and a mere lack of courage, till one day the land-bred boaster puts to sea in a Channel steamer, and experiences a new sensation, and becomes a very sick man indeed before he is out of sight of Dover cliffs.

But with Hermione there was certainly no realization of her ideal, but probably only the faint, unformulated

hope that in her cousin Paul she might find some of those qualities which her own many-sided nature longed to find in man.

"You must tell us all about Russia, cousin Paul," she said, when her father and mother were gone. "Aunt Chrysophrasia believes that you are the most extraordinary set of barbarians up there, and she adores barbarians, you know."

"Of course we are rather barbarous."

"Hermione! How can you say I ever said such a thing!" interposed Miss Dabstreak, with a deprecating glance at Paul. "I only said the Russians were such a young and manly race, so interesting, so unlike the inhabitants of this dreary den of printing-presses and steam-engines, so"—

"Thanks, aunt Chrysophrasia," said Paul, "for the delightful ideal you have formed of us. We are certainly less civilized than you, and perhaps, as you are so good as to believe, we are the more interesting. I suppose the unbroken colt of the desert is more interesting than an American trotting horse, but for downright practical use"—

"There is such a tremendous talk of usefulness!" ejaculated Chrysophrasia, a faint, sad smile flickering over her fallow features.

"Usefulness is so remarkably useful," I remarked.

"Oh, Mr. Griggs," exclaimed Hermione, "what an immensely witty speech!"

"There is nothing so witty as truth, Miss Carvel, though you laugh at it," I answered, "for where there is no truth, there is no wit. I maintain that usefulness is really useful. Miss Dabstreak, I believe, maintains the contrary."

"Indeed, I care more for beauty than for usefulness," replied the æsthetic lady, with a fine smile.

"Beauty is indeed truly useful," said Paul, with a very faint imitation of Chrysophrasia's accent, "and it should be sought in everything. But that need

not prevent us from seeing true beauty in all that is truly useful."

I had a faint suspicion that if Patoff had mimicked Miss Dabstreak in the first half of his speech, he had imitated me in the second portion of the sentiment. I do not like to be made game of, because I am aware that I am naturally pedantic. It is an old trick of the schools to rouse a pedant to desperate and distracted self-contradiction by quietly imitating everything he says.

"You are very clever at taking both sides of a question at once," said Hermione, with a smile.

"Almost all questions have two sides," answered Paul, "but very often both sides are true. A man may perfectly appreciate and approve of the opinions of two persons who take diametrically opposite views of the same point, provided there be no question of right and wrong involved."

"Perhaps," retorted Hermione; "but then the man who takes both sides has no opinion of his own. I do not like that."

"In general, cousin Hermione," said Paul, with a polite smile, "you may be sure that any man will make your opinion his. In this case, I submit that both beauty and usefulness are good, and that they need not at all interfere with each other; as for the compliment my aunt Chrysophrasia has paid to us Russians, I do not think we can be said to have gone very far in either direction as yet." After which diplomatic speech Paul dropped his eyeglass, and looked pleasantly round upon all three of us, as much as to say that it was impossible to draw him into the position of disagreeing with any one present by any device whatsoever.

IX.

Professor Cutter and I walked to the village that afternoon. He is a great pedestrian, and is never satisfied unless he can walk four or five miles a day.

His robust and rather heavy frame was planned rather for bodily labor than for the housing of so active a mind, and he often complains that the exercise of his body has robbed him of years of intellectual labor. He grumbles at the necessity of wasting time in that way, but he never omits his daily walk.

"I would like to possess your temperament, Mr. Griggs," he remarked, as we walked briskly through the park. "You might renounce exercise and open air for the rest of your life, and never be the worse for it."

"I hardly know," I answered. "I have never tried any regular method of life, and I have never been ill. I do not believe in regular methods."

"That is the ideal constitution. By the bye, I had hoped to induce Patoff to come with us, but he said he would stay with the ladies."

"You will never induce him to do anything he does not want to do," I replied. "However, I dare say you know that as well as I do."

"What makes you say that?"

"I can see it, — it is plain enough. Carvel wanted him to go and shoot something after lunch, you wanted him to come for a walk, Macaulay wanted him to bury himself up-stairs and talk out the Egyptian question, I wanted to get him into the smoking-room to ask him questions about some friends of mine in the East, Miss Dabstreak had plans to waylay him with her pottery. Not a bit of it! He smiled at us all, and serenely sat by Mrs. Carvel, talking to her and Miss Hermione. He has a will of his own."

"Indeed he has," assented the professor. "He is a moderately clever fellow, with a smooth tongue and a despotic character, a much better combination than a weak will and the mind of a genius. You are right, he is not to be turned by trifles."

"I see that he must be a good diplomatist in these days."

"Diplomacy has got past the stage of being intellectual," said the professor. "There was a time when a fine intellect was thought important in an ambassador; nowadays it is enough if his excellency can hold his tongue and show his teeth. The question is, whether the low estimate of intellect in our day is due to the exigency of modern affairs, or to the exigency of modern intelligence."

"Men are stronger in our time," I answered, "and consequently have less need to be clever. The transition from the joint government of the world by a herd of wily foxes to the domination of the universe by the mammoth ox is marked by the increase of clumsy strength and the disappearance of graceful deception."

"That is true, but the graceful deception continues to be the more interesting, if not the more agreeable. As for me, I would rather be gracefully deceived, as you call it, than pounded to jelly by the hoofs of the mammoth, — unless I could be the mammoth myself."

"To return to Patoff," said I, "what are they going to do with him?"

"The question is much more likely to be what he will do with them, I should say," answered the scientist, looking straight before him, and increasing the speed of his walk. "I am not at all sure what he might do, if no one prevented him. He is capable of considerable originality if left to himself, and they follow him up there at the Place as the boys and girls followed the Pied Piper."

"Is he at all like his mother?" I asked.

"In point of originality?" inquired the professor, with a curious smile. "She was certainly a most original woman. I hardly know whether he is like her. Boys are said to resemble their mother in appearance and their father in character. He is certainly not of the same type of constitution as his mother, he has not even the same shape of head, and I am glad of it. But his father was

a Slav, and what is madness in an Englishwoman is sanity in a Russian. Her most extraordinary aberrations might not seem at all extraordinary when set off by the natural violence he inherits from his father."

"That is a novel idea to me," I remarked. "You mean that what is madness in one man is not necessarily insanity in another; besides, you refused to allow this morning that Madame Patoff was crazy."

"I did not refuse to allow it; I only said I did not know it to be the case. But as for what I just said, take two types of mankind, a Chinese and an Englishman, for instance. If you met a fair-haired, blue-eyed, sanguine Englishman, whose head and features were shaped precisely like those of a Chinaman, you could predicate of him that he must be a very extraordinary creature, capable, perhaps, of becoming a driveling idiot. The same of a Chinese, if you met one with a brain shaped like that of an Englishman, and similar features, but with straight black hair, a yellow skin, and red eyes. He would have the brain of the Anglo-Saxon with the temperament of the Mongol, and would probably become a raving maniac. It is not the temperament only, nor the intellect only, which produces the idiot or the madman; it is the lack of balance between the two. Arrant cowards frequently have very warlike imaginations, and in their dreams conceive themselves doing extremely violent things. Suppose that with such an imagination you unite the temperament of an Arab fanatic, or the coarse, brutal courage of an English prize-fighter, you can put no bounds to the possible actions of the monster you create. The salvation of the human race lies in the fact that very strong and brave people commonly have a peaceable disposition, or else commit murder, and get hanged for it. It is far better that they should be hanged, because nobody knows where violence ends and insanity begins, and

it is just as well to be on the safe side. Whenever a given form of intellect happens to be joined to a totally inappropriate temperament, we say it is a case of idiocy or insanity. Of course there are many other cases which arise from the mind or the body being injured by extraneous causes; but they are not genuine cases of insanity, because the evil has not been transmitted from the parents, nor will it be to the children."

The professor marched forward as he gave his lecture on unsoundness of brain, and I strode by his side, silent and listening. What he said seemed very natural, and yet I had never heard it before. Was Madame Patoff such a monster as he described? It was more likely that her son might be, seeing that he in some points answered precisely to the description of a man with the intellect of one race and the temperament of another; and yet any one would scoff at the idea that Paul Patoff could go mad. He was so correct, so staid, so absolutely master of what he said, and probably of what he felt, that one could not imagine him a prey to insanity.

"What you say is very interesting," I remarked, at last, "but how does it apply to Madame Patoff?"

"It does not apply to her," returned Professor Cutter. "She belongs to the class of people in whom the mind has been injured by extraneous circumstances."

"I suppose it is possible. I suppose a perfectly sound mind may be completely destroyed by an accident, even by the moral shock from a sorrow or disappointment."

"Yes," said the professor. "It is even possible to produce artificial insanity,—perfectly genuine while it lasts; but it is not possible for any one to pretend to be insane."

"Really? I should have thought it quite possible," said I.

"No. It is impossible. I was once called to give my opinion in such a case;

the man betrayed himself in half an hour, and yet he was a very clever fellow. He was a servant; murdered his master to rob him; was caught, but succeeded in restoring the valuables to their places, and pretended to be crazy. It was very well managed and he played the fool splendidly, but I caught him."

"How?" I asked.

"Simply by bullying. I treated him roughly, and never stopped talking to him,—just the worst treatment for a person really insane. In less than an hour I had wearied him out, his feigned madness became so fatiguing to him that there was finally only a spasmodic attempt, and when I had done with him the sane man was perfectly apparent. He grew too much frightened and too tired to act a part. He was hanged, to the satisfaction of all concerned, and he made a complete confession."

"But how about the artificial insanity you spoke of? How can it be produced?"

"By any poison, from coffee to alcohol, from tobacco to belladonna. A man who is drunk is insane."

"I wonder whether, if a madman got drunk, he would be sane?" I said.

"Sometimes. A man who has delirium tremens can be brought to his right mind for a time by alcohol, unless he is too far gone. The habitual drunkard is not in his right mind until he has had a certain amount of liquor. All habitual poisons act in that way, even tea. How often do you hear a woman or a student say, 'I do not feel like myself to-day,—I have not had my tea'! When a man does not feel like himself, he means that he feels like some one else, and he is mildly crazy. Generally speaking, any sudden change in our habits of eating and drinking will produce a temporary unsoundness of the mind. Every one knows that thirst sometimes brings on a dangerous madness, and hunger produces hallucinations and visions which take a very real character."

"I know,—I have seen that. In the East it is thought that insanity can be caused by mesmerism, or something like it."

"It is not impossible," answered the scientist. "We do not deny that some very extraordinary circumstances can be induced by sympathy and antipathy."

"I suppose you do not believe in actual mesmerism, do you?"

"I neither affirm nor deny,—I wait; and until I have been convinced I do not consider my opinion worth giving."

"That is the only rational position for a man of science. I fancy that nothing but experience satisfies you,—why should it?"

"The trouble is that experiments, according to the old maxim, are generally made, and should be made, upon worthless bodies, and that they are necessarily very far from being conclusive in regard to the human body. There is no doubt that dogs are subject to grief, joy, hope, and disappointment; but it is not possible to conclude from the conduct of a dog who is deprived of a particularly interesting bone he is gnawing, for instance, how a man will act who is robbed of his possessions. Similarity of misfortune does not imply analogy in the consequences."

"Certainly not. Otherwise everybody would act in the same way, if put in the same case."

The professor's conversation was interesting if only on account of the extreme simplicity with which he spoke of such a complicated subject. I was impressed with the belief that he belonged to a class of scientists whose interest in what they hope to learn surpasses their enthusiasm for what they have already learned,—a class of scientists unfortunately very rare in our day. For we talk more nonsense about science than would fill many volumes, because we devote so much time to the pursuit of knowledge; nevertheless, the amount of knowledge actually acquired, beyond all

possibility of contradiction, is ludicrously small as compared with the energy expended in the pursuit of it and the noise made over its attainment. Science lays many eggs, but few are hatched. Science boasts much, but accomplishes little; is vainglorious, puffed up, and uncharitable; desires to be considered as the root of all civilization and the seed of all good, whereas it is the heart that civilizes, never the head.

I walked by the professor's side in deep thought, and he, too, became silent, so that we talked little more until we were coming home and had almost reached the house.

"Why has Patoff never been in England before?" I asked, suddenly.

"I believe he has," answered Cutter.

"He says he has not."

"Never mind. I believe he was in London during nearly eighteen months, about four or five years ago, as secretary in the Russian embassy. He never went near his relations."

"Why should he say now that he never was in the country?"

"Because they would not like it, if they knew he had been so near them without ever visiting them."

"Was his mother with him? Did she never write to her people?"

"No," said Cutter, with a short laugh, "she never wrote to them."

"How very odd!" I exclaimed, as we entered the hall door.

"It was odd," answered my companion, and went up-stairs. There was something very unsatisfactory about him, I thought; and then I cursed my own curiosity. What business was it all of mine? If Paul Patoff chose to tell a diplomatic falsehood, it certainly did not concern me. It was possible that his mother might have quarreled with her family, — indeed, in former years I had sometimes thought as much from their never mentioning her; and in that case it would be natural that her son might not have cared to visit his relations when

he was in England before. He need not have made such a show of never having visited the country, but people often do that sort of thing. And now it was probable that since Madame Patoff had been insane there might have been a reconciliation and a smoothing over of the family difficulties. I had no idea where Madame Patoff might be. I could not ask any one such a delicate question, for I supposed she was confined in an asylum, and no one volunteered the information. Probably Cutter's visit to Carvel Place was connected with her sad state; perhaps Patoff's coming might be the result of it, also. It was impossible to say. But of this I was certain: that John Carvel and his wife had both grown older and sadder in the past two years, and that there was an air of concealment about the house which made me very uncomfortable. I have been connected with more than one odd story in my time, and I confess that I no longer care for excitement as I once did. If people are going to get into trouble, I would rather not be there to see it, and I have a strong dislike to being suddenly called upon to play an unexpected part in sensational events. Above all, I hate mystery; I hate the mournful air of superior sorrow that hangs about people who have a disagreeable secret, and the constant depression of long-protracted anxiety in those about me. It spoiled my pleasure in the quiet country life to see John's face grow every day more grave and Mary Carvel's eyes turn sadder. Pain of any sort is unpleasant to witness, but there is nothing so depressing as to watch the progress of melancholy in one's friends; to feel that from some cause which they will not confide they are losing peace and health and happiness. Even if one knew the cause one might not be able to do anything to remove it, for it is no bodily ill, that can be doctored and studied and experimented upon, a subject for dissertation and barbarous, semi-classic nomenclature;

quacks do not pretend to cure it with patent medicines, and great physicians do not write nebulous articles about it in the reviews. There is little room for speculation in the matter of grief, for most people know well enough what it is, and need no Latin words with Greek terminations to express it. It is the breaking of the sea of life over the harbor bar where science ends and humanity begins.

Poor John! It needed something strong indeed to sadden his cheerfulness and deaden his energy. That evening I talked with Hermione in the drawing-room. She looked more lovely than ever, dressed all in white, with a single row of pearls around her throat. Her delicate features were pale and luminous, and her brown eyes brighter than usual. — a mere girl, scarcely yet gone into the world, but such a woman! It was no wonder that Paul glanced from time to time in admiration at his cousin.

We were seated in Chrysophrasia's corner, Hermione and I. There was nothing odd in that; the young girl likes me and enjoys talking to me, and I am no longer young. You know, dear friend, that I am forty-six years old this summer, and it is a long time since any one thought of flirting with me. I am not dangerous, — nature has taken care of that, — and I am thought very safe company for the young.

"Tell me one of your stories, Mr. Griggs. I am so tired this evening," said Hermione.

"I do not know what to tell you," I answered. "I was hoping that you would tell me one of yours, all about the fairies and the elves in the park, as you used to when you were a little girl."

"I do not believe in fairies any more," said Hermione, with a little sigh. "I believed in them once. — it was so nice. I want stories of real life now, — sad ones, that end happily."

"A great many happy stories end sadly," I replied, "but few sad ones end

happily. Why do you want a sad story? You ought to be gay."

"Ought I? I am not, I am sure. I cannot take everything with a laugh, as some people can; and I cannot be always resigned and religious, as mamma is."

"The pleasantest people are the ones who are always good, but not always alike," I remarked. "It is variety that makes life charming, and goodness that makes it worth living."

Hermione laughed a little.

"That sounds very good, — a little goody, as we used to say when we were small. I wonder whether it is true. I suppose I have not enough variety, or not enough goodness, just at present."

"Why?" I asked. "I should think you had both."

"I do not see the great variety," she answered.

"Have you not found a new relation to-day? An interesting cousin who has seen the whole world ought to go far towards making a variety in life."

"What should you think of a man, Mr. Griggs, whose brother has not been dead eighteen months, and whose mother is dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and who shows no more feeling than a stone?"

The question came sharply and distinctly; Hermione's short lip curled in scorn, and the words were spoken through her closed teeth. Of course she was speaking of Paul Patoff. She turned to me for an answer, and there was an angry light in her eyes.

"Is your cousin's mother very ill?" I asked.

"She is not really dying, but she can never get well. Oh, Mr. Griggs," she cried, clasping her hands together on her knees, and leaning back in her seat, "I wish I could tell you all about it! I am sure you might do some good, but they would be very angry if I told you. I wonder whether he is really so hard-hearted as he looks!"

"Oh, no," I answered. "Men who

have lived so much in the world learn to conceal their feelings."

"It is not thought good manners to have any feeling, is it?"

"Most people try to hide what they feel. What is the good of showing every one that you are hurt, when nobody can do anything to help you? It is undignified to make an exhibition of sorrow for the benefit of one's neighbors."

"Perhaps. But I almost think aunt Chrysophrasia is right; the world was a nicer place, and life was more interesting, when everybody showed what they felt, and fought for what they wanted, and ran away with people they loved, and killed people they hated."

"I think you would get very tired of it," I said, laughing. "It is uncomfortable to live in constant danger of one's life. You used not to talk so, Miss Carvel; what has happened to you?"

"Oh, I do not know; everything is happening that ought not. I should think you might see that we are all very anxious. But I do not half understand it myself. Will you not tell me a story, and help me to forget all about it? Here comes papa with Professor Cutter, looking graver than ever; they have been to see—I mean they have been talking about it again."

"Once upon a time there was a"—I stopped. John Carvel came straight across the room to where we were sitting.

"Griggs," he said, in a low voice, "will you come with me for a moment?" I sprang to my feet. John laid his hand upon my arm; he was very pale. "Don't look as though anything were the matter," he added.

Accordingly I sauntered across the room, and made a show of stopping a moment before the fire to warm my hands and listen to the general conversation that was going on there. Presently I walked away, and John followed me. As I passed, I looked at the professor,

who seemed already absorbed in listening to one of Chrysophrasia's speeches. He did not return my glance, and I left the room with my friend. A moment later we were in his study. A student's lamp with a green shade burned steadily upon the table, and there was a bright fire on the hearth. A huge writing-table filled the centre of the room, covered with papers and pamphlets. John did not sit down, but stood leaning back against a heavy bookcase, with one hand behind him.

"Griggs," he said, and his voice trembled with excitement, "I am going to ask you a favor, and in order to ask it I am obliged to take you into my confidence."

"I am ready," said I. "You can trust me."

"Since you were here last, very painful things have occurred. In consequence of the death of her elder son, and of certain circumstances attending it which I need not, cannot, detail, my wife's sister, Madame Patoff, became insane about eighteen months ago. Professor Cutter chanced to be with her at the time, and informed me at once. Her husband, as you know, died twenty years ago, and Paul was away, so that Cutter was so good as to take care of her. He said her only chance of recovery lay in being removed to her native country and carefully nursed. Thank God, I am rich. I received her here, and she has been here ever since. Do not look surprised. For the sake of all I have taken every precaution to keep her absolutely removed from us, though we visit her from time to time. Cutter told me that dreadful story of her trying to kill herself in Suabia. He has just informed me that it was you who saved both her life and his with your rope,—not knowing either of them. I need not tell you my gratitude."

John paused, and grasped my hand: his own was cold and moist.

"It was nothing," I said. "I did

not even incur any danger ; it was Cutter who risked his life."

"No matter," continued Carvel. "It was you who saved them both. From that time she has recognized no one. Cutter brought her here, and the north wing of the house was fitted up for her. He has come from time to time to see her, and she has proper attendants. You never see them nor her, for she has a walled garden, — the one against which the hot-houses and the tennis-court are built. Of course the servants know, — everybody in the house knows all about it ; but this is a huge old place, and there is plenty of room. It is not thought safe to take her out, and there appears to be something so peculiar about her insanity that Cutter discourages the idea of the ordinary treatment of placing the patient in the company of other insane, giving them all manner of amusement, and so on. He seems to think that if she is left alone, and is well cared for, seeing only, from time to time, the faces of persons she has known before, she may recover."

"I trust so, indeed," I said, earnestly.

"We all pray that she may, poor thing!" rejoined Carvel, very sadly. "Now listen. Her son, Paul Patoff, arrived this morning, and insisted upon seeing her this afternoon. Cutter said it could do no harm, as she probably would not recognize him. To our astonishment and delight she knew him at once for her son, though she treated him with a coldness almost amounting to horror. She stepped back from him, and folded her arms, only saying, over and over again, 'Paul, why did you come here, — why did you come?' We could get nothing more from her than that, and at the end of ten minutes we left her. She seemed very much exhausted, excited, too, and the nurse who was with her advised us to go."

"It is a great step, however, that she should have recognized any one, especially her own son," I remarked.

"So Cutter holds. She never takes the least notice of him. But he has suggested to me that while she is still in this humor it would be worth while trying whether she has any recollection of you. He says that anything which recalls so violent a shock as the one she experienced when you saved her life may possibly recall a connected train of thought, even though it be a very painful reminiscence ; and anything which helps memory helps recovery. He considers hers the most extraordinary case he has ever seen, and he must have seen a great many ; he says that there is almost always some hallucination, some fixed idea, in insanity. Madame Patoff seems to have none, but she has absolutely no recognition for any one, nor any memory for events beyond a few minutes. She can hardly be induced to speak at all, but will sit quite still for hours with any book that is given her, turning over the pages mechanically. She has a curious fancy for big books, and will always select the thickest from a number of volumes ; but whether or not she retains any impression of what she reads, or whether, in fact, she really reads at all, it is quite impossible to say. She will sometimes answer 'yes' or 'no' to a question, but she will give opposite answers to the same question in five minutes. She will stare stolidly at any one who talks to her consecutively ; or will simply turn away, and close her eyes as though she were going to sleep. In other respects she is in normal health. She eats little, but regularly, and sleeps soundly ; goes out into her garden at certain hours, and seems to enjoy fine weather, and to be annoyed when it rains. She is not easily startled by a sudden noise, or the abrupt appearance of those of us who go to see her. Cutter does not know what to make of it. She was once a very beautiful woman, and is still as handsome as a woman can be at fifty. Cutter says that if she had softening of the brain she would behave very differ-

ently, and that if she had become feeble-minded the decay of her faculties would show in her face; but there is nothing of that observable in her. She has as much dignity and beauty as ever, and, excepting when she stares blankly at those who talk to her, her face is intelligent, though very sad."

"Poor lady!" I said. "How old did you say she is?"

"She must be fifty-two, in her fifty-third year. Her hair is gray, but it is not white."

"Had she any children besides Paul and his brother?"

"No. I know very little of her family life. It was a love match, but old Patoff was rich. I never heard that they quarreled. Alexander entered the army, and remained in a guard regiment in St. Petersburg, while Paul went into the diplomacy. Madame Patoff must have spent much of her time with Alexander until he died, and Cutter says he was always the favorite son. I dare say that Paul has a bad temper, and he may have been extravagant. At all events, she loved Alexander devotedly, and it was his death that first affected her mind."

John had grown more calm during this long conversation. To tell the truth, I did not precisely understand why he should have looked so pale and seemed so anxious, seeing that the news of Madame Patoff was decidedly of an encouraging nature. I myself was too much astonished at learning that the insane lady was actually an inmate of the house, and I was too much interested at the prospect of seeing her so soon, to think much of John and his anxiety; but on looking back I remember that his mournful manner produced a certain impression upon me at the moment.

The story was strange enough. I began to comprehend what Hermione had meant when she spoke of Paul's cold nature. An hour before dinner the man had seen his mother for the first time in

eighteen months, — it might be more, for all I knew, — for the first time since she had been out of her mind. I had learned from John that she had recognized him, indeed, but had coldly repulsed him when he came before her. If Paul Patoff had been a warm-hearted man, he could not have been at that very moment making conversation for his cousins in the drawing-room, laughing and chatting, his eyeglass in his eye, his bony fingers toying with the flower *Chrysophrasia* had given him. It struck me that neither Mrs. Carvel nor her sister could have known of the interview, or they would have manifested some feeling, or at least would not have behaved just as they always did. I asked John if they knew.

"No," he answered. "He told my daughter because he broke off his conversation with her to go and see his mother, but Hermie never tells anything except to me."

"When would you like me to go?" I asked.

"Now, if you will. I will call Cutter. He thinks that, as she last saw you with him, your coming together now will be more likely to recall some memory of the accident. Besides, it is better to go this evening, before she has slept, as the return of memory this afternoon may have been very transitory, and anything which might stimulate it again should be tried before the mood changes. Will you go now?"

"Certainly," I replied, and John Carvel left the room to call the professor.

While I was waiting alone in the study, I happened to take up a pamphlet that lay upon the table. It was something about the relations of England with Russia. An idea crossed my mind.

"I wonder," I said to myself, "whether they have ever tried speaking to her in Russian. Cutter does not know a word of the language; I suppose nobody else here does, either, except Paul.

and she seems to have spoken to him in English."

The door opened, and John entered with the professor. I laid down the pamphlet, and prepared to accompany them.

"I suppose Carvel has told you all that I could not tell you, Mr. Griggs," said the learned man, eying me through his glasses with an air of inquiry, and slowly rubbing his enormous hands together.

"Yes," I said. "I understand that we are about to make an experiment in order to ascertain if this unfortunate lady will recognize me."

"Precisely. It is not impossible that she may know you, though, if she saw you at all, it was only for a moment. You have a very striking face and figure, and you have not changed in the least. Besides, the moment was that in which she experienced an awful shock. Such things are sometimes photographed on the mind."

"Has she never recognized you in any way?" I asked.

"Never since that day at Weissenstein. There is just a faint possibility that when she sees us together she may recall that catastrophe. I think Carvel had better stay behind."

"Very well," said John, "I will leave you at the door."

Carvel led the way to the great hall, and then turned through a passage I had never entered. The narrow corridor was brightly lighted by a number of lamps; at the end of it we came to a massive door. John took a little key from a niche in the wall, and inserted it in the small metal plate of the patent lock.

"Cutter will lead you now," he said, as he pushed the heavy mahogany back upon its hinges. Beyond it the passage continued, still brilliantly illuminated, to a dark curtain which closed the other end. It was very warm. Carvel closed the door behind us, and the professor and I proceeded alone.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE MOCKING-BIRD'S NEST.

"Superb and sole upon a plumed spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,"

as literally as though Lanier had sketched that particular bird, stood the first free mocking-bird I ever heard. His perch was the topmost twig of the tallest tree in the group. It was a cedar, perhaps fifteen feet high, around which a jasmine vine had clambered, and that morning opened a cluster of fragrant blossoms at his feet, as though an offering to the most noted singer on our side of the globe. As I drew near he turned his clear, bright eye upon me, and sang a welcome to North Carolina; and several hours later, when the moon rose high over the waters of the Sound, he completed his perfect performance with a

serenade, the like of which I fear I may never hear again. I chose to consider his attentions personal, because, of all the household, I am sure I was the only one who listened, and I had passed over many miles of rolling and tossing ocean to make his acquaintance.

Nothing would have been easier, or more delightful, than to pitch one's tent in a certain pine grove not far away, and pass days and weeks in forgetting the world of cares, and reading favorite books, lulled at all hours of day and night by the softened roar of the ocean, and the wonderful bird

"Singing the song of everything,
Consummate sweet and calm."

But it was not merely as singer that I

wished to know him; nor to watch his dainty and graceful ways as he went about the daily duties of food-hunting, singing, and driving off marauders, which occupied his hours from dawn to late evening, and left him spirit enough for many a midnight rhapsody. It was in his domestic relations that I desired to see him, — the wooing of the bride and building the nest, the training of mocking-bird babies and starting them in the world; and no loitering and dreaming in the pine grove, however tempting, would tell me this. I must follow him to his more secluded retreats, see where he had set up his homestead.

Thoreau — or is it Emerson? — says one always finds what he looks for, and of course I found my nests. One pair of birds I noticed through the courtship, the selection of the site, the building and occupying of the nest; another couple, already sitting when discovered, I watched through the incubation and nursing of the little ones, and at last assisted in giving them a fair chance for their lives and a start in the world. It may be thought that my assistance was not particularly valuable; the birds shared this opinion; none the less, but for my presence not one of those birdlings would be free and happy to-day, as I hope and believe they are. To the study of these two households I gave nearly every hour of daylight, in all weathers, for a month, and of the life that went on in and around them I can speak from personal knowledge; beyond that, and at other times in his life, I do not profess to know the mocking-bird.

The bird whose nest-making I witnessed was the one whose performance I chose to consider a welcome, and his home was in the pine grove, a group of about twenty trees, left from the original forest, possibly; at any rate, nearly a hundred feet high, with all branches near the top, as though they had grown in close woods. They were quite scattering now, and lower trees and shrubs

flourished in their shade, making a charming spot, and a home worthy even of this superb songster. The bird himself was remarkably friendly. Seeming to appreciate my attitude of admiring listener, he often perched on the peak of a low roof (separated only by a carriage drive from the upper "gallery" where I sat), and sang for hours at a time, with occasional lunches; or, as Lanier, his most ardent lover, has it, —

"Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made
song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art
again."

Whatever he did, his eyes were upon me; he came to the corner nearest me to sing, and was so intelligent in look and bearing that I believe he liked a quiet listener.

His wooing, however, the bird did not intend me to see, though two or three times I surprised him at it. The first part that I chanced upon was curious and amusing. A female, probably the "beloved object," stood demurely on one of the dead top branches of a large tree down in the garden, while her admirer performed fantastic evolutions in the air about her. No fly-catcher ever made half the eccentric movements this aerial acrobat indulged in. He flew straight up very high, executing various extraordinary turns and gyrations, so rapidly they could not be followed and described, and came back singing; in a moment he departed in another direction, and repeated the grotesque performance. He was plainly exerting himself to be agreeable and entertaining, in mocking-bird style, and I noticed that every time he returned from an excursion he perched a little nearer his audience of one, until, after some time, he stood upon the same twig, a few inches from her. They were facing and apparently trying to stare each other out of countenance; and as I waited, breathless, to see what would happen next, the

damsel coquettishly flitted to another branch. Then the whole scene was repeated: the most singular and graceful evolutions, the songs, and the gradual approach. Sometimes, after alighting on a top twig, he dropped down through the branches, singing, in a way to suggest the "dropping song" so graphically described by Maurice Thompson, but never really falling, and never touching the ground. Each performance ended in his reaching the twig which she occupied and her flight to another, until at last, by some apparently mutual agreement, both flew, and I saw no more.

A remarkable "dance" which I also saw, with the same bird as principal actor, seems to me another phase of the wooing, though I must say it resembled a war-dance as well; but love is so like war among the lower orders, even of men, that it is hard to distinguish between them. I shall not try to decide, only to relate, and, I beg to say, without the smallest exaggeration. The dances I saw were strictly *pas-de-deux*, and they always began by a flash of wings and two birds alighting on the grass, about a foot apart. Both instantly drew themselves up perfectly erect, tail elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, and wings held straight down at the sides. Then followed a most droll dance. Number one stood like a statue, while number two pranced around, with short, mincing steps and dainty little hops which did not advance him an inch; first he passed down the right, then turned and went down the left, all in the queer, unnatural manner of short hops and steps, and holding himself rigidly erect, while number one always faced the dancer, whichever way he turned. After a few moments of this movement, number one decided to participate, and when his partner moved to the right he did the same; to the left he still accompanied him, always facing, and maintaining the exact distance from him. Then number two described a circle around number one,

who turned to face him with short hops where he stood. Next followed a *chassé* of both birds to the right; then a separation, one dancing to the right and the other to the left, always facing, and always slowly and with dignity. This stately minuet they kept up for some time, and appeared so much like a pair of old-fashioned human dancers that when, on one occasion, number two varied the performance by a spring over the head of his partner, I was startled, as if an old gentleman had suddenly hopped over the head of the grand dame his *vis-à-vis*. When this strange new figure was introduced, number one proved equal to the emergency, hopping backward, and turning so dextrously that when his partner alighted they were facing, and about a foot apart, as before. The object of all this was very uncertain to a looker-on. It might be the approaches of love, and quite as probably the wary beginnings of war, and the next feature of the programme was not explanatory: they rose together in the air ten feet or more, face to face, fluttering and snatching at each other, apparently trying to clinch; succeeding in doing so, they fell to the ground, separated just before they touched it, and flew away. O wings! most maddening to a bird-student.

It was not very long after these performances, which seem to me to belong to the courtship period, when I noticed that my bird had won his bride and they were busy house-hunting. The place they apparently preferred, and at last fixed upon, was at a very unusual height for mocking-birds, near the top of one of the tall pines, and I was no less surprised than pleased to see them lay the foundation of their home in that spot. I congratulated myself that at least one brood in North Carolina would have a chance to come to maturity and be free; and so persistent is the warfare waged against this bird — unfortunately marketable at any stage from the

egg — that I almost doubt if another will. The day after they began building a northwest storm set in, and for three days we had high winds and cold weather. In spite of this, the brave birds persevered, and finished their nest during those three days, although much of the time they made infrequent trips. It was really most touching to watch them at their unnatural task, and remember that nothing but the cruelty of man forced them to it (one nest had been destroyed). Their difficulty was to get up against the wind, and, having little experience in flying upward, they made the natural mistake of starting from the foot of their chosen tree. Sometimes, at first, they flew with the body almost perpendicular; and afterwards, when they held the body in proper position, they wished to go so directly up that they turned the head back over the shoulder to see where they were going. The wind, too, beat them far out of their course, and they were obliged to alight and rest, occasionally being forced to cling to the trunk of a tree to recover breath and strength to go on. They never attempted to make the whole ascent at once, but always stopped four or five times, perching on the ends of fallen branches, of which there were eight or ten below the living part of the pine. Even when no wind disturbed them, they made these pauses on the way, and it was always a hard task to reach the top. They learned, after a few days, however, to begin their ascent at a distance, and not approach the tree till at least half as high as they wished to go, which simplified the matter very much. It was beautiful to see them, upon reaching the lowest of the living branches, bound gayly up, as though over a winding stair, to the particular spot they had fixed upon.

During the building I missed the daily music of the singer. Occasionally he alighted on the roof, looked over at me, and bubbled out a few notes, as much as

to say, "You must excuse me now; I am very busy;" but all the time I hoped that while sitting was going on I should have him back. I reckoned ignorantly; I did not know my bird. No sooner was he the possessor of a house and family than he suddenly became very wary. No more solos on the roof; no more confidential remarks; no more familiarities of any sort. Now he must beware of human beings, and even when on the grass he held himself very erect, wings straight down, every instant on guard. His happiness demanded expression in song, certainly, but instead of confining himself to the roof he circled the lawn, which was between two and three hundred feet wide. If he began in a group of cedars on the right, he sang awhile there, then flew to the fence next the road without pausing in the music, and in a few minutes passed to the group of pines at the left, perched on a dead branch, and finished his song there. It was most tantalizing, though I could but admit it a proof of intelligence.

Another change appeared in the bird with the advent of family cares: he was more belligerent; he drove the bluebird off the lawn, he worried the tufted titmouse when it chanced to alight on his tree, and in the most offensive way claimed ownership of pine-trees, lawn, and all the fence bordering the same. Neighboring mocking-birds disputed his claim, and many a furious chase took place among the trees. (So universal is their habit of insisting upon exclusive right to certain grounds that two mocking-birds are never found nesting very near each other, in that part of the country. This I was assured, and found it true of those I observed.) These little episodes in his life kept the pine-tree bird from dullness, while his mate was engaged in the top of the tall pine, where, by the way, he went now and then to see how she was getting on. Sometimes his spouse received him amia-

bly, but occasionally, I regret to say, I heard a "huff" from the nest that said plainly, "Don't you touch those eggs!" And what was amusing, he acknowledged her right to dictate in the matter, and meekly took his departure. Whenever she came down for a lunch, he saw her instantly, and was ready for a frolic. He dropped to the grass near her, and they usually indulged in a lively romp, chasing each other over and through the trees, across the yard, around the garden, and back to the lawn, where she went on with her eating, and he resumed his singing.

While I was watching the pine-tree household, the other nest, in the top of a low, flat-topped cedar, perhaps twenty-five feet high, and profusely fringed with Spanish moss, became of even more interest. I could not see into the nest, for there was no building high enough to overlook it, but I could see the bird when he stood upon the edge. Sitting, in a warm climate, is not particularly close work. Although the weather was cool, yet when the sun was out the sitter left her nest from six to eight minutes at a time, and as often as once in twenty minutes. Of course in rain she had not so much liberty, and on some days left only when her mate was ready to take her place, which he frequently did.

On the ninth day of my watching (I had not seen the beginning of the sitting), the 3d of May, I found work was over and the youngsters were out. There was much excitement in the cedar-tree, but in a quiet way; in fact, the birds became so silent and so wary in approaching the nest that it required the closest watching to see them go or come, and only occasionally could I detect any food in the beak. I discovered very soon that mocking-bird babies are brought up on hygienic principles, and have their meals with great regularity. For some time both parents were exceedingly busy, going and coming almost

constantly; then there came a rest of a half hour or more, during which no food was brought. Each bird had its own way of coming to the tree. Madam came over the roof of the cottage where I sat, and was exposed to view for only a few feet, over which she passed so quickly and silently that I had to be constantly on the alert to see her at all. The singer had another way, and by rising behind a hickory-tree beyond the cedar managed to keep a screen of branches between him and myself nearly every foot of the way. I could see them both almost every time, but I could not always tell whether they carried food. Now the bluebird, honest soul, always stops in plain sight to rest, with his mouth full of dainties for his young brood, and a robin will stand staring at one for two minutes with three or four wriggling worms in his beak. It is quite a different affair in the mocking-bird family, as is certainly natural, after the persecution it has endured. No special fear of me was the cause,—it is a marked peculiarity of the bird; and I think, with a little study, one could learn to know exactly the moment the eggs hatch by the sudden silence and wariness of both birds. Poor little creatures! a sympathetic friend hates to add to the anxiety they suffer, and he cannot help a feeling of reproach when the brave little head of the family alights on the fence, and looks him straight in the eye, as if to demand why he is subjected to all this annoyance. I had to console myself by thinking that I was undoubtedly a providence to him; for I am certain that nothing but my watching him so conspicuously that every negro within a mile saw me, saved his family to him, so low and easy of access was the nest.

The day those nestlings were one week old they uttered their first cry. It was not at all a "peep," but a cry, continued a few seconds; at first only when food was offered to them, but as they in-

creased in age and strength more frequently. It was much like a high-pitched "ē-ē-ē," and on the first day there was but one voice, which grew rapidly stronger as the hours went by. The next day another and a weaker cry joined the first, now grown assured and strong. But the music of the father was hushed the moment the youngsters began; from that time until they had left the nest, he sang not a note in my hearing. Perhaps he was too busy, though he never seemed to work so hard as the robin or oriole; but I think it was cautiousness, for the trouble of those parents was painful to witness. They introduced a new sound among their musical notes, a harsh squawk; neither dog nor negro could cross the yard without being saluted with it. As for me, though I was meekness itself, taking the most obscure position I could find, and remaining as absolutely motionless as possible, they eyed me with suspicion; from the first they "huffed" at me, and at this point began to squawk the moment I entered the gate. On one occasion I discovered that by changing my seat I could actually see the nest, which I much desired; so I removed while the birds were absent. Madam was the first to return, with a beakful of food; she saw me instantly, and was too much excited to dispose of her load. She came to my side of her tree, squawked loudly, flapping her wings and jerking herself about. I remained motionless, and did not look at her, pretending to be absorbed in my book; but she refused to be mollified. It evidently did not please her to have me see so plainly; she desired to retain the friendly screen of leaves which had secured her a small measure of privacy. I could not blame her; I felt myself intrusive; and at last I respected her wishes, and returned to my old place, when she immediately calmed down, and administered the food she had held till then. Poor mother! those were trying times. Her solicitude overpowered her discre-

tion, and her manner proclaimed to every one within hearing that the nestlings were out. Then, too, on the eighth day the little ones added their voices, and soon called loudly enough to attract the dullest of nest robbers. I was so fearful lest that nest should be disturbed that I scarcely dared to sleep o' nights; the birds themselves were hardly more anxious than I was.

The eleventh day of the birdlings' life was exceedingly warm, without a breath of air stirring, suffocating to humanity, but preëminently inspiring to mocking-birds, and every singer within a mile of me, I am sure, was singing madly, excepting the newly made parent. Upon reaching my usual seat I knew at once, by the louder cry, that a young bird was out of the nest, and after some searching through the tree I found him, — a yellowish-drab little fellow, with very decided wing-markings, a tail perhaps an inch in length, and soft slate-colored spots, so long as almost to be streaks, on the breast. He was scrambling about the branches, always trying to get a higher place, calling and perking his insignificant tail in true mocking-bird fashion. I think the parents disapproved this early ambition, for they did not feed him for a long time, though they passed him to go to the nest. So far from being lightened, their cares were greatly increased by the precociousness of the youngster, and from this moment their trouble and worry were grievous to see. So much self-reliance has the mocking-bird, even in the nest, that he cannot be kept there until his legs are strong enough to bear his weight, or his wings ready to fly. The full-grown spirit of the race blossoms out in the young one at eleven days, and for several more he is exposed to so many dangers that I wonder there is one left in the State.

The parents, one after the other, came down on to a bush near my seat to remonstrate with me; and I must admit that so great was my sympathy, and so

uncomfortable did I feel at adding in the least to their anxiety, that I should never have seen that young family fledged, only that I knew perfectly well what they did not, that I was a protection to them. I tried to reassure the mother by addressing her in her own language (as it were), and she turned quickly, looked, listened, and returned to her tree, quieted. This sound is a low whistling through the teeth, which readily soothes cage birds. It interests and calms them, though I have no notion what it means to them, for I am speaking an unknown tongue.

The baby on the tree was not quiet, climbing about the branches every moment that he was not engaged in dressing his feathers, the first and most important business of the newly emancipated nestling. After an hour or more of watching there was a sudden stir in the family, and the youngster made his appearance on the ground. He was not under the side of the tree on which he had been resting, so, although I did not see the passage, I knew he had not fallen, as he is popularly said to do, but flown as well as he was able. I started slowly down the yard to examine the little stranger, but was absolutely startled by a cry from the mother, that sounded exactly like "Go 'way!" as I have often heard a negro girl say it. Later it was very familiar, a yearning, anxious, heart-aching sound to hear.

The youth was very lively, starting off at once on his travels, never for an instant doubting his own powers. I saw his first movement, which was a hop, and, what surprised and delighted me, accompanied by a peculiar lifting of the wings, of which I shall have more to say. He quickly hopped through the thin grass till he reached a fence, passed down beside it till a break in the pickets left an open place on the bottom board, sprang without hesitation upon that, and after a moment's survey of the country beyond dropped down on the farther side. Now

that was a lane much frequented by negroes, and, being alarmed for his safety, I sent a boy after him, and in a moment had him in my hand. He was a beautiful little creature, having a head covered with downy dark feathers, and soft black eyes, which regarded me with interest, but not at all with fear. All this time, of course, the parents were scolding and crying, and I held him only long enough to look carefully at him, when I replaced him on the grass. Off he started at once, directly west, — like the "march of empire," — went through the same fence again, but farther down, and, as I could tell by the conduct of the parents, in a few moments was safely through a second fence into a comparatively retired old garden beyond, where I hoped he would be unmolested. Thus departed number one, with energy and curiosity, to investigate a brand-new world, fearless in his ignorance and self-confidence, although his entrance into the world had not been the triumphant fly we might look for, but an ignominious "flop," and was irresistibly and ludicrously suggestive of the manner of exit from the home nest of sundry individuals of our own race, which we consider of much greater importance.

The young traveler set out at exactly ten o'clock. As soon as he was out of sight, though not out of hearing, — for the youngster, as well as the parents, kept the whole world of boys and cats well informed of his whereabouts for three days, — I returned, and gave my attention to number two, who was now out upon the native tree. This one was much more quiet than his predecessor. He did not cry, but occasionally uttered a mocking-bird squawk, though spending most of his time dressing his plumage, in preparation for the grand *entrée*. At twelve o'clock he made the plunge, and came to the ground in a heap. This was plainly a bird of different disposition from number one; his first journey evidently tired him. He found the world

hard and disappointing, so he simply stayed where he dropped in the middle of the path, and refused to move, though I touched him as a gentle reminder of the duty he owed to his parents and his family. He sat crouched upon the gravel and looked at me with calm black eye, showing no fear, and certainly no intention of moving, even indulging in a nap while I waited.

Now appeared upon the scene several persons, both white and black, each of whom wanted a young mocking-bird for a cage; but I stood over him like a god-parent, and refused to let any one touch him. I began to fear that I should have him on my hands at last, for even the parents seemed to appreciate his characteristics, and to know that he could not be hurried, and both were still busy following the vagaries of number one. The mother now and then returned to look after him, and was greatly disturbed by his unnatural conduct, — and so was I. He appeared stupid, as if he had come out too soon, and did not even know how to hop. It was twenty minutes by the watch before he moved. His mother's calls at last aroused him; he raised himself upon his shaky little legs, cried out, and started off exactly as number one had done, — westward, hopping, and lifting his wings at every step. Then I saw by the enormous amount of white on his wings that he was a singer. He went as far as the fence, and there he paused again. In vain did the mother coax and scold; in vain did I try to push him along. He simply knew his own will, and meant to have it; the world might be strange, but he was not in the least interested. He rested in that spot fifteen or twenty minutes more, while I stood guard as before, and preserved him from cages of both negroes and whites. At last he did manage to squeeze through the fence, and, much relieved, I left him to the old birds, one of whom was down in the lot beyond the garden, no doubt following up his ambitious first-born.

Whoever, meanwhile, was left in the nest had a poor chance of food, and one was already crying. It was not until six o'clock that the birds seemed to remember the nestling; then it was well fed, and left again. Nothing would be easier than to follow the wandering youngsters, see how they got on and how soon they were able to fly, but this so disturbed the parents I had not the heart to do it; and besides, I feared they would starve the infants, for one was never fed while I was near. Doubtless their experience of the human race forbade their confiding in the kindly intentions of any one. It was well that only two of the young appeared in one day, for keeping track of them was so serious a matter that two parents could scarcely manage it.

Number three differed from both of his elders; he was a cry-baby. He was not bright and lively like number one, and he did not squawk like number two, but he cried constantly, and at six P. M. I left him calling and crying at the top of his voice. Very early the next morning I hastened to the scene of yesterday's excitement. Number three was out on the tree. I could hear number two still crying and squawking in the garden, and from the position and labors of the male I concluded that number one was in the next lot. It was a dismal, damp morning, every grass blade loaded with water, and a heavy fog driving in from the sea. I hoped number three would know enough to stay at home, but his fate was upon him, and no rain was ever wet enough to overcome destiny. At about eight o'clock he stretched his little wings and flew to the ground, — a very good flight for his family, nearly thirty feet, twice as far as either of his predecessors had gone; silently, too, — no fuss about it. He began at once the baby mocker's hop with lifting wings, headed for the west fence, jumped upon the lower board, squeezed through, and was off down the garden before the usual crowd of spectators had collected to strive for

his head. I was delighted. The parents, who were not near when he flew, came back soon, and found him at once. I left him to them, and returned to my place.

But silence seemed to have fallen upon the cedar, late so full of life. In vain I listened for another cry; in vain I watched for another visit from the parents. All were busy in the garden and lot, and if any baby were in that nest it must surely starve. Occasionally a bird came back, hunted a little over the old ground in the yard, perched a moment on the fence, and saluted me with a low squawk, but their interest in the place was plainly over.

After two hours I concluded the nest was empty; and a curious performance of the head of the late family convinced me it was so. He came quite near to me, perched on a bush in the yard, fixed his eyes on me, and then, with great deliberation, first huffed, then squawked, then sang a little, then flew. I do not know what the bird meant to say, but this is what it expressed to me: "You've worried us all through this trying time, but you did n't get one of our babies! Hurrah!"

In the afternoon I had the nest brought down to me. For foundation it had a mass of small twigs from six to eight inches long, crooked and forked and straight, which were so slightly held together that they could only be handled by lifting with both hands, and placing at once in a cloth, where they were carefully tied in. Within this mass of twigs was the nest proper, thick and roughly constructed, three and a half inches in inside diameter, made of string, rags, newspaper, cotton wadding, bark, Spanish moss, and feathers, lined with fine root fibre, I think. The feathers were not inside for lining, but outside, on the upper edge. It was, like the foundation, so frail that, though carefully managed, it could only be kept in shape by a string around it, even after the mass of

twigs had been removed. I have a last year's nest, made of exactly the same materials, but in a much more substantial manner; so perhaps the cedar-tree birds were not so skillful builders as some of their family.

The mocking-bird's movements, excepting in flight, are the perfection of grace; not even the cat-bird can rival him in airy lightness, in easy elegance of motion. In alighting on a fence, he does not merely come down upon it; his manner is fairly poetical. He flies a little too high, drops like a feather, touches the perch lightly with his feet, balances and tosses upward his tail, often quickly running over the tips of half a dozen pickets before he rests. Passing across the yard, he turns not to avoid a taller tree or shrub, nor does he go through it; he simply bounds over, almost touching it, as if for pure sport. In the matter of bounds the mocker is without a peer. The upward spring while singing is an ecstatic action, that must be seen to be appreciated; he rises into the air as though too happy to remain on earth, and, opening his wings, floats down, singing all the while. It is indescribable, but enchanting to see. In courtship, too, as related, he makes effective use of this exquisite movement. In simple food-hunting on the ground, — a most prosaic occupation truly, — on approaching a hummock of grass he bounds over it instead of going around. In alighting on a tree, he does not pounce upon the twig he has selected, but upon a lower one, and passes quickly up through the branches, as lithe as a serpent. So fond is he of this exercise that one which I watched amused himself half an hour at a time in a pile of brush; starting from the ground, slipping easily through up to the top, standing there a moment, then flying back and repeating the performance. Should the goal of his journey be a fence picket, he alights on the beam which supports it, and hops gracefully to the top.

Like the robin, the mocking-bird seeks his food from the earth, sometimes digging it, but oftener picking it up. His manner on the ground is much like the robin's: he lowers the head, runs a few steps rapidly, then erects himself very straight for a moment. But he adds to this familiar performance a peculiar and beautiful movement, the object of which I have been unable to discover. At the end of a run he lifts his wings, opening them wide, displaying their whole breadth, which makes him look like a gigantic butterfly, then instantly lowers his head and runs again, generally picking up something as he stops. A correspondent in South Carolina, familiar with the ways of the bird, suggests that his object is to startle the grasshoppers, or, as he expresses it, to "flush his game." I watched very closely, and could not fix upon any theory more plausible, though it seemed to be weakened by the fact that the nestlings, as mentioned above, did the same thing before they thought of looking for food. The custom is not invariable; sometimes it is done, and sometimes not.

The mocking-bird cannot be said to possess a gentle disposition, especially during the time of nesting. He does not seem malicious, but rather mischievous, and his actions resemble the naughty though not wicked pranks of an active child. At that time he does, it must be admitted, lay claim to a rather large territory, considering his size, and enforces his rights with many a hot chase and noisy dispute, as remarked above. Any mocking-bird who dares to flirt a feather over the border of the ground he chooses to consider his own has to battle with him. A quarrel is a curious operation, usually a chase, and the war-cry is so peculiar and apparently so incongruous that it is fairly laughable. It is a rough breathing, like the "huff" of an angry cat, and a serious dispute between the birds reminds one of nothing but a disagreement in the feline family.

If the stranger does not take the hint, and retire at the first huff, he is chased, over and under trees and through branches, so violently that leaves rustle and twigs are thrust aside, as long as the patience or wind holds out. On one occasion the defender of his homestead kept up a lively singing all through the furious flight, which lasted six or eight minutes, — a remarkable thing.

To others than his own kind the mocker seems usually indifferent, with the single exception of the crow. So long as this bird kept over the salt-marsh, or flew quite high, or even held his mouth shut, he was not noticed; but let him fly low over the lawn, and above all let him "caw," and the hot-headed owner of the place was upon him. He did not seem to have any special plan of attack, like the king-bird or the oriole; his aim appeared to be merely to worry the enemy, and in this he was untiring, flying madly and without pause around a perching crow until he took flight, and then attempting to rise above him. In this he was not always successful, not being particularly expert on the wing, though I have two or three times seen the smaller bird actually rest on the back of the foe for three or four seconds at a time.

The song of the free mocking-bird! With it ringing in my ear at this moment, after having feasted upon it and gloried in it day and night for many weeks, how can I criticise it! How can I do otherwise than fall into rhapsody, as does almost every one who knows it and delights in it, as I do! It is something for which one might pine and long, as the Switzer for the *Ranz-des-Vaches*, and the more one hears it the more he loves it. I think there will never come a May in my life when I shall not long to fold my tent and take up my abode in the home of the mocking-bird, and yet I cannot say what many do. For variety, glibness, and execution the song is marvelous. It is a brilliant, bewildering

exhibition, and one listens in a sort of ecstasy almost equal to the bird's own, for this, it seems to me, is the secret of the power of his music: he so enjoys it himself, he throws his whole soul into it, and he is so magnetic that he charms a listener into belief that nothing can be like it. His manner also lends enchantment; he is seldom still. If he begins in a cedar-tree, he soon flies to the fence, singing as he goes, thence takes his way to a roof, and so on, changing his place every few minutes, but never losing a note. His favorite perch is the top spire of a pointed tree, low cedar or young pine, where he can bound into the air as already described, spread his wings, and float down, never omitting a quaver. It seems like pure ecstasy; and however critical one may be, he cannot help feeling deep sympathy with the joyous soul that thus expresses itself. With all the wonderful power and variety, the bewitching charm, there is not the "feeling," the heavenly melody, of the wood thrush. As an imitator, I think he is much overrated. I cannot agree with Lanier that

"Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird
could say;"

and that the birds are jealous of his song, as Wilson says, I cannot believe. On the contrary, I do not think they recognize the counterfeit. The tufted titmouse called as loudly and constantly all day as though no mocking-bird shout-

ed his peculiar and easily imitated call from the house-top; the cardinal grosbeak sang every day in the grove, though the mocker copied him more closely than any other bird. He repeats the notes, rattles out the call, but he cannot put the cardinal's soul into them. The song of every bird seems to me the expression of himself; it is a perfect whole of its kind, given with proper inflections and pauses, and never hurried; whereas, when the mocker delivers it, it is simply one more note added to his repertory, uttered in his rapid staccato, in his loud, clear voice, interpolated between incongruous sounds, without expression, and lacking in every way the beauty and attraction of the original.

The song consists entirely of short staccato phrases, each phrase repeated several times, perhaps twice, possibly five or six times. If he has a list of twenty or thirty, — and I think he has more, — he can make almost unlimited changes and variety, and can sing for two hours or longer, holding his listener spell-bound and almost without consciousness that he has repeated anything.

So winning and so lasting is the charm with which this bird enthalls his lovers that scarcely had I left his enchanted neighborhood before everything else was forgotten, and there remain of that idyllic month only beautiful pictures and delightful memories. "O thou heavenly bird!"

Olive Thorne Miller.

A TORY PARSON.

MATHER BYLES, of "fame facete," was born in the town of Boston, on the 26th of March, 1706, the place and year which gave the child Franklin also to the world. There had been a Henry Byles, a native of Sarum, England, settled in Salisbury, Massachusetts, as early as

1640; but of him no traces remained. His young namesake was the son of an English emigrant, who died early; descended, through his American mother, from those two godly colonial bigwigs, John Cotton and Richard Mather. He seems to have been a clever boy,

with a taste for literature, graduating at Harvard College in the class of 1725. As a matter of heredity and precedent, his thoughts turned to the ministry. He was ordained on the last day of December (N. S.), 1732, and the following year we find him, young, robust, and individual, installed as first pastor of the Hollis Street Church. From Aberdeen, in 1765, he got his degree, — an honor obtainable, at that time, without much striving. He made an imperious and impressive figure in the pulpit; his voice was sonorous and well modulated, and the scholarly quality of his sermons won him an early reputation. He had a very nice discriminating sense that what was befitting to Mather Byles at large was not always opportune to Mather Byles, D. D. Politics he never preached; his quadruple disclaimer of such topics is as well known as any saying of his life. No puns edged themselves into his moral discourses. Records show that on one occasion, however, he was sorely tempted, and fell. Thomas Prince (peace to the ashes of that good Bostonian!) had promised to preach for him on a certain Sunday afternoon, and when the hour came failed to put in an appearance. The congregation waited long and patiently, and services were delayed, till the pastor, in a sort of weary indignation, mounted the stair, and delivered an earnest harangue on the whimsically chosen text from the one hundred and forty-sixth Psalm: "Put not your trust in Princes."

Many of his sermons were set forth in print, under titles of portentous length. Most valuable, perhaps, for its good heart is *The Prayer and Plea of David to be Delivered from Blood-Guiltiness*, Improved in a Sermon at the Ancient Thursday Lecture in Boston, May 10, 1751, before the Execution of a Young Negro Servant for Poisoning an Infant. Byles employs some happy phrases; "Saint Paul's harmonious and gallant periods of inspiration" being one

of them. "Critics," he says, in the sermon on the Character and End of the Perfect Man, "are men who have a wonderful knack to illustrate away the meaning of the clearest texts, and explain them into nonsense." Before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, June 2, 1740, he gave a fine address on the Glories of the Lord of Hosts, and the Fortitude of the Religious Hero. In it he calls young David, about to face the giant, the "Rosey Warriour," and quotes "the correct, the delicate, the sublime Addison." A plump list of errata follows the published pamphlet, the author announcing himself as one who has "neither leisure nor inclination to transcribe his notes for the press." In this same sermon occurs a memorable passage, when referred to the antagonistic political beliefs of Mather Byles, later in life. "We are certainly a most exposed people, and in our unfortified posture" (*nunc et semper!*) "seem to be an easy prey to the first invader. 'Tis not for me to charge the fault of this anywhere, but only to pray God that some happy method may open for the redress of this grievance. . . . But you, gentlemen, will do what in you lies to diffuse skill and valor through your several regiments and companies, that at least we may keep our country, should we be obliged to give up our frontiers on the seas!"

Mather Byles wrote for the *New England Weekly Journal*, and tradition affirms most of its poetical contributions to be his. His essays were signed, after the manner of Addison's "Clio" in the *Spectator*, with some one letter of the word *Celoiza*; his prose being brief, sensible, and direct. But that on which he prided himself was a small volume, entitled *Poems on Several Occasions*, by Mr. Byles: "Nunc itaque et versus et cœtera ludierna pono:" Boston: Printed and sold by S. Kneeland and T. Green (the publishers of the *Boston Gazette and Weekly Journal*) in Queen Street, 1744.

The author's preface announces most of the verses as college productions; he thus rescues them from miscellanies, and officially takes leave of his "airy Muse." The divinity last named falls neatly, under an invective of old Robert Burton's: "a giganticall Anakim, a heavie, vast, barbarous lubber." But the reader shall judge. The book opens with hymns, somewhat after the manner of Watts, but rhapsodical to the verge of suspicion. Presently Mr. Byles returns to the subject of the fighting pagan gentleman from Gath, whose exploits seem to have dwelt much in his mind. This dramatic bit is from Goliath's Defeat, in the Manner of Lucan. David has just spoken.

"He said: then whirled his sling, the pebble flung;

It flew impetuous, and triumphant sung;
On his broad front it struck the warrior full,
And death drove furious through his crashing skull."

But for all that, Mr. Byles's Goliath, ready, as Shelley said of Leigh Hunt, "to take a great deal of killing," survives for a stanza, and rolls about "in dust and blood," to the edification of both armies.

There is an Elegy on a Young Commander slain in Battle with the Indians, in 1724:—

"Alpeus the gay, the beauteous and the brave,
Alpeus, who, with the thirst of glory fired,
Courageous in his country's cause expired!"

some congratulatory twaddle to Governor Burnet, whose career was consistently worthless, with lines in it that bring one back impetuously from its stilted

"Bostonia, mistress of the towns,
Whom the pleased bay with amorous arms surrounds,"

to Emerson's terse, glad-hearted rendering of the same conceit:—

"The rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looks eastward from the farms;
And twice each day the flowing sea
Takes Boston in its arms!"

How that clears the air for thee, "thou darling town of ours"!

Mr. Byles had an innocent veneration for the reigning House of Hanover. He wept for the first George, his apocryphal

"Sacred ashes, and distinguished urn,"

and shouted welcomes to the second, in a breath. Neither of these royal stolidities ever had a more impassioned adherent. He writes approbation in a copy of *Paradise Lost*:—

"O Milton! I'm transported at thy name!"

and is quite as generous to a contemporary master:—

"O Pope! thy fame is spread around the sky
Far as the waves can flow, far as the winds can fly.

'T is Pope, my friend, that gilds our gloomy night,
And if I shine, 't is his reflected light!"

The following lines are inscribed To an Ingenious Young Gentleman, on his Dedicating a Poem to the Author:—

"To you, dear youth! whom all the Muses own,
And great Apollo speaks his darling son."

But the youth and his genius are unaccountably dead, despite his ceded immortality; the Mr. Mather Byles who made ill verses survives as a curiosity; and Apollo, meanwhile?

The good parson corresponded with Lansdowne, Pope, and Watts. Many of his quasi-chroniclers—for no one complete, authentic record of Mather Byles exists—adduce that fact as an instance of the esteem in which he was held by men of intellect abroad. But a letter to Alexander Pope, dated New England, Boston, October 7, 1727, while the writer had, indeed, "the dew of his youth" and the assurance thereof, shall be transcribed in part, to suggest that if the "airy Muse" in the colonies was not known in England it was not due to her bashful disposition, and to serve as a glorious early American specimen of that art of addressing great ones which

has now degenerated into a blunter request for autographs :—

SIR,—You are doubtless wondering at the novelty of an epistle from the remote shores where this dates its origin, as well as from so obscure a hand as that which subscribes it. But what corner of the earth so secret as not to have heard the fame of Mr. Pope? Or who so retired as not to be acquainted with his admirable compositions, or so stupid as not to be ravished with them? . . . To let you see a little of the reputation which you bear in these unknown climates, and the improvements we are making, under your auspicious influences, in the polite studies of the Muses, I transmit to you the enclosed poems, assuring myself, though not of the approbation of your judgment, yet of the excuse and lenity of that candor which is forever inseparable from a great genius. . . . I find it very difficult to suppress the struggle of passion which swells my breast while I am writing a letter to so great a man. . . . How often have I been soothed and charmed with the ever-blooming landscapes of your Windsor Forest! And how does my very soul melt away at the soft complaint of the languishing Eloisa! How frequently has the Rape of the Lock commanded the various passions of my mind, provoked laughter, breathed a tranquillity, or inspired a transport! And how often have I been raised and borne away by the resistless fire of the Iliad, as it glows in your immortal translation! Permit me, sir, to conclude my letter with asking the favor of a few lines from the hand which has blest the world with such divine productions. If you thus honor me, assure yourself the joys you will produce in me will be inferior to none but the poetic rapture of your own breast. Perhaps you will be disposed to write, when I confess that I have a more superstitious ardor to see a word written by your pen than ever Tom Folio, in the Tatler, to

see a simile of Virgil with that advantage.

I am, sir, your great admirer and most obedient humble servant,

MATHER BYLES.

In return, Mr. Pope sent, later, a quarto presentation copy of his version of the *Odyssey*, treasured faithfully by its recipient. To the letter Pope answered, says Buckingham, “in terms of extravagant compliment, which Byles was fond of exhibiting on every practicable occasion. Among other ironical expressions, Pope said it had been long supposed that the Muses had deserted the British Empire, but the reception of this book of poems had relieved him of his sorrow, for it was evident they had only emigrated to the colonies.” Here a little confusion is evident. Byles must have sent his poems to Pope either in manuscript or in pamphlet; for his book itself was only published the year of Pope’s death. At any rate, the “correspondence,” deduced from its beginnings, must have been delicious. Byles’s ritual of literary admiration seems to have consisted in re-making himself on an elected idol, and then calling the attention of the idol to his honest but hyperbolic facsimile.

He married the niece of Governor Jonathan Belcher, who had given the land for the erection of Hollis Street Church, to which, a year or two after its opening, Thomas Hollis, of London, gave the great bell. The second wife of Mather Byles was the daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Tailer.

Peace and prosperity attended him until the outbreak of the Revolution. He had followed his wise rule of preaching no politics, but his barbed sarcasms, in secular life, struck right and left at the rising spirit of resistance. Private enmities and public scandals began, and the same Mather Byles who had warned the militia to stand fast and repel an invader slipped suddenly into collision

with his church and his associates, and came forth, misguided but still sincere, a vehement and uncompromising Tory. The people to whom he had ministered in concord for forty-three years were swift to discover sudden flaws in his action and conversation, and dissolved their connection with him in 1776; "he having by his conduct," so they voted, "put an end to his usefulness as a preacher." Angered at his political attitude, his flock burst upon him like Actæon's hounds, urging charges unjust and bitter. The church had been used as a barrack by the British, while they held possession of the town; so soon as they had evacuated, and while yet the straw and the broken wood of the pews were strewn about, a committee of avenging parishioners gathered in the gallery to confront their pastor. He, in flowing gown and bands and full-powdered wig, his great three-cornered hat hung over the edge of the pulpit, stood, erect and solemn, listening to the little weak-voiced clerk reading accusations from the gallery. At last, he thundered back in his large voice, "'T is false! and the church of Christ in Hollis Street knows that it is false!" and descended, majestic and wrathful, never to enter the doors again. Neither did he ever undertake any other pastoral charge. In May of 1777, he was arrested, and denounced as an enemy to his country. The charges brought against him in special court were that he prayed for the king, and "prayed in publick that America might submit to Grate Brittain, or wordes to the same purpose;" that he had remained in town during the siege, and had received visits from the British officers; and that — oh, most unkindest cut! — "*he had lent them his glasses for the purpose of seeing the works erected out of town for our defence.*" Byles's own neighbor, Colonel John Crane, a tea-party man, a carpenter and a patriot (whose picturesque tumble-down establishment was swept from Tremont Street, opposite

Hollis, but a few years ago), had succeeded Knox in command of these Neck fortifications. Nothing so much delighted him as to annoy the royalist house from his post with little stray missiles and delicate punctures in its roof and walls. They were his *ultima ratio*, in return for many an old gibe unrepaid.

Mather Byles was tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement on a guardship, to be transported to England, with his family, inside a period of forty days. But the sentence was soon commuted — by what influence is hard to discover — to confinement on his own premises. He was not at all abashed, and joked recklessly on his altered fortunes. "That's an observe-a-tory!" he liked to say to any casual visitor who glanced wonderingly on the ever-pacing sentinel. After two supplantings, the guard was finally withdrawn; and the irrepressible prisoner made a new pun the moment he heard the cheering news, and announced himself as one who had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded! One of these simple-hearted jailers, on the doctor's representation that he, of course, would not be allowed to absent himself from the house, trotted down street, with a milk-pitcher, on the family errand; while the portly clergyman magnanimously shouldered the musket, and marched to and fro in the interval, savagely eying his own door, to the mirth of the neighbors.

Inconvenience and suffering he took jocosely, but a Tory he remained. In his latter days he saw the church which had rejected him burn to the ground, and the eager flame come licking and hissing so near his home that "his books, instruments, papers, and printings," as his nephew, Jeremy Belknap, records, "were dislodged in an hour from fifty years' quietness to a helter-skelter heap in an adjoining pasture." But the conflagration was beaten down, and he was spared a houseless last year of life. "He naturally found his social

attractions more and more among the Episcopalians," writes George L. Chaney, "who were generally of the royalist persuasion." The members of Trinity Church, especially, were kind to him in his declining fortunes; and it is pleasant to remember that his old congregation of Hollis Street, after his dismissal, voted money for his necessities. Mather Byles was seized with paralysis in 1783, and died in Boston, aged eighty-two, July 5, 1788, with the anniversary joy-bells of the young republic yet ringing in his dissentient ears. Just before he went, the rectors of Christ Church and of Trinity bent over him, and asked him how he felt. "I feel," he said, turning to his friend Bishop Parker, who put his ear toward the pillow, — "I feel as if I had about got to that land where there are no more bishops!" And so, with a parting fling at the rival sect and the old half-sportive, half-biting banter, our inquisitor on the king's English ceased to speak, and gave up his pious, arrogant, rhyming Tory ghost.

"We are dead; let no man harry or vex us, dead,

But pray to God that he forgive us all."

His only son and namesake — "my Mather," he tenderly scores him in the official church entry of baptism, January 12, 1734 — graduated from Harvard in 1751, and, dismissed from the pastorate of the Congregational church in New London, on account of his change of faith, strayed from Boston to Portsmouth, and thence, by sentence of banishment at the Revolution, to St. John's, New Brunswick, where he died in 1814, leaving three children, all married. Doctor Byles's daughters, Katy and Polly, survived many years, beaming, reminiscent, garrulous old maids, carrying their pathetic loyalty into a day so late as the accession of William IV., over seas, when one of them wrote magnificently to the new Guelph that "the family of Byles never had and never would renounce their allegiance to the

British crown!" Their tales were all of the hallowed war-time, when they paced the paths of the Common arm-in-arm with General Howe and handsome Percy; and when his lordship's band played evening after evening, by orders, under their discreet windows. Their treasures were Tory relics and memorials, inheritances from their father, the Pope quarto, rare china, nooks filled with curious and storied souvenirs. The elder sister was literally shocked out of life in 1835, when the town authorities cut off the southeast corner of the family mansion, in the extension of Tremont Street. Throughout her life she had forbidden improvements and alterations, and with the passion of conservatism refused to sell at any price; and now that the sacrilege was accomplished despite her, she groaned in vehement remonstrance, and vowed, even while the work of removal was going on, that no creature in these accursed States should be any the richer for what she left behind. Then she died of her indignation; and her sister, laid two years later by her side in the vaults of old Trinity, where they worshiped, willed every farthing of their possessions to relatives in the colonies. Their dearly loved mansion was a wooden, two-storied, gambrel-roofed house, opposite the up-town side of Hollis Street, on Tremont, not dissimilar to the neighboring gambrel-roof which yet stands in the near neighborhood; it had nothing on the south but pasture and garden land. For we bear in mind that Tremont and Common streets were one, in those days, and that the Nassau Street which they formed ran curvingly from Orange (now Washington) to Boylston Street; so that when our modern Tremont was pushed on through the fields at an angle to Common Street, it involved the sacrifice of the Byles estate.

It remains for us to recall that on which the doctor's reputation rests. His pompous oratorical periods, with his

political failings, have been forgiven him. Little is heard now of the approbation of townfolk for his forgotten virtues or for his moral fibre, staunch and noble as oak. But his "wanton wiles" are extant, and rumor foists forever on his venerable shade some play-upon-words of which he was wholly guiltless. He made a number of the worst puns — that is, as Charles Lamb contends, the best — upon record. This evil propensity he shared with his uncle, the sly and solemn author of our epic *Magnalia Christi*. Let us subjoin a few of the hundreds not unfamiliar.

Thomas Hill had a distillery at the corner of Essex and South streets. Doctor Byles, passing his door, beckons him out. "Do you still?" "That is my business, sir." "Then come with me, and still my wife." A quagmire formed in front of his residence, of which he complained several times, to no avail. The city fathers, going by, sink wheel-deep in their chaise. The doctor appears on his threshold, in congratulation. "Ah, gentlemen! I am delighted to see you stirring in the matter at last." He paid his addresses unsuccessfully to a lady who afterwards married Mr. Quincy. Her late suitor meets her subsequently, with one of Polonius's "vile phrases:" "So, madam, you prefer a Quincy to Byles." He rids himself of a troublesome gossip of a visitor, remembering that a ship has just arrived in port with three hundred street lamps, and asking briskly, "Have you heard the news, madam, — have you heard the news? Why, three hundred new lights have come over this morning from London, and the selectmen have wisely ordered them to be put in irons immediately!" And she hurries away to verify the exciting report, on the strength of a *double-entendre* worthy of Swift. On the memorable dark day in May, 1780, a friend sends her little boy to the Nassau Street door, with her compliments, and the written message, "Dear doctor,

how do you account for this strange darkness?" To which he replies forthwith, "Dear madam, I am as much in the dark as you are." He shares the popular prejudice against Episcopalians, their ritual and their style of building. He looks askance at King's Chapel and its lower tier of windows, which are much smaller than the upper. There they blink yet, reminiscent of that sharp, hostile tongue. "H'm! I have heard of the canons of your English Church, but I never before saw its port-holes!" He vents his scorn political in the same fashion. "Our grievances redressed" was a catch-phrase of the times, the crystallization into three words of growing uneasiness and impending rebellion, words which he himself had employed more than once in public speeches. One fine morning a crowd on the Common are watching the soldiery parading in their new scarlet coats. "Who says our grievances are not red-dressed?" cries Doctor Byles. But a captious by-stander trips him by the heel. "That won't do, doctor! You have two *d's*!" he cries back. "Ay, ay!" the ready wit answers, "I have a right to 'em; I got 'em from Aberdeen in 1765." He had known General Knox as a book-seller, before the war. Knox had grown very corpulent in the interval, and was sensitive concerning it. While he takes possession of the town, after the enemy's evacuation, at the head of his artillery, Byles lifts his voice from the throng, in the admiring and audible comment, "I never saw a Knox fatter, in my life!" The sturdy soldier takes it as a mortal affront; though he could have borne it from any but a Tory, he says.

Doctor Byles had shining domestic qualities, but he must have been, to his own circle, in his capacity as court-jester, nothing short of an incubus and a terror. The beleaguered women all thought his pranks exceedingly humorous, even when he would call them from their beds of a freezing winter's night.

to ask whether they lay snug and warm. Mrs. Byles, caught at her ironing-board, in shabby attire, hot, flushed, and tired, starts when she hears visitors, and, running to the doctor's study, bids him lock her in the closet. The company is asked in, and stays an hour, the host showing, from time to time, some of his curiosities; and, prefacing that the last oddity is the best, turns the key, and exhibits Mrs. Byles.

The household had at one time a servant of a literal turn of mind, whom the doctor delighted in horrifying. "Go say to your mistress," he announces to her in an awe-struck tone, "that by the time you will reach her up-stairs Doctor Byles will have put an end to himself." Imagine the gaping girl screaming on her way to Mrs. Byles, and that incomprehensible family, as ready to be gulled anew as young perch, trooping down wildly to the long, sunny room, where the pastor of Hollis Street Church parades up and down, with a cow's tail, which he had picked up in the road, fastened to his cassock! Best of all his practical jokes was his sending a swollen-faced sufferer to the astonished Copley, with a tearful request to have his tooth drawn!

Byles had a potent rival in Mr. Joseph Green, a wag who lived on School Street, between Court Square and the Cromwell's Head, an inn on the site of what is now No. 19. Green was likewise a Harvard man, of the class of 1726, and of Byles's own age. Like him, he was proscribed and banished as a loyalist (though he had been Samuel Adams's former friend and associate), and died in St. Andrew's Parish, Holborn, London, in 1780. Green was a vivacious gentleman of excellent parts,

"Whose life was whim, whose soul was pun,"

as an ante-mortem epitaph once characterized him. He reveled in burlesques and ironies; and he and Doctor Byles parodied each other until their swords

were worn thin with crossing. In 1733, Green came out as the panegyrist of Doctor Byles's cat, and enlivened the town with the meek reference (in the second line) to the mythological lady whom the churchly poet invoked unctuously and long. He starts on a mournful interrogation, and proceeds with candor:—

"How shall I sing? What numbers shall I choose?"

For in my favorite cat I've lost my Muse!

She in the study was my constant mate;
There we together many evenings sate;
Whene'er I felt my towering fancy fail,
I stroked her head, her ears, her back and tail,

And as I stroked improved my dying song
From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue.

Her paws and mews so evenly kept time,
She purred in metre, and she mew'd in rhyme.

But when my dullness has too stubborn proved,

Nor could by Pussy's music be renewed,
Oft to the well-worn volumes have I gone,
And stol'n a line from Pope or Addison.
Ofttimes when lost amidst poetie heat,
She leaping on my knee has took her seat,
There saw the throes that rack'd my laboring brain,

And lick'd and claw'd me to myself again!
Then, friend, indulge my grief, and let me mourn:

My cat is gone, oh! never to return.
Now in my study all the tedious night,
Alone I sit, and, unassisted, write;
Look often round (O greatest cause of pain!)
And view the num'rous labors of my brain.
Those quires of words arranged in pompous rhyme,

Which braved the jaws of all-devouring time,

Now undefended and unwatch'd by cats,
Are doomed a victim to the teeth of rats!"

Despite the grammatical confusion at the close of this elegy, it is a deft take-off, and hits Byles's adjectived and labored style to a nicety.

It is strange, all in all, that faithful stewardship itself and the example of an upright life, during "the length and quietness of his pastorate," could have saved Mather Byles, D. D., from the

vengeance of an outraged and inoffensive public. His witticisms were excruciating; lawless enough for capital punishment. He formulated them in the pauses of argument and in the gaps of social confidences. No man could go unbitten through an hour's talk with him. "A most troublesome puppy in company!" his friend Lloyd said of him long after, in a burst of melancholy enthusiasm. Stranger yet that no society was organized for his suppression, when Mr. Joseph Green held up a distorting-mirror, and made that reverend and intolerable oddity more grotesque than ever! How, in the name of charity, did one small preoccupied town keep

steady under their bewildering quips and sallies? We can only suppose that she was brooding on mighty problems, and watching the stars so intently that the gambols of Harlequin and his shadow went unheeded. Poor, fond, earnest, aspiring, hard-beset, invincible little Boston! Be it to her credit that she bore with these two "pestiferous perturbations," apart from the pang of their civic unfaithfulness, at a time and in a state of mind when one jest too much threatened to drive her distraught, and when, like Atalanta foregoing her race to lift the golden pippin, she might have lost us freedom had she paused even for a protest or a laugh!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE PLEASURE OF THE KING.

BEHOLD, that day came Pharaoh, and they cried,
 "O mightiest of the mighty, thou art Lord
 And we are dust, but we can do no more.
 Yon capstone toppled, and threescore were slain:
 At this we murmur not, for they are dead,
 Our comrades and our brothers, and at peace;
 But mark, the sullen rock unfleshed our hands;
 Our arms are palsied, lifting; and our eyes
 Behold not Pharaoh's jewels, but a glare
 That smites them sharply. We can do no more;
 Have mercy, Pharaoh, we can do no more."
 Gazed he upon them steadfastly, and thus,
 With half-shut eyes, gave answer: "What are ye,
 Vexing the lazy silence of my noon?
 Last night to me an idle fancy came,
 And ye shall shape it. Hew me now a lion,
 Remorseless as my wakened wrath to ye,
 Huge as a mountain, couchant, but the face
 Shall be that woman's who did please my dream.
 Within three days I see this, or ye die.
 Go, I have spoken." But they cried, "We die
 If we fulfill this, Lord." Then smiled the king:
 "None live but Pharaoh; I alone shall live.
 Hew ye the lion couchant, and the face,
 Like to the woman's who did please my dream,
 Ye shall set westward, with un pitying eyes,

To watch the sun go down, and view the stride
 Of night and death to empires and to men,—
 For so the idle fancy came to me.
 Go, I have spoken." And they did obey,
 Hewing the lion couchant, with the face
 Of her who pleased his dream; within three days
 The cruel rock was graven, and the eyes
 Unpitied stared upon the west, where came
 To empires and to men both death and night.
 The king beheld and smiled: "This was my dream.
 Applaud it, slaves!" They spoke not, being dead.

Henry Guy Carleton.

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.*

II.

THE reader who glances over these papers, and, finding them too full of small details and the lesser personal matters which belong naturally to private correspondences, turns impatiently to another page, has my entire sympathy and good-will. He is not one of those for whom I am writing. Having no particular interest in the writer or his affairs, he does not care for the history of "the migrations from the blue bed to the brown" and the many Mistress Quicklyisms of circumstantial narrative. Yet all this may be pleasant reading to relatives and friends.

Now I must confess that I cannot help feeling that I have an established relation with the readers of this magazine. I gave it its name; I wrote in its first number and in every number for the first three years; I have been constant in my allegiance to it, and feel at ease in its pages as nowhere else. But while I say this, I must not forget that a new generation of readers is turning its leaves, and that a new generation of aspiring and brilliant authors has grown into public recognition. The dome of

Boston State House, which is the centre of my little universe, was glittering in its fresh golden pellicle before I had reached the scriptural boundary of life. It has lost its lustre now, and the years which have dulled its surface have whitened the dome of that fragile structure in which my consciousness holds the session of its faculties. Time is not to be cheated. It is easy to talk of perennial youth, and to toy with the flattering fictions which every ancient personage accepts as true so far as he himself is concerned, and laughs at as foolish talk when he hears them applied to others. When, in my exulting immaturity, I wrote the lines not unknown to the reading public under the name of "The Last Leaf," I spoke of the possibility that I myself might linger on the old bough until the buds and blossoms of a new spring were opening and spreading all around me. I am not as yet the solitary survivor of my literary contemporaries, and, remembering who my few co-evals are, it may well be hoped that I shall not be. But I feel lonely, very lonely, in the pages through which I wander. These are new names in the midst of which I find my own. In an-

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other sense I am very far from alone. I have daily assurances that I have a constituency of known and unknown personal friends, whose indulgence I have no need of asking. I know there are readers enough who will be pleased to follow me in my brief excursion, *because I am myself*, and will demand no better reason. If I choose to write for them, I do no injury to those for whom my personality is an object of indifference. They will find in every periodical some things which are not intended for them, and which they prefer to let alone. No person is expected to help himself to everything set before him at a public table. I will not, therefore, hesitate to go on with the simple story of our Old World experiences.

Thanks to my Indian blanket, — my shawl, I mean, — I found myself nothing the worse for my manifold adventures of the 27th of May. The cold wind sweeping over Epsom downs reminded me of our own chilling easterly breezes; especially the northeasterly ones, which are to me less disagreeable than the southeasterly. But the poetical illusion about an English May, —

“Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,” —

and all that, received a shrewd thrust. Zephyr ought to have come in an ulster, and offered Aurora a warm petticoat. However, in spite of all difficulties, I brought off my recollections of the Derby of 1886 in triumph, and am now waiting for the colored portrait of Ormonde with Archer on his back, — Archer, the winner of five Derby races, one of which was won by the American horse Iroquois. When that picture, which I am daily expecting, arrives, I shall have it framed and hung by the side of Herring's picture of Plenipotentiary, the horse I saw win the Derby in 1834. These two, with an old portrait of the great Eclipse, who, as my engraving of 1780 says, “was never beat, or ever had occasion for Whip or Spur,” will constitute my en-

tire sporting gallery. I have not that vicious and demoralizing love of horse-flesh which makes it next to impossible to find a perfectly honest hippophile. But a racer is the realization of an ideal quadruped, —

“A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift;”

so ethereal, so bird-like, that it is no wonder that the horse about whom those old story-tellers lied so stoutly — telling of his running a mile in a minute — was called Flying Childers.

The roses in Mrs. Pfeiffer's garden were hardly out of flower when I lunched with her at her pretty villa at Putney. There I met Mr. Browning, Mr. Holman Hunt, Miss Anna Swanwick, the translator of *Æschylus*, and other good company.

One of my very agreeable experiences was a call from a gentleman with whom I had corresponded, but whom I had never met. This was Mr. John Bellows, of Gloucester, publisher, printer, man of letters, or rather of words; for he is the author of that truly remarkable little manual, “*The Bona Fide Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages*.” To the review of this little book, which is dedicated to Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the *London Times* devoted a full column. I never heard any one who had used it speak of it except with admiration. The modest Friend may be surprised to find himself at full length in my pages, but those who know the little miracle of typography, its conciseness, completeness, arrangement, will not wonder that I was gratified to see the author, who sent it to me, and who has written me most interesting letters on the local antiquities of Gloucester and its neighborhood.

We lunched that day with Lady Camperdown, where we were happy to meet Miss Frances Power Cobbe. In the afternoon we went by invitation to a “tea and talk” at the Reverend Mr. Haweis's, at Chelsea. We found the house close

packed, but managed to get through the rooms, shaking innumerable hands of the reverend gentleman's parishioners and other visitors. It was very well arranged, so as not to be too fatiguing, and we left the cordial gathering in good condition. We drove home with Bishop and Mrs. Ellicott.

After this Sir James Paget called, and took me to a small and early dinner-party; and A—— went with my secretary, the young lady of whom I have spoken, to see "Human Nature," at Drury Lane Theatre.

On the following day, after dining with Lady Holland (wife of Sir Henry, niece of Macaulay), we went across the street to our neighbor's, Lady Stanley's. There was to be a great meeting of schoolmistresses, in whose work her son, the Honorable Lyulph Stanley, is deeply interested. Alas! The schoolma'ams were just leaving as we entered the door, and all we saw of them was the skirts of their descending robes. I was very sorry for this, for I have a good many friends among our own schoolma'ams, — friends whom I never saw, but know through the kind words they have addressed to me.

No place in London looks more reserved and exclusive than Devonshire House, situated at the corner of the two great avenues, Piccadilly and St. James Street. There is certainly nothing in its exterior which invites intrusion. We had the pleasure of taking tea in the great house, accompanying our American friend, Lady Harcourt, and were graciously received and entertained by Lady Edward Cavendish. Like the other great houses, it is a museum of paintings, statues, objects of interest of all sorts. It must be confessed that it is pleasanter to go through the rooms with one of the ladies of the household than under the lead of a liveried servant. Lord Hartington came in while we were there. All the men who are distinguished in political life become familiar

to the readers of *Punch* in their caricatures, so that we know them at sight. Even those who can claim no such public distinction are occasionally the subjects of the caricaturist, as some of us have found out for ourselves. A good caricature, which seizes the prominent features and gives them the character Nature hinted, but did not fully carry out, is a work of genius. Nature herself is a remorseless caricaturist, as our daily intercourse with our fellow men and women makes evident to us, and as is curiously illustrated in the figures of Charles Lebrun, showing the relations between certain human faces and those of various animals. Hardly an English statesman in bodily presence could be mistaken by any of *Punch*'s readers.

On the same day that we made this quiet visit we attended a great and ceremonious assembly. There were two parts in the programme, in the first of which I was on the stage *solus*, — that is, without my companion; in the second we were together. This day, Saturday, the 29th of May, was observed as the Queen's birthday, although she was born on the 24th. Sir William Harcourt gave a great dinner to the officials of his department, and later in the evening Lady Rosebery held a reception at the Foreign Office. On both these occasions everybody is expected to be in court dress, but my host told me I might present myself in ordinary evening dress. I thought that I might feel awkwardly among so many guests, all in the wedding garments, knee-breeches and the rest, without which I ventured among them. I never passed an easier evening in any company than among these official personages. Sir William took me under the shield of his ample presence, and answered all my questions about the various notable personages at his table in a way to have made my fortune if I had been a reporter. From the dinner I went to Mrs. Gladstone's, at 10 Downing Street, where A——

called for me. She had found a very small and distinguished company there, Prince Albert Victor among the rest. At half past eleven we walked over to the Foreign Office to Lady Rosebery's reception.

Here Mr. Gladstone was of course the centre of a group, to which I was glad to add myself. His features are almost as familiar to me as my own, for a photograph of him in his library has long stood on my revolving bookcase, with a large lens before it. He is one of a small circle in whom I have had and still have a special personal interest. The year 1809, which introduced me to atmospheric existence, was the birth-year of Gladstone, Tennyson, Lord Houghton, and Darwin. It seems like an honor to have come into the world in such company, but it is more likely to promote humility than vanity in a common mortal to find himself coeval with such illustrious personages. Persons of the same year watch each other, especially as the sands of life begin to run low, as we can imagine so many damaged hour-glasses to keep an eye on each other.

Familiar to me as were the features of Mr. Gladstone, I looked upon him with astonishment. For he stood before me with epaulets on his shoulders and a rapier at his side, as military in his aspect as if he had been Lord Wolseley, to whom I was introduced a short time afterwards. I was fortunate enough to see and hear Mr. Gladstone on a still more memorable occasion, and can afford to leave saying what were my impressions of the very eminent statesman until I speak of that occasion.

A great number of invitations had been given out for the reception at Lady Rosebery's, — over two thousand, my companion heard it said. Whatever the number was, the crowd was very great, — so great that one might well feel alarmed for the safety of any delicate person who was in the *pack* which formed itself at one place in the course of the evening.

Some obstruction must have existed *a fronte*, and the *vis a tergo* became fearful in its pressure on those who were caught in the jam. I began thinking of the crushes in which I had been caught, or which I had read and heard of: the terrible time at the execution of Hollo-way and Haggerty, where some forty persons were squeezed or trampled to death; the Brooklyn Theatre and other similar tragedies; the crowd I was in at the unveiling of the statue on the column of the Place Vendome, where I felt as one may suppose Giles Corey did when, in his misery, he called for "more weight" to finish him. But there was always a *deus ex machina* for us when we were in trouble. Looming up above the crowd was the smiling and encouraging countenance of the ever active, always present, always helpful Mr. Smalley. He cleared a breathing space before us. For a short time it was really a formidable wedging together of people, and if a lady had fainted in the press, she might have run a serious risk before she could have been extricated. No more "marble halls" for us, if we had to undergo the *peine forte et dure* as the condition of our presence! We were both glad to escape from this threatened asphyxia, and move freely about the noble apartments. Lady Rosebery, who was kindness itself, would have had us stay and sit down in comfort at the supper-table, after the crowd had thinned, but we were tired with all we had been through, and ordered our carriage. *Ordered our carriage!*

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep." . . .
 "But will they come when you do call for them?"

The most formidable thing about a London party is getting away from it. "*C'est le dernier pas qui coute.*" A crowd of anxious persons in retreat is hanging about the windy door, and the breezy stairway, and the airy hall.

A stentorian voice, hard as that of Rhadamanthus, exclaims, —

"Lady Vere de Vere's carriage stops the way!"

If my Lady Vere de Vere is not on hand, and that pretty quickly, off goes her carriage, and the stern voice bawls again, —

"Mrs. Smith's carriage stops the way!"

Mrs. Smith's particular Smith may be worth his millions and live in his marble palace; but if Mrs. Smith thinks her coachman is going to stand with his horses at that door until she appears, she is mistaken, for she is a minute late, and now the coach moves on, and Rhadamanthus calls aloud, —

"Mrs. Brown's carriage stops the way!"

Half the lung fevers that carry off the great people are got waiting for their carriages.

I know full well that many readers would be disappointed if I did not mention some of the grand places and bring in some of the great names that lend their lustre to London society. We were to go to a fine musical party at Lady Rothschild's on the evening of the 30th of May. It happened that the day was Sunday, and if we had been as punctilious as some New England Sabbatarians, we might have felt compelled to decline the tempting invitation. But the party was given by a daughter of Abraham, and in every Hebrew household the true Sabbath was over. We were content for that evening to shelter ourselves under the old dispensation.

The party, or concert, was a very brilliant affair. Patti sung to us, and another soloist, and a tenor, and a violinist played for us. How we two Americans came to be in so favored a position I do not know; all I do know is that we were shown to our places, and found them very agreeable ones. In the same row of seats was the Prince of Wales, two chairs off from A——'s seat. Directly in front of me was the Princess of Wales. "in ruby velvet, with six rows of

straight pearls, and two more strings falling below;" and next her the startling presence of Lady De Grey, formerly Lady Lonsdale, and before that Gladys Herbert. On the other side of the Princess sat the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

As we are mounted upon our very highest horse, I must enliven my sober account with an extract from my companion's diary: —

"There were several great beauties there, Lady Claude Hamilton, a queenly blonde, being one. Minnie Stevens Paget had with her the pretty Miss Langdon, of New York. Royalty had one room for supper, with its attendant lords and ladies. Lord Rothschild took me down to a long table for a sit-down supper, — there were some thirty of us. The most superb pink orchids were on the table. The [Thane] of —— sat next me, and how he stared before he was introduced! . . . This has been the finest party we have been to, sitting comfortably in such a beautiful ball-room, gazing at royalty in the flesh, and at the shades of departed beauties on the wall, by Sir Joshua and Gainsborough. It was a new experience to find that the royal lions fed up-stairs, and mixed animals below."

A visit to Windsor had been planned, under the guidance of a friend whose kindness had already shown itself in various forms, and who, before we left England, did for us more than we could have thought of owing to any one person. This gentleman, Mr. W——, of Brighton, called with Mrs. W—— to take us on the visit which had been arranged between us.

Windsor Castle, which everybody knows, or can easily learn, all about, is one of the largest in those huge caverns in which the descendants of the original cave men, when they have reached the height of human grandeur, delight to shelter themselves. It seems as if such a great hollow quarry of rock would strike

a chill through every tenant, but modern improvements reach even the palaces of kings and queens, and the regulation temperature of the castle, or of its inhabited portions, is fixed at sixty-five degrees of Fahrenheit. The royal standard was not floating from the tower of the castle, and everything was quiet and lonely. We saw all we wanted to, — pictures, furniture, and the rest. My namesake, the Queen's librarian, was not there to greet us, or I should have had a pleasant half-hour in the library with that very polite gentleman, whom I had the pleasure afterwards of meeting in London.

After going through all the apartments in the castle that we cared to see, or our conductress cared to show us, we drove in the park, along the "three-mile walk," and in the by-roads leading from it. The beautiful avenue, the open spaces with scattered trees here and there, made this a most delightful excursion. I saw many fine oaks, one about sixteen feet of honest girth, but no one which was very remarkable. I wished I could have compared the handsomest of them with one in Beverly, which I never look at without taking my hat off. This is a young tree, with a future before it, if barbarians do not meddle with it, more conspicuous for its spread than its circumference, stretching not very far from a hundred feet from bough-end to bough-end. I do not think I saw a specimen of the British *Quercus robur* of such consummate beauty. But I know what Evelyn and Strutt have to boast of, and I will not challenge the British oak.

Two sensations I had in Windsor park, or forest, for I am not quite sure of the boundary which separates them. The first was the lovely sight of the *hawthorn* in full bloom. I had always thought of the hawthorn as a pretty shrub, growing in hedges; as big as a currant bush or a barberry bush, or some humble plant of that character. I was surprised to see it as a tree, standing by

itself, and making the most delicious roof a pair of young lovers could imagine to sit under. It looked at a little distance like a young apple-tree covered with new-fallen snow. I shall never see the word hawthorn in poetry again without the image of the snowy but far from chilling canopy rising before me. It is the very bower of young love, and has done more than any growth of the forest to soften the doom brought upon man by the fruit of the forbidden tree. No wonder that

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly
turns to thoughts of love,"

with the object of his affections awaiting him in this boudoir of nature. What a pity that Zekle, who courted Huldry over the apples she was peeling, could not have made love as the bucolic youth does, when

"Every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale"!

But I suppose it does not make so much difference, for love transmutes the fruit in Huldry's lap into the apples of the Hesperides.

In this way it is that the associations with the poetry we remember come up when we find ourselves surrounded by English scenery. The great poets build temples of song, and fill them with images and symbols which move us almost to adoration; the lesser minstrels fill a panel or gild a cornice here and there, and make our hearts glad with glimpses of beauty. I felt all this as I looked around and saw the hawthorns in full bloom, in the openings among the oaks and other trees of the forest. Presently I heard a sound to which I had never listened before, and which I have never heard since: —

Coooo — coooo!

Nature had sent one cuckoo from her aviary to sing his double note for me, that I might not pass away from her pleasing show without once hearing the call so dear to the poets. It was the last day of spring. A few more days,

and the solitary voice might have been often heard; for the bird becomes so common as to furnish Shakespeare an image to fit "the skipping king:" —

"He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded."

For the lyric poets the cuckoo is "companion of the spring," "darling of the spring;" coming with the daisy, and the primrose, and the blossoming sweet-pea. Where the sound came from I could not tell; it puzzled Wordsworth, with younger eyes than mine, to find whence issued

"that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky."

Only one hint of the prosaic troubled my emotional delight: I could not help thinking how capitally the little rogue imitated the cuckoo clock, with the sound of which I was pretty well acquainted.

On our return from Windsor we had to get ready for another great dinner with our Minister, Mr. Phelps. As we are in the habit of considering our great officials as public property, and as some of my readers want as many glimpses of high life as a decent regard to republican sensibilities will permit, I will borrow a few words from the diary to which I have often referred:—

"The Princess Louise was there with the Marquis, and I had the best opportunity of seeing how they receive royalty at private houses. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps went down to the door to meet her the moment she came, and then Mr. Phelps entered the drawing-room with the Princess on his arm, and made the tour of the room with her, she bowing and speaking to each one of us. Mr. Goschen took me in to dinner, and Lord Lorne was on my other side. All of the flowers were of the royal color, red. It was a grand dinner. . . . The Austrian Ambassador, Count Karoli, took Mrs. Phelps in [to dinner], his position being higher than that of even the Duke [of Argyll], who sat upon her right."

It was a very rich experience for a single day: the stately abode of royalty, with all its manifold historical recollections, the magnificent avenue of forest trees, the old oaks, the hawthorn in full bloom, and the one cry of the cuckoo, calling me back to Nature in her spring-time freshness and glory; then, after that, a great London dinner-party at a house where the kind host and the gracious hostess made us feel at home, and where we could meet the highest people in the land, — the people whom we who live in a simpler way at home are naturally pleased to be with under such auspices. What of all this shall I remember longest? Let me not seem ungrateful to my friends who planned the excursion for us, or to those who asked us to the brilliant evening entertainment, but I feel as Wordsworth felt about the cuckoo, — he will survive all the other memories.

"And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again."

Nothing is more hackneyed than an American's description of his feelings in the midst of the scenes and objects he has read of all his days, and is looking upon for the first time. To each of us it appears in some respects in the same way, but with a difference for every individual. We may smile at Irving's emotions at the first sight of a distinguished Englishman on his own soil, — the ingenious Mr. Roscoe, as an earlier generation would have called him. Our tourists, who are constantly going forward and back between England and America, lose all sense of the special distinctions between the two countries which do not bear on their personal convenience. Happy are those who go with unworn, unsatiated sensibilities from the New World to the Old; as happy, it may be, those who come from the Old World to the New, but of that I cannot form a judgment.

On the first day of June we called by appointment upon Mr. Peel, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and went through the Houses of Parliament. We began with the train-bearer, then met the housekeeper, and presently were joined by Mr. Palgrave. The "Golden Treasury" stands on my drawing-room table at home, and the name on its title-page had a very familiar sound. These accidental meetings with persons whom we know by their writings are very pleasant surprises.

Among other things to which Mr. Palgrave called our attention was the death-warrant of Charles the First. One name in the list of signers naturally fixed our eyes upon it. It was that of John Dixwell. A lineal descendant of the old regicide is very near to me by family connection, Colonel Dixwell having come to this country, married, and left a posterity, which has resumed the name, dropped for the sake of safety at the time when he, Goffe, and Whalley were in concealment in various parts of New England.

We lunched with the Speaker, and had the pleasure of the company of Archdeacon Farrar. In the afternoon we went to a tea at a very grand house, where, as my companion says in her diary, "it took full six men in red satin knee-breeches to let us in." Another grand personage asked us to dine with her at her country place, but we were too full of engagements. In the evening we went to a large reception at Mr. Gosse's. It was pleasant to meet artists and scholars, — the kind of company to which we are much used in our æsthetic city. I found our host as agreeable at home as he was when in Boston, where he became a favorite, both as a lecturer and as a visitor.

Another day we visited Stafford House, where Lord Ronald Gower, himself an artist, did the honors of the house, showing us the pictures and sculptures, his own included, in a very oblig-

ing and agreeable way. I have often taken note of the resemblances of living persons to the portraits and statues of their remote ancestors. In showing us the portrait of one of his own far-back progenitors, Lord Ronald placed a photograph of himself in the corner of the frame. The likeness was so close that the photograph might seem to have been copied from the painting, the costume being modernized. The Duke of Sutherland, who had just come back from America, complained that the dinners and lunches had used him up. I was fast learning how to sympathize with him.

Then to Grosvenor House to see the pictures. I best remember Gainsborough's beautiful Blue Boy, commonly so called, from the color of his dress, and Sir Joshua's Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, which everybody knows in engravings. We lunched in clerical company that day, at the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol's, with the Archbishop of York, the Reverend Mr. Haweis, and others as guests. I told A—— that she was not sufficiently impressed with her position at the side of an archbishop; she was not *crumbling bread* in her nervous excitement. The company did not seem to remember Sydney Smith's remark to the young lady next him at a dinner-party: "My dear, I see you are nervous, by your crumbling your bread as you do. I always crumble bread when I sit by a bishop, and when I sit by an archbishop I crumble bread with both hands." That evening I had the pleasure of dining with the distinguished Mr. Bryce, whose acquaintance I made in our own country, through my son, who has introduced me to many agreeable persons of his own generation, with whose companionship I am glad to mend the broken and mere fragmentary circle of old friendships.

The 3d of June was a memorable day for us, for on that day we were to hold our reception. I could not be so

modest as to overlook the fact that there were a good many people in England, and not a few in London, who would like to make our acquaintance. How to enable them to do so was a rather nice question. Our five rooms had no communication with each other. Our drawing-room would be full enough with fifty visitors, and I had reason to believe I had more than that number of friends, known and unknown, who would be pleased to meet us. In speaking of our intention of receiving a few people at our rooms, we were surprised by the offer on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Priestley of their house for the purpose. If Dean Bradley had proposed our holding a reception in Westminster Abbey, I should hardly have been more astonished. But these kind friends meant what they said, and put the offer in such a shape that it was impossible to resist it. So we sent out our cards to some hundreds of persons, — those who we thought might like invitations. I was particularly desirous that many members of the medical profession whom I had not met, but who felt well disposed towards me, should be at this gathering. The meeting was in every respect a success. I wrote a prescription for as many baskets of champagne as would be consistent with the well-being of our guests, and such light accompaniments as a London crowd is wont to expect under similar circumstances. My own recollections of the evening, unclouded by its festivities, but confused by its multitudinous succession of introductions, are about as definite as the Duke of Wellington's alleged monosyllabic description of the battle of Waterloo. But A—— writes in her diary: "From 9.15 to 12.30 we stood, receiving over three hundred people out of the four hundred and fifty we asked." As I did not go to Europe to visit hospitals or museums, I might have failed to see some of those professional brethren whose names I hold in honor and whose writings are in my library. If any such

failed to receive our cards of invitation, it was an accident which, if I had been told of, I should have deeply regretted. So far as we could judge by all we heard, our unpretentious party gave general satisfaction. Many different social circles were represented, but it passed off easily and agreeably. I can say this more freely, as the credit of it belongs so largely to the care and self-sacrificing efforts of Dr. Priestley and his charming wife.

I never refused to write in the birthday book or the album of the humblest schoolgirl or schoolboy, and I could not refuse to set my name, with a verse from one of my poems, in the album of the Princess of Wales, which was sent me for that purpose. It was a nice new book, with only two or three names in it, and those of musical composers, — Rubinstein's, I think, was one of them, — so that I felt honored by the great lady's request. I ought to describe the book, but I only remember that it was quite large and sumptuously elegant, and that I copied into it the last verse of a poem of mine called "The Chambered Nautilus," as I have often done for plain republican albums.

The day after our simple reception was notable for three social events in which we had our part. The first was a lunch at the house of Mrs. Cyril Flower, one of the finest in London, — Surrey House, as it is called. Mr. Browning, who seems to go everywhere, and is one of the vital elements of London society, was of course there. Miss Cobbe, many of whose essays I have read with great satisfaction, though I cannot accept all her views, was a guest whom I was very glad to meet a second time.

In the afternoon we went to a garden-party given by the Princess Louise at Kensington Palace, a gloomy-looking edifice, which might be taken for a hospital or a poorhouse. Of all the festive occasions which I attended, the garden-parties were to me the most formidable.

They are all very well for young people, and for those who do not mind the nipping and eager air, with which, as I have said, the climate of England no less than that of America falsifies all the fine things the poets have said about May, and, I may add, even June. We wandered about the grounds, spoke with the great people, stared at the odd ones, and said to ourselves, — at least I said to myself, — with Hamlet.

“The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.”

The most curious personages were some East Indians, a chocolate-colored lady and her children. The mother had a diamond on the side of her nose, its setting riveted on the inside, one might suppose; the effect was peculiar, far from captivating. A—— said that she should prefer the good old-fashioned nose-ring, as we find it described and pictured by travellers. She saw a great deal more than I did, of course. I quote from her diary: “The little Eastern children made their native salaam to the Princess by prostrating themselves flat on their little stomachs in front of her, putting their hands between her feet, pushing them aside, and kissing the print of her feet!”

I really believe one or both of us would have run serious risks of catching our “death o’ cold,” if we had waited for our own carriage, which seemed forever in coming forward. The good Lady Holland, who was more than once our guardian angel, sent us home in hers. So we got warmed up at home, and were ready in due season for the large and fine dinner-party at Archdeacon Farrar’s, where, among other guests, were Mrs. Phelps, our Minister’s wife, who is a great favorite alike with Americans and English, Sir John Millais, Mr. Tyn-dall, and other interesting people.

I am sorry that we could not have visited Newstead Abbey. I had a letter from Mr. Thornton Lothrop to Colonel Webb, the present proprietor, with

whom we lunched. I have spoken of the pleasure I had when I came accidentally upon persons with whose name and fame I had long been acquainted. A similar impression was that which I received when I found myself in the company of the bearer of an old historic name. When my host at the lunch introduced a stately-looking gentleman as Sir Kenelm Digby, it gave me a start, as if a ghost had stood before me. I recovered myself immediately, however, for there was nothing of the impalpable or immaterial about the stalwart personage who bore the name. I wanted to ask him if he carried any of his ancestor’s “powder of sympathy” about with him. Many, but not all, of my readers remember that famous man’s famous preparation. When used to cure a wound, it was applied to the weapon that made it; the part was bound up so as to bring the edges of the wound together, and by the wondrous influence of the sympathetic powder the healing process took place in the kindest possible manner. Sir Kenelm, the ancestor, was a gallant soldier, a grand gentleman, and the husband of a wonderfully beautiful wife, whose charms he tried to preserve from the ravages of time by various experiments. He was also the homœopathist of his day, the Elisha Perkins (metallic tractors) of his generation. The “mind cure” people might adopt him as one of their precursors.

I heard a curious statement which was illustrated in the person of one of the gentlemen we met at this table. It is that English sporting men are often deaf on one side, in consequence of the noise of the frequent discharge of their guns affecting the right ear. This is a very convenient infirmity for gentlemen who indulge in slightly aggressive remarks, but when they are hit back never seem to be conscious at all of the *riposte*, as the horse-people used to call the movement that answered a stroke of the spur with a kick of the hoof.

Dr. Allechin called and took me to a dinner, where I met many professional brothers and enjoyed myself highly.

By this time every day was pledged for one or more engagements, so that many very attractive invitations had to be declined. I will not follow the days one by one, but content myself with mentioning some of the more memorable visits. I had been invited to the Rabelais Club, as I have before mentioned, by a cable message. This is a club of which the late Lord Houghton was president, and of which I am a member, as are several other Americans. I was afraid that the gentlemen who met,

"To laugh and shake in Rabelais's easy-chair,"

might be more hilarious and demonstrative in their mirth than I, a sober New Englander in the superfluous decade, might find myself equal to. But there was no uproarious jollity; on the contrary, it was a pleasant gathering of literary people and artists, who took their pleasure not sadly, but serenely, and I do not remember a single explosive guffaw.

Another day, after going all over Dudley House, including Lady Dudley's boudoir, "in light blue satin, the prettiest room we have seen," A—— says, we went, by appointment, to Westminster Abbey, where we spent two hours under the guidance of Archdeacon Farrar. I think no part of the Abbey is visited with so much interest as Poets' Corner. We are all familiarly acquainted with it beforehand. We are all ready for "O rare Ben Jonson!" as we stand over the place where he was planted standing upright, as if he had been dropped into a post-hole. We remember too well the foolish and flippant mockery of Gay's "Life is a Jest." If I were a dean of the cathedral, I should be tempted to alter the *J* to a *G*. Then we could read it without contempt; for life *is* a jest, an achievement, — or always ought to be. Westminster Abbey

is too crowded with monuments to the illustrious dead and those who have been considered so in their day to produce any other than a confused impression. When we visit the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides, no side-lights interfere with the view before us in the field of mental vision. We see the Emperor; Marengo, Austerlitz, Waterloo, Saint Helena, come before us, with him as their central figure. So at Stratford, — the Cloptons and the John a Combes, with all their memorials, cannot make us lift our eyes from the stone which covers the dust that once breathed and walked the streets of Stratford as Shakespeare.

Ah, but here is one marble countenance that I know full well, and knew for many a year in the flesh! Is there an American who sees the bust of Longfellow among the effigies of the great authors of England without feeling a thrill of pleasure at recognizing the features of his native fellow-countryman in the Valhalla of his ancestral fellow-countrymen? There are many memorials in Poets' Corner and elsewhere in the Abbey which could be better spared than that. Too many that were placed there as luminaries have become conspicuous by their obscurity in the midst of that illustrious company. On the whole, the Abbey produces a distinct sense of being overcrowded. It appears too much like a lapidary's store-room. Look up at the lofty roof, which we willingly pardon for shutting out the heaven above us, — at least in an average London day; look down at the floor, and think of what precious relics it covers; but do not look around you with the hope of getting any clear, concentrated, satisfying effect from this great museum of gigantic funereal bricabrac. Pardon me, shades of the mighty dead! I had something of this feeling, but at another hour I might perhaps be overcome by emotion and weep, as my fellow-countryman did at the grave of the earliest of his ancestors. I should love myself

better in that aspect than I do in this cold-blooded criticism; but it suggested itself, and as no flattery can soothe, so no censure can wound, "the dull, cold ear of death."

Of course we saw all the sights of the Abbey in a hurried way, yet with such a guide and expositor as Archdeacon Farrar our two hours' visit was worth a whole day with an indiscriminating verger, who recites his lesson by rote, and takes the life out of the little mob that follows him round by emphasizing the details of his lesson, until "Patience on a monument" seems to the sufferer, who knows what he wants and what he does not want, the nearest emblem of himself he can think of. Amidst all the imposing recollections of the ancient edifice, one impressed me in the inverse ratio of its importance. The Archdeacon pointed out the little holes in the stones, in one place, where the boys of the choir used to play marbles, before America was discovered, probably, — centuries before, it may be. It is a strangely impressive glimpse of a living past, like the *graffiti* of Pompeii. I find it is often the accident rather than the essential which fixes my attention and takes hold of my memory. This is a tendency of which I suppose I ought to be ashamed, if we have any right to be ashamed of those idiosyncrasies which are ordered for us. It is the same tendency which often leads us to prefer the picturesque to the beautiful. Mr. Gilpin liked the donkey in a forest landscape better than the horse. A touch of imperfection interferes with the beauty of an object and lowers its level to that of the picturesque. The accident of the holes in the stone of the noble building, for the boys to play marbles with, makes me a boy again and at home with them, after looking with awe upon the statue of Newton, and turning with a shudder from the ghastly monument of Mrs. Nightingale.

What a life must be that of one whose years are passed chiefly in and about

the great Abbey! Nowhere does Macbeth's expression "dusty death" seem so true to all around us. The dust of those who have been lying century after century below the marbles piled over them, — the dust on the monuments they lie beneath; the dust on the memories those monuments were raised to keep living in the recollection of posterity, — dust, dust, dust, everywhere, and we ourselves but shapes of breathing dust moving amidst these objects and remembrances! Come away! The good Archdeacon of the "Eternal Hope" has asked us to take a cup of tea with him. The tea-cup will be a cheerful substitute for the funeral urn, and a freshly made infusion of the fragrant leaf is one of the best things in the world to lay the dust of sad reflections.

It is a somewhat fatiguing pleasure to go through the Abbey, in spite of the intense interest no one can help feeling. But my day had but just begun when the two hours we had devoted to the visit were over. At a quarter before eight, my friend Mr. Frederick Locker called for me to go to a dinner at the Literary Club. I was particularly pleased to dine with this association, as it reminded me of our own Saturday Club, which sometimes goes by the same name as the London one. They complimented me with a toast, and I made some kind of a reply. As I never went prepared with a speech for any such occasion, I take it for granted that I thanked the company in a way that showed my gratitude rather than my eloquence. And now, the dinner being over, my day was fairly begun.

This was to be a memorable date in the record of the year, one long to be remembered in the political history of Great Britain. For on this day, the 7th of June, Mr. Gladstone was to make his great speech on the Irish question, and the division of the House on the Government of Ireland Bill was to take place. The whole country, to the corners of its

remotest colony, was looking forward to the results of this evening's meeting of Parliament. The kindness of the Speaker had furnished me with a ticket, entitling me to a place among the "distinguished guests," which I presented without modestly questioning my right to the title.

The pressure for entrance that evening was very great, and I, coming after my dinner with the Literary Club, was late upon the ground. The places for "distinguished guests" were already filled. But all England was in a conspiracy to do everything possible to make my visit agreeable. I did not take up a great deal of room, — I might be put into a seat with the ambassadors and foreign ministers. And among them I was presently installed. It was now between ten and eleven o'clock, as nearly as I recollect. The house had been in session since four o'clock. A gentleman was speaking, who was, as my unknown next neighbor told me, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a leading member, as we all know, of the opposition. When he sat down there was a hush of expectation, and presently Mr. Gladstone rose to his feet. A great burst of applause welcomed him, lasting more than a minute. His clean-cut features, his furrowed cheeks, his scanty and whitened hair, his well-shaped but not extraordinary head, all familiarized by innumerable portraits and emphasized in hundreds of caricatures, revealed him at once to every spectator. His great speech has been universally read, and I need only speak of the way in which it was delivered. His manner was forcible rather than impassioned or eloquent; his voice was clear enough, but must have troubled him somewhat, for he had a small bottle, from which he poured something into a glass from time to time and swallowed a little, yet I heard him very well for the most part. In the last portion of his speech he became animated and inspiring, and his closing

words were uttered with an impressive solemnity: "Think, I beseech you, think well, think wisely, think not for a moment, but for the years that are to come, before you reject this bill."

After the burst of applause which followed the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's speech, the House proceeded to the division on the question of passing the bill to a second reading. While the counting of the votes was going on there was the most intense excitement. A rumor ran round the House at one moment that the vote was going in favor of the second reading. It soon became evident that this was not the case, and presently the result was announced, giving a majority of thirty against the bill, and practically overthrowing the liberal administration. Then arose a tumult of applause from the conservatives and a wild confusion, in the midst of which an Irish member shouted "Three cheers for the Grand Old Man!" which were lustily given, with waving of hats and all but Donnybrook manifestations of enthusiasm.

I forgot to mention that I had a very advantageous seat among the diplomatic gentlemen, and was felicitating myself on occupying one of the best positions in the House, when an usher politely informed me that the Russian Ambassador, in whose place I was sitting, had arrived, and that I must submit to the fate of eviction. Fortunately, there were some steps close by, on one of which I found a seat almost as good as the one I had just left.

It was now two o'clock in the morning, and I had to walk home, not a vehicle being attainable. I did not know my way to my headquarters, and I had no friend to go with me, but I fastened on a stray gentleman, who proved to be an ex-member of the House, and accompanied me to 17 Dover Street, where I sought my bed with a satisfying sense of having done a good day's work and having been well paid for it.

GENERAL McCLELLAN.¹

In the biographical sketch of General McClellan which is contributed by Mr. William C. Prime, we are informed that the general wrote this narrative not for the public, but solely for the information of his children; that "he did not labor at it continuously, with intent to produce a book, but wrote as the humor seized him." Any one carefully reading the story would, we think, be likely to frame some such conjecture as its genesis. It is an easy, flowing narrative, not logically or even chronologically arranged, with few precise statements of the questions in regard to which there has been so much contention, and very little, if any, useful discussion of the points when they happen to be reached in the course of the story. There is not the slightest effort to write from any other than McClellan's own standpoint. Never was there a controversial work in which the other side was more calmly ignored. There is in McClellan's mind, evidently, no room for the exercise of such a virtue as impartiality in dealing with such fools and knaves as the members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet in 1861 and 1862. He has no doubt whatever that he was the divinely appointed man by whom the country was to be saved. His egotism is simply colossal. — there is no other word for it. And all is said with such an utter unconsciousness of there being anything absurd in his assuming for himself such a unique position that the book must rank as one of the most characteristic autobiographies ever written.

Besides the narrative, we have copious extracts from McClellan's letters to his wife, and surely nothing that has ever been given to the public has dis-

closed a man's real character more fully and frankly than these letters disclose that of General McClellan. They have all the peculiarities of the autobiography, only they possess the flavor of the time, and are much more pointed in diction. They show us a highly emotional man, extremely fond of his family and of domestic life, — a man, too, of quick and warm religious feelings. They show us a man who likes to have everybody around him believe in him, who loves his soldiers for their manifest confidence in him, who has the strongest dislike of all criticism and of all supervision, who has an almost puerile impatience to escape from the neighborhood of Washington to the distant camps on the Peninsula, where the cheers of the troops should replace the cold and somewhat skeptical talk of the drawing-rooms and lobbies of the capital.

In fact, McClellan is seen to live very much in a world of his own making. His imagination creates a great part of the circumstances which appear to surround him. In his mind the Confederates are always seeking to devour him; they are pressing him in on every side. Were it not for his wise counsel and strong arm, the country would be lost. The problem with him is not so much how can the rebellion be put down, as how can the country be saved. His enemies invariably outnumber him, sometimes two to one. Twice he saves the capital. Once he saves Maryland and Pennsylvania also. No one, in his judgment, but himself could have brought order out of the confusion which reigned after the first Bull Run. Under no other commander than himself, in his own opinion, would the Army of the Po-

¹ *McClellan's Own Story*. The War for the Union: the soldiers who fought it; the civilians who directed it; and his relations to it and

to them. By GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, late Major-General commanding the Armies. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1887.

tomac have marched to drive the enemy out of Maryland after the second Bull Run. It is needless to expose the futility of such assumptions. Their truth is contradicted by the behavior of the army on many a bloody and disastrous field, long after McClellan had been retired from command. Yet McClellan seems to cherish these and the like opinions as if there could be no controversy as to their correctness.

It is not from the narrative of such a man as this that one can expect to learn the facts, and in truth there is no serious attempt to give them. There are, so far as we have seen, absolutely no corrections of the many errors with which his report, large portions of which, with the accompanying dispatches, are incorporated into his narrative, abounds. We are not told that the enemy did not, in fact, as McClellan thought and said at the time, outnumber our army during the seven days' battles. We are still allowed to believe that they were "largely superior to us in number" at the battle of Antietam. Both these estimates were known in 1881, when McClellan began the writing of this book, to be grossly incorrect; but inasmuch as to change them would involve a restatement of his case against the administration, McClellan has chosen to let the original and erroneous statements stand.

We have said above that McClellan was greatly influenced by his imagination and feelings. Nothing can better illustrate this than his neglect to obtain explicit assurances from the Navy Department and from the naval officers on duty at Fortress Monroe in regard to the co-operation of the navy in the reduction of Yorktown and Gloucester. He had, early in the winter, set his heart upon operating by the way of the lower Chesapeake upon Richmond. All the opposition to this plan manifested by the President and

cabinet only served to make him more determined, more bound to have his own way. It was an essential feature of this plan that there should "be a combined naval and land attack upon Yorktown." "The navy should at once concentrate upon the York River all their available and most powerful batteries;¹ its reduction should not, in that case, require many hours." We pause an instant to remark that it is evident from this statement that McClellan could not have been aware, when he wrote it, that the works at Yorktown were at a height of some seventy or eighty feet above the river. Had he known this, — and he surely ought to have known it, — he could not have supposed for a moment that the place could be taken by the fleet. But not only did he know nothing about the strength of the place against which it was, to use his own language,² "absolutely necessary, for the prompt success of the campaign, that the navy should at once throw its whole available force," but when he wrote this letter the *Merrimac* had made her appearance, had destroyed the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*, and nothing but the *Monitor* could be relied upon to give her battle. Letters passed between McClellan and the Navy Department upon this subject. All that was promised, so the naval men said, was that the *Merrimac* should not be allowed to go up York River. It was stated explicitly to General McClellan, so they always maintained, that to watch the *Merrimac* would require the main portion of the fleet, and that no naval force could be detached to attack the batteries at Yorktown. In his Report,³ McClellan denied these statements, and said that he discovered this to be the case only after his arrival at Yorktown; "that it was contrary to what had been previously told" him, "and materially affected" his "plans." This accusation is repeated

¹ Letter to Stanton, March 19, 1862. Report, N. Y. ed., page 133.

² Report, N. Y. ed., page 134.

³ Report, N. Y. ed., page 156.

on pages 254 and 264 of the book before us.

But Mr. Prime has unearthed from McClellan's papers a letter to him from General Barnard, the chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, who was sent to the Peninsula, before the army was embarked, on purpose to make arrangements with the navy. This letter, which, so far as we know, has never before been published, is dated "Steamship Minnesota [then in Hampton Roads], March 20, 1862." From it we make the following extracts (pages 246, 247) : —

"He [Commodore Goldsborough] says he is responsible to the country for keeping down the Merrimac, and has perfect confidence that he can do it, but cannot spare from here anything except the following : —

"Victoria — two eight-inch guns and one thirty-two-pound Parrott.

"Anacostia, Freeborn, Island Belle — Potomac fleet.

"Octoroon — not yet arrived ; Fox calls her a regular gunboat of four guns.

"Currituck — merchant steamer, like the Potomac gunboats, I suppose.

"Daylight — merchant steamer, like the Potomac gunboats, I suppose ; and two regular gunboats — the Chocorua, not yet arrived, and the Penobscot, here ; these two carrying each two eleven-inch guns.

"*He says he can't furnish vessels to attack Yorktown simultaneously,*¹ but he thinks what you propose is easily done ; that the vessels he mentions are fully adequate to cover a landing, and that, with a landing and an advance from here, Yorktown will fall."

Here, then, we have the naval officer in command at Hampton Roads distinctly telling the chief engineer of McClellan's army that the main business of the navy is to "keep down" the Merrimac ; that consequently he can spare but very few vessels even for the pur-

pose of covering the landing of McClellan's army on the Peninsula ; and that he certainly cannot furnish ships with which to attack the forts. Nothing could be more explicit, more definite, more directly calculated to destroy any hope that McClellan might previously have entertained of the active coöperation of the navy in the reduction of Yorktown and Gloucester.

This letter of General Barnard's must have reached McClellan ten days before he started for the Peninsula. What explanation, then, can be given of his statements before referred to ?

It is not easy, it must be confessed, to frame any explanation or justification of them. The excuse of forgetfulness will hardly answer, for Barnard's letter treated of a matter of prime and vital importance. What we believe about it is this : there are men so peculiarly constituted that when they have once set their hearts on any project, they cannot bear to consider the facts that militate against their carrying it out ; they are impatient and intolerant of them ; such facts either completely fall out of their minds, so to speak, as if they had never been heard of, or, if they subsequently make themselves felt, they seem to men of this temper to have assumed an inimical aspect, and, what is worse, inasmuch as it is impossible for any man to get angry with facts, such men instinctively fix upon certain individuals, whom they associate in some way, more or less remote, with these unwelcome facts, and whom they always accuse, in their own thought, at least, of hostility or deception. Such a mind we conceive to have been that of General McClellan. Accordingly, we find him, in spite of the explicit refusal of the navy to aid in the reduction of Yorktown conveyed to him in General Barnard's letter, quietly ignoring the situation, and proceeding to the Peninsula as if the needed coöperation had been promised, and, finally, in his Report and Autobiography practically accusing

¹ The italics are ours.

Commodore Goldsborough of having deceived him, of having encouraged him to transport his army to the Peninsula by promises which he afterwards refused to perform, — an accusation for which, as we have seen, there is not a shadow of justification.

In connection with this subject, it is interesting to note what McClellan says touching his expectations of using the James River as a line of supply, after the Merrimac had made her appearance. He tells us in his Report¹ that “the appearance of the Merrimac off Old Point Comfort and the encounter with the United States squadron on the 8th of March threatened serious derangement of the plan for the Peninsular movement. But the engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac on the 9th of March demonstrated so satisfactorily the power of the former, and the other naval preparations were so extensive and formidable, that the security of Fortress Monroe as a base of operations was placed beyond a doubt; and *although the James River was closed to us,*”² the York River, with its tributaries, was still open as a line of water communication with the fortress. The general plan therefore remained undisturbed, *although less promising in its details than when the James River was in our control.*”²

Here is a distinct admission that when he determined on the movement to the Peninsula, McClellan knew that the James River would not be open to him. What, then, can we make of the following statement in the Autobiography (page 264)? “This, then, was the situation in which I found myself on the evening of April 5: Flag officer Goldsborough had informed me that it was not in his power to control the navigation of the James River so as to enable me to use it as a line of supply, or to cross it, or even to cover my left flank; nor could he, as he thought, furnish any

vessels to attack the batteries of Yorktown, etc. I was *thus deprived of the coöperation of the navy, and left to my own resources.*”² And to a similar statement made in his Report (page 156) he adds: “*All this was contrary to what had been previously stated to me.*”²

What can be said in explanation or excuse of such contradictory statements? One thing certainly may be said, and that is this: that McClellan's Own Story is assuredly not the narrative of a clear-headed, or careful, or candid writer. It is perfectly plain that in regard to the closing of the James River, as in regard to the inability of the navy to attack the forts at Yorktown, McClellan was abundantly informed long before he embarked for the Peninsula. He had definite information on both points. But to this information he gave little or no heed. Notwithstanding it he determined to go. Careful as he usually was of his army, cautious as he certainly was as a rule in his operations, he was so bent on this his favorite project that he persisted in it even when he knew that the coöperation of the navy in the manner and to the extent desired could not be had. And he tells his story in such a way as to imply that the authorities of the navy had deceived him into going to the Peninsula by representing that they could keep the James River open and attack the forts, when in truth they could do neither, as they informed him soon after his arrival. He claims our sympathy for the failure of the navy to coöperate effectually with him. His imagination has so warped his mind that he cannot think of his plan except as being feasible; the facts, of which he was well aware before he attempted to put it in execution, are to his mind not so much facts as objections raised by hostile and jealous opponents or half-hearted supporters. Instead, therefore, of a manly, clear, and unhesitating ac-

¹ Report, N. Y. ed., page 118.

² The italics are ours.

ceptance of facts, as of things which it is absolutely impossible to evade or to ignore, we have first a period of self-deception in regard to them, followed by what seems very like a disingenuous attempt to fasten upon others the blame of failures for which his own improvidence and obstinacy were solely responsible.

Enough has been said to show how little trust is to be reposed in this narrative. And were our examination of the book limited to its value as throwing light on General McClellan's character and capacity, we would gladly drop the further consideration of his wrongs, and his claims for sympathy, and his insinuations against others, and proceed at once to the more welcome task of pointing out his services and his merits. But we cannot quite yet do this. His accusations against the members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet are so fierce, so bitter, that they demand some investigation.

Stated in a few words, McClellan's main indictment against the administration consists in the charge that it deprived him of McDowell's corps when he moved to the Peninsula. Two out of the four divisions of which the corps was composed were, it is true, afterwards sent him, one following the other, but the remainder, though sometimes promised, never came. The corps was to have gone to the Peninsula with the others; but after McClellan had gone, it was found that, instead of the forty or fifty thousand men whom he had been ordered to leave for the garrison of Washington, he had left considerably less than twenty thousand men.

We did hope, before we took up the Autobiography, to find in it some clear statement of McClellan's own notion of the way in which he had complied with the President's order to "leave Washington entirely secure," but we were disappointed. The whole treatment of the subject is fragmentary and inconclusive.

But that is not all. McClellan writes as if the whole subject of the numbers and disposition of the troops to be left for the defense of Washington had been put in his control, to be decided according to his best judgment, and he says that the force which he left was, "under the circumstances of the case" (page 241), sufficient, and that "the quality of the troops [they were mostly raw regiments] was amply good for the purposes in view." The truth was that the subject was no longer under McClellan's control; it had been referred, by the President's orders, to the decision of the commander of the army and of his corps commanders, and had been passed upon. A majority of the corps commanders had insisted on a full garrison for the forts on the right bank of the Potomac, and that those on the other bank should be occupied, and that there should be, besides, a covering force of twenty-five thousand men in front of the Virginia line. To this decision McClellan himself had assented. Now, Banks having been called off into the Valley with a force of thirty-five thousand men by the appearance of Stonewall Jackson, it was no longer possible to furnish the required number for the defense of Washington, and still carry the four corps to the Peninsula. There were not men enough. Nevertheless, the defense of Washington was the principal thing, in all McClellan's orders. It was only "the remainder" of the army which he was authorized by the President to take to the Peninsula. McClellan was in the position of an executor whom the will directs to pay certain definite pecuniary legacies, and whom the will also constitutes the residuary legatee. What he is entitled to is, of course, only what is left after the legacies are paid. If, now, we conceive of such an executor framing in his own mind an idea that he was certain to get such or such a sum of money, as residuary legatee under that will, and undertaking to cut down the pecuniary

legacies, because, on settling up the estate, he finds he cannot pay them in full, and yet retain for himself the sum on which his imagination has become fixed, we may obtain a pretty accurate notion of the way in which General McClellan viewed his orders and performed his duties in the early spring of 1862.

Of all this there was probably a latent consciousness in McClellan's mind. Accordingly, we do not find him carefully arranging with the authorities as to the troops that were to be left in and about Washington, in compliance with the instructions of the President. On the contrary, he does not deign to give them any information on the subject until he is on board the steamer and ready to start for the Peninsula. Then, and then only, does he tell the Secretary of War what dispositions he has made. He unquestionably expected that these dispositions would be accepted, or at any rate would not be very carefully scrutinized until after he should have embarked his army, and that then a speedy and brilliant success in the field would forestall criticism. But he reckoned without his host. From the time the idea of removing the army entered his head he had entirely misconceived the nature of the objections to his plan entertained by the President and his advisers. These objections were fundamental, and they were sound. They were not aimed at McClellan personally, as he chose to imagine. They were founded on a just sense of the extreme importance to the country of preserving Washington; and on an intelligent and rational aversion to see the army, of which so great hopes were entertained, transported to a region where its only means of communication with its sources of supply must necessarily be by sea, the control of which by the United States navy was, since the appearance of the *Merrimac*, by no means an assured thing. But of the weight to which these considerations

were rightfully entitled McClellan took no account whatever. To his mind objections to any plan of his could only spring from ignorance or malevolence.

Here we pause a moment to direct attention to one of McClellan's most marked deficiencies. He seems, from the beginning to the end of his military career, to have been well-nigh incapable of dealing with the civil authorities in any reasonable fashion. Their lack of acquaintance with the art of war, their impatience at the delay which the imperfect state of organization and drill of his army and the condition of the roads in a Virginia winter rendered necessary, — for all which he, as a man of the world, ought to have been prepared, and ought to have been ready and cheerfully willing to meet and put up with, if he could not succeed in overcoming them by argument and instruction, — he mistook either for fatuous stupidity or for malicious obstructiveness. Hence, to all suggestions or remonstrances he replied with resentment mingled with contempt. Never did a man so willfully and insanely throw away his chances of success. Had he been a competent man of affairs, he would have known that no conjectural advantages presented by the Peninsular route over the overland route could possibly make up for losing the confidence of the administration. Had it not been for his incredible conceit, he would have found in the President and his cabinet men who, however unfamiliar they might be with the learning pertaining to the profession of arms, were yet clear-headed, sensible, patriotic men, who would gladly have learned from him what they needed to know, and would have steadily stood by him in defeat or victory. But McClellan was so eaten up with egotism that he despised all criticism and hated all semblance of opposition; he was, moreover, so blind to the real truth of the situation that he thought that he could, by putting off all explanations until the army had gone,

escape the mortification of having to renounce his favorite plan.

Here, however, he was mistaken. Instead of changing their views about the indispensableness of maintaining a large force in and about Washington, the administration, on learning from Wadsworth of the paltry array on which the capital must now depend for protection, detained McDowell's corps. And although one may think that, all things considered, it would have been wiser to have overlooked McClellan's disregard of his positive instructions, and allowed McDowell to go to him, yet it is really too clear for argument that McClellan himself had no ground of complaint. He had disobeyed his orders, and for the predicament in which he now found himself he had only himself to blame.

It does not require an exceptional insight into human nature to guess the state of McClellan's mind and feelings at this juncture. Of course, it needs not to be said, he took no part of the responsibility to himself. In his mind, Mr. Lincoln had promised to him the four corps, whatever might happen to Washington; the navy had agreed to keep open the James River and to attack the batteries of Yorktown and Gloucester, whatever the Merrimac might undertake to do; and here he was, without any fault of his own, boxed up, so to speak, on a little tongue of exceedingly marshy land, surrounded on three sides by the sea and the rivers, with a very powerful adversary, very strongly entrenched, in front, and he unable, for want of the expected coöperation of McDowell's corps and the navy, to turn the enemy's positions and advance towards his goal. He thus writes to his wife (April 6th): "While listening this P. M. to the sound of the guns, I received an order detaching McDowell's corps from my command. It is the most infamous thing that history has recorded." (April 8th.) "I have raised an awful row about

McDowell's corps. The President very coolly telegraphed me yesterday that he thought I had better break the enemy's lines at once. I was much tempted to reply that he had better come and do it himself." (April 11th.) "Don't worry about the wretches [the administration]; they have done nearly their worst, and can't do much more. I am sure that I will win in the end, in spite of all their rascality. History will present a sad record of these traitors, who are willing to sacrifice the country and its army for personal spite and personal aims." (April 21st.) "Had a letter yesterday from Francis B. Cutting, of New York, hoping that I would not allow these treacherous hounds to drive me from my path." (May 3d.) "I feel that the fate of a nation depends upon me, and I feel that I have not one single friend at the seat of government."

In this unhealthy frame of mind McClellan seems to have remained all through the Peninsula campaign. Sometimes his mood is the heroic one, as where he writes to the President on May 21st: "I believe that there is a great struggle before this army, but I am neither dismayed nor discouraged;"¹ or closes his gratuitous letter of advice, on July 7th, to Mr. Lincoln, on the question of slavery, by the impressive words, "I may be on the brink of eternity, and as I hope for forgiveness from my Maker, I have written this letter with sincerity towards you and from love for my country."² Sometimes his resentment for his supposed injuries goes beyond all bounds, as where he writes, on June 28th, to Stanton (page 425): "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you, or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." So elsewhere (page 449), he tells his wife that he fears that "those people" "have done all that cowardice and folly can do to ruin our poor country."

¹ Report, N. Y. ed., page 198.

² Report, N. Y. ed., page, 282.

On the other hand, he never loses sight of his own importance. On July 18th (page 450), he writes this to his wife: "If they supersede me in the command of the Army of the Potomac, I will resign my commission at once. . . . I owe no gratitude to any but my own soldiers here; none to the government or to the country. *I have done my best for the country; I expect nothing in return; they are my debtors, not I theirs.*"¹ So again (page 453): "I have had enough of earthly honors and place. I believe I can give up all and retire to privacy once more, a better man than when we gave up our dear little home, with wild ideas of serving the country. *I feel that I have paid her all that I owe her.* I am sick and weary of this business. I am tired of serving fools. *God help my country! He alone can save it.*"¹

This from the pen of a man thirty-six years old, who had commanded an army just one year. With such inordinate ideas of his own importance, and such incredible contempt for and animosity towards the men who composed the administration, did McClellan close his first campaign. From first to last, from the day when he set his foot in the mud before Yorktown to the day when he left Harrison's Landing, we look in vain for any evidence of that calm, resolute, cheerful courage, which if a man possess not, the army is not the career for him. As for his wretched talk about his having overpaid his debt to his country, we cannot trust ourselves to speak of it at all. To take such an attitude as this shows a man's views of duty to be fundamentally unsound.

Observe, again, the extraordinary tone which he assumed in writing to Mr. Stanton in regard to the proposed coöperation of McDowell's force. He had gathered, from some expressions in the dispatches sent to him, that McDowell was to hold an independent command even after the

junction of his corps with the Army of the Potomac. Such an arrangement was extremely distasteful to McClellan, and he was certainly quite right in thinking that it would work badly. But surely nothing can justify his sending to the secretary such an *ultimatum* as this (page 389): "If I cannot fully control all his troops, I want none of them, but would prefer to fight the battle with what I have, and let others be responsible for the results." This is to make a mere personal matter of the whole business. However unfortunate may be the consequence of not sending McDowell to join the main army, McClellan says he prefers that course rather than that he should not "fully control" all McDowell's troops, if they do come. Nothing could show more clearly the state of moral confusion into which McClellan's mind had fallen. Any really clear-headed man sees at once that if McClellan thought that McDowell's joining him, even although retaining the separate command of his troops, was likely to be of benefit to the cause, it was McClellan's plain duty to urge that McDowell should be sent. He might remonstrate, and he ought to remonstrate, against McDowell's retaining any such separate command, as an arrangement certain to interfere more or less with the success of the operations; but unless he was of opinion that it would do more harm than good for a distinct corps, under its own independent commander, to reinforce the Army of the Potomac, he had no right to say, as he did, that in such a case he would rather McDowell should not come.

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of the peculiar working of McClellan's mind is his letter of advice to Mr. Lincoln, written from Harrison's Landing on the 7th of July, only a very few days after the close of the seven days' battles. On the 18th of June, while he was yet on the Chickahominy, McClellan had asked permission to lay

¹ The italics are ours.

before the President his "views as to the present state of military affairs throughout the whole country."¹ To this request, which no doubt struck the President as a rather remarkable one, Mr. Lincoln replied, *more suo*, that "if it would not divert too much of" his (McClellan's) "time and attention from the army under" his "immediate command," he would be glad to have the views laid before him.¹ Taking this permission in its widest sense, McClellan wrote his famous letter from Harrison's Landing (page 487).

No description can do justice to this performance. Here is a man, with no special means of knowledge, with no political experience, undertaking gravely to urge the government "to determine upon a civil and military policy covering the whole ground of our national trouble." This policy he proceeds to lay down and define. It is, we need hardly say, a strictly conservative policy. The only important part of the letter is that opposing in the strongest terms the "forcible abolition of slavery." Unless the government take the right ground on this subject, "the effort to obtain the requisite forces will be almost hopeless. A declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, would rapidly disintegrate our present armies." The importance which McClellan attached to these opinions, which were in much less than a year to be proved utterly and preposterously unsound, is shown by the high-strung tone of this epistle. He commences with representing "the rebel army in the front, with the purpose of overwhelming us by attacking our positions, or reducing us by blocking our river communications." It is evidently a case of the lambs among the wolves, in McClellan's eyes. Gordon in Khar-toum could not be much more exposed to destruction. He closes by saying that he may himself be "on the brink of eternity," and that he has written

with all sincerity towards the President and love for his country.

Now we are perfectly willing to concede to Mr. Prime that this was not a political document. It may very likely not have been intended for political effect. But it certainly shows a man whose mind is heated and excited to an unnatural degree by dwelling on matters which are none of his business. Who was General McClellan that he should volunteer his advice to the President of the United States? Would even he, with all his egotism, have ventured on such a step as this on the 7th of July, 1861? What had happened during the year to make him a political oracle? Another thing is shown with painful distinctness,—the very superficial knowledge which McClellan had of the motives and the intentions of the masses of the Northern people, in whose minds the preservation or the destruction of slavery was always, as it was in the mind of Mr. Lincoln himself, a secondary question, which they were quite willing to leave to the decision of the constituted authorities of the country. Whether the President ought to have retained at the head of the army an officer who had thus notified him that, in the event of a certain attitude being taken by the government on the slavery question, his army would probably be "disintegrated" is a question on which much might be said. All we need to remark here is that there have been Presidents of the United States to whom it would not have been wise to write such a letter as this.

We have seen that McClellan insisted on going to the Peninsula, although the appearance and exploits of the Merrimac had closed the James River. But on the 12th of May, a few days only after the evacuation of Yorktown, the Merrimac was destroyed by the Confederates themselves, and the James was open as far as Drury's Bluff. The question has often been asked why McClellan did

¹ Report, N. Y. ed., page 233.

not then use the James as his line of supply, instead of the York and Pamunkey. He tells us himself that this was what he would have done had McDowell's corps been sent to him by water, and he has no hesitation in expressing not only his decided preference for the James River route, but his opinion (page 346) that the failure of the campaign was due to his being obliged to take up a position on both sides of the Chickahominy, with his line of supply from the White House, on the Pamunkey, very imperfectly covered. He tells us that his adoption of the York and Pamunkey line instead of the James River line was due to the order of the 18th of May, in which he was informed that McDowell was to move towards Richmond to join him. And it may well be conceded that until McDowell was ordered off to the Shenandoah Valley to intercept Jackson, the order of the 18th did require McClellan's army to be on the Chickahominy. But on May 24th he is told that McDowell's movement is suspended, and he admits (page 351) that he could not expect McDowell to join him "in time to participate in immediate operations in front of Richmond." Why, then, it may pertinently be asked, did he not at once cross the Peninsula and establish his base on the James River? As yet, he had not entangled his army in the swamps of the Chickahominy. It was then a week before the battle of Fair Oaks. On the James his supplies would be furnished more easily, and his access to the neighborhood of Richmond would be unobstructed by swamps or rivers. Then there was the opportunity of crossing the James and seizing Petersburg, which he says himself (page 343) he was sure he could have done. Finally, the enemy were known to be divided; Jackson was in the Valley. That the James River was the "true line of operations" McClellan says he was always of opinion. Why, then, did he not adopt it in the last week in May?

The reason he gives us (page 364) is that the order of May 18th for the co-operation of McDowell was only suspended, not revoked, and that therefore he could not abandon the northern approach and his communications with West Point. We cannot accept this reason as the true one. After the dispatch of the 24th of May, in which McClellan was informed that McDowell was ordered away in chase of Jackson, had been received, it seems to us that McClellan was free to adopt the line of the James, if he saw fit so to do. At any rate, it is very certain that had he desired to do so, and been in doubt as to the wishes of the government, he might have asked the question whether the order of the 18th was to be considered as in any sense obligatory, now that McDowell had been sent off. But he never asked the question. Had he really seen at the time the weakness of his position athwart the Chickahominy and the superior advantages of operating from a base on the James, as he would now have us believe that he then did, he would have gone to the James the moment he heard that McDowell's promised coöperation had been indefinitely suspended. At the least, he would have applied for leave to do so. He did neither. And with his usual unwillingness to accept any blame for his own conduct, he most unfairly lays upon the Secretary of War the entire responsibility of retaining the army on the Chickahominy from the 18th of May till the 28th of June (page 481).

We have said all that we care to say regarding McClellan's claim, or assumption, rather, that no one but himself could have led the army after the close of the unfortunate campaign of General Pope. We have read with care his account of the battle of Antietam. There is nothing to be learned from it. He does not explain to our comprehension why the battle was not fought the day before. His troops were all up; that

is, all, or nearly all, of those who fought on the 17th. He does not discuss the question of the relative numbers of the armies in the battle, but he does say that we were largely outnumbered, which we now know was not the case. He tells us why he did not renew the battle on the 18th in language very characteristic of the man (page 618): "I am aware of the fact that, under ordinary circumstances, a general is expected to risk a battle if he has a reasonable prospect of success; but at this critical juncture I should have had a narrow view of the condition of the country, had I been willing to hazard another battle with less than an absolute assurance of success. At that moment, Virginia lost, Washington menaced, Maryland invaded, the national cause could afford no risks of defeat. One battle lost, and almost all would have been lost. Lee's army might then have marched as it pleased, on Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York. It could have levied its supplies from a fertile and undevastated country; extorted tribute from wealthy and populous cities; and nowhere east of the Alleghanies was there another organized force able to arrest its march." In this piling Pelion upon Ossa, McClellan has no rival among military writers.

His letters during the campaign are certainly among the curiosities of military literature. The day after the action at South Mountain, he says (page 612):—

"September 15th, Monday, 9.30 A. M. Just sent you a telegram informing you that we yesterday gained a glorious and complete victory; every moment adds to its importance. I am pushing everything after them with the greatest rapidity, and expect to gain great results. I thank God most humbly for his great mercy. How glad I am for my country, that it is delivered from immediate peril! . . . If I can believe one tenth of what is reported. *God has seldom*

*given an army a greater victory than this."*¹

South Mountain was unquestionably a brilliant affair and a complete success, but there have been greater victories even than South Mountain. The next day he has "no doubt delivered Pennsylvania and Maryland." The day after Antietam he writes, "Those in whose judgment I rely tell me that I fought the battle splendidly, and that it was a masterpiece of art." On the 20th he writes, "Our victory was complete, and the disorganized rebel army has rapidly returned to Virginia, its dreams of 'invading Pennsylvania' dissipated forever. I feel some little pride in having, with a beaten and demoralized army, defeated Lee so utterly and saved the North so completely. Well, one of these days history will, I trust, do me justice in deciding that it was not my fault that the campaign of the Peninsula was not successful. . . . Since I left Washington, Stanton has again asserted that *I*, not Pope, lost the battle of Manassas No. 2! . . . I am tired of fighting against such disadvantages, and feel that it is now time for the country to come to my help and remove these difficulties from my path. If my countrymen will not open their eyes and assist themselves, they must pardon me if I decline longer to pursue the thankless avocation of serving them." And again, "*I feel that I have done all that can be asked in twice saving the country.*"¹ If I continue in its service, I have at least the right to demand a guarantee that I shall not be interfered with." To the same effect on the 22d: "I have the satisfaction of knowing that God has, in his mercy, a second time made me the instrument for saving the nation, and am content with the honor that has fallen to my lot. I have seen enough of public life. No motive of ambition can now retain me in the service. The only thing that *can* keep me there will be the

¹ The italics are ours.

conviction that my country needs my services, and that circumstances make it necessary for me to render them. I am confident that the poison still rankles in the veins of my enemies at Washington, and that so long as they live it will remain there. . . . I have received no papers containing the news of the last battle, and do not know the effect it has produced on the Northern mind. I trust it has been a good one, and that I am reestablished in the confidence of the best people of the nation."

All these letters show McClellan's mind to have been in anything but a healthy condition. They reveal to us a man exalted with an insufferable egotism, viewing things all out of their due proportion, cherishing the most bitter resentments, never dreaming of imputing to himself any blame whatsoever, in a state of hopeless moral confusion, and practicing all sorts of deceptions on his own mind. For in the bottom of his soul General McClellan knew that Antietam was not "a masterpiece of art," that the Army of the Potomac was not a "demoralized" army, and that Lee was not "utterly defeated," still less "disorganized." But he always, as we before remarked, lived to a great degree in a world of his own, created by his own imagination.

After the battle of Antietam, McClellan deemed it necessary, or at least advisable, to refit and reorganize his army. He was very deficient in cavalry. The troops were short of clothing and of some other supplies. Hence he posted his army in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, and refused to follow the enemy into Virginia. Orders had no effect upon him whatever. He thought the army needed this rest and these supplies, and he now felt himself to be strong enough to have his own way, and to disregard the orders of the President, and the Secretary, and General Halleck. In his appreciation of the needs of the army he may have been right. Very

likely he was. But we have never believed, and we do not believe now, that it was an honest difference of opinion about these questions, and the like, that induced the administration to remove General McClellan from the command of the army. It was, in our judgment, the impossibility of establishing with him any intelligible relations. His attitude was so heroic, so flighty, so unpractical, so sentimental, so insubordinate, that the authorities despaired of ever coming to any understanding with him. While Mr. Lincoln and his advisers took a cool and essentially correct view of the campaign of Antietam, regarding it as a moderate success over an enemy who had rashly exposed himself to destruction, and were anxiously expecting that some movement would be made before winter should set in, McClellan was apparently occupying himself, during the fine October weather, with riding over the field, and collecting information for the forthcoming report of his glorious victory. To all their urgent appeals McClellan turned a deaf ear. There is to be found in his dispatches and letters at this period that mixture of resentment and contempt which we noticed before, and to this was now added a new ingredient, that certainly did not make the cup more palatable, — an inordinate pride at having saved the country from the incapables who directed its destinies, and from the sword of a preponderant foe. Had it been a mere question of shoes and horses, of days or of weeks, McClellan would never have been relieved after Antietam. But it was not. It was found impossible to get on with a man like McClellan, to tolerate his pretensions, to accept his versions of facts. As for there ever having been any obstructions thrown in his way, all we can say is that McClellan utterly fails to give rise to a suspicion on this point; that is, in our judgment. A more preposterous and unfounded theory, in our opinion, was never broached.

Many as were McClellan's faults, however, it was inexcusable to supplant him by Burnside. Everybody who was in any degree behind the scenes knew of the miserable failure which Burnside had made at Antietam. Why he should have been selected to command the army, except that he happened to be next in rank to McClellan, no one could imagine at the time, and no one has ever learned since. What would have happened if McClellan had been continued in command it is perhaps useless to conjecture.

General McClellan undoubtedly had as comprehensive and correct a notion of what an army should be, to be really a well-organized and efficient military force, as any of our generals, and possibly he may have led them all in this regard. As an organizer, also, he was unquestionably one of our first men, although in this department he was probably equaled by Buell and Thomas. Nor should we forget the immense change for the better in the Army of the Potomac wrought by Hooker, in the winter succeeding the bloody defeat of Fredericksburg. But McClellan surpassed all our officers, except, possibly, Thomas and Sheridan, in the power of creating confidence and enthusiasm among the soldiers. The curious thing about McClellan's hold on his men was that it was acquired before the army had taken the field, while it was yet in the lines before Washington. And equally remarkable is the fact that it was not shaken by defeat and disaster. This enthusiasm, too, was contagious. In the Antietam campaign it was observed to affect troops who had not before served under him. The truth was that McClellan really loved his men; he was a man of a good deal of genuine sentiment; the position he occupied as head of the army, gaining it, as he did, at one bound, — as it were by the decree of destiny, — powerfully affected his imagination, and from the first he accepted

the rôle of the friend and protector of the soldiers, as well as that of the commander of the army. To officers who had risen from the command of regiments, or brigades, or even corps, little or nothing of this sort of thing was possible; they had been too near to the men. With most people, in fact, such a strong feeling could never have found a place in their minds, from sheer lack of sentiment. But no one can read McClellan's letters and doubt the existence of this affection on his part for his men, and his thorough appreciation and enjoyment of their attachment to and confidence in him. For the soldiers were not slow to recognize the fact that in McClellan they possessed a commander who imported into the ordinary formalities of official and military duty a certain pride in them, in their achievements, and in their virtues, a real solicitude for them, and a warm interest in their welfare and comfort, not to be found in any of the other officers of the army. To this solicitude and this interest they responded with all their hearts, and a personal relation was unquestionably established very early between McClellan and his soldiers that is almost, if not quite, unique in the history of war. It was, of course, an element of strength on our side so long as McClellan commanded the army, although he never used it on the field of battle. With him, war, in all its processes, was a mere matter of calculation, into which it was only mischievous to allow sentiment of any kind to enter. He thoroughly enjoyed this relation to his army, — it was, in fact, the only thing he did enjoy during his military life, — but he never made any such use of it as Stonewall Jackson, for instance, did of the hold which he had on his men.

Of McClellan's relations to the President and the members of the cabinet we have already spoken. But we may say here that enough and more than enough is disclosed in the volume before us to

account for McClellan's failure on purely personal grounds. It is, in our opinion, impossible for any one reading this book to believe that McClellan's political views had any perceptible influence on his fortunes. There is no need of luging in any such hypothesis. There is sufficient in the plain and undisputed facts to explain everything to the comprehension of any one who has seen much of the world. McClellan's sudden exaltation was more than he could bear; he considered himself a great man, — the appointed saviour of his country. To the natural and to-be-expected ignorance of military facts and military reasons which he met in Washington, he opposed the pride and self-sufficiency of a specialist, and of a specialist who was, it must be confessed, uncommonly young for his years. There was no one in the administration who could keep him within proper bounds. Lincoln's practical sense was embodied in the uncouth garb of rusticity, and all his wise considerateness and wholesome advice went for nothing. As for the others, their attitude received at McClellan's hands absolutely no toleration. He never even endeavored to put himself in their place, nor, probably, could he have done so,

had he tried. Hence arose inevitably a state of mutual suspicion and hostility, which continued to the time of his removal. All through this period both sides made mistakes, and serious ones. But the blame for the original falling out must rest with the general who attempted to evade his orders, and then threw upon others the responsibility he ought manfully to have shouldered himself. Lastly, let it be remembered that McClellan, as it was, had his fair share of the favors of fortune. No thanks to him, to be sure, but the James River was opened to him a week after he had taken Yorktown. For all that appears, he might have used that admirable line of operations, and escaped the unwholesome swamps of the Chickahominy and the forced change of base. No orders from the secretary obliged him to suffer the Fifth Corps to be overwhelmed by the main army of Lee at Gaines's Mill; and nothing in the world but his own slowness prevented his attacking Lee at Antietam the day before Jackson came up from Harper's Ferry. It is impossible to get up much sympathy for General McClellan. And we do not think that this book of his will raise him in the opinion of his countrymen.

SOME REMARKS ON SHELLEY'S LIFE.

It is impossible to review this Life¹ in an ordinary way. One turns the pages, and owns for the thousandth time the fascination of Shelley, from the first glimpse of the boy, pressing his face against the window-pane to kiss his sister, to the hot July afternoon when he made his last embarkation, and the summer storm swept the gleaming mountains from his sight; but no art trans-

mits the spell, and the story, clasped between those periods, must be left in its integrity. Bulky as these volumes are, they are only a condensed biography. Shelley lived in solitude, and died before he was thirty years old; but his career involved such variety of scenes, persons, and incidents, was so thick-strewn with interesting episodes, and contained so many perplexed passages, that

¹ *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By EDWARD DOWDEN, LL. D. Two vols. London:

Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1887.

it is a study by itself, and requires for its mastery converse with an extensive literature of its own. Dr. Dowden has reduced this Shelley library within the compass of a single work, and has brought forward at the same time fresh information from many manuscript sources; patient investigation, frankness, and scrupulous justice in stating all sides of those delicate and important matters in which *there is room for private judgment* could not be greater; and his labors have their reward in a universal recognition of the authority, the exhaustiveness, and the liberality of mind that characterize the biography as a whole, and make it final for all except students of its sources. But one ought not to leave such a work with a mere advertisement of its merits; the deserts of the author and the memory of Shelley require something more to be said; and therefore, although it were useless to attempt a critique, or to describe Shelley anew from this minute portrayal of him, day after day, some unstudied remarks upon his fortunes in life may be ventured upon.

Shall we incur the charge of being supercilious and aristocratic if we acknowledge at once having ended the narrative with a feeling that we had been in very disagreeable company? Assuredly no one can rise from the perusal with a heightened respect for human nature, apart from Shelley. He was born a gentleman; his innate courtesy clothes him with attractiveness, and distinguishes him among his associates, as a person of a different kind from them, in his actions and bearing; and the deference which Byron showed to him, it is not unlikely, sprang from a perception of this strain of breeding in him rather than from appreciation of his genius or his nature. In his earliest fellowship with school-friends, for whom he had a kindly regard at Eton and after they went down together to Oxford, though Hogg plainly obscures it, there is a gleam here and there of natural and

equal companionship; but this morning ray soon dies out. He was, afterwards, almost uniformly unfortunate in his acquaintances. His life was truly one long and sorrowful disillusion; and in it not the least part was the discovery of how he had been deceived in his judgment of persons.

Hogg was his first example. Shelley became familiar with him at Oxford, and, not content with having him for a bosom-friend, wished to make him his brother-in-law. At that time Shelley was in the first crude ferment of his intellectual life, eagerly absorbing the new knowledge which came to him from his indiscriminate reading, and disputing on all the usual topics with vehement and unwearied earnestness, insatiable curiosity, and the delight of a youth who has just made the discovery that he has a mind of his own. His thoughts and letters were mostly polemical; ideal elements of morality were growing up in him, and radical views of conduct getting a hold in his convictions. He was willful, precipitate, and heedless through inexperience; he was thrown the more upon himself, and given a violent turn toward rebellion, to which he was prone enough, by his expulsion from Oxford and the senseless attempt of his family to make him suppress his mental and moral life by denying his first dear conclusions. In this state, partly from adventure and restlessness, perhaps, but also from a sense of obligation, the desire to spread his gospel, and by the mere favor of circumstances, he married his first wife, though he knew that his sympathies were more engaged than his heart.

At Edinburgh, whither the pair had gone, Hogg joined them, and with him they returned to York, where Shelley left his wife in his friend's care during a brief necessary absence. Hogg, who appears to have been not as pure as might be wished in his university days, tried to seduce her; and when Shelley came

back he learned the facts. He loved Hogg; he was ashamed, he wrote, to tell him how much he loved him; he was grateful to him for having stood by him and shared his expulsion from the college; and he placed the most extravagant estimate upon his abilities. What followed upon the disclosure Shelley himself tells in a letter written at the time:—

"We walked to the fields beyond York. I desired to know fully the account of this affair. I heard it *from him*, and I believe he was sincere. All I can recollect of that terrible day was that I pardoned him, — fully, freely pardoned him; that I would still be a friend to him, and hoped soon to convince him how lovely virtue was; that his crime, not himself, was the object of my detestation; that I value a human being not for what it has been, but for what it is; that I hoped the time would come when he would regard his horrible error with as much disgust as I did. He said little; he was pale, terror-struck, remorseful."

One may smile at the episode, if he be cynical, and has left youth far enough behind; but, for all that, there is something pathetic in these sentences of boyish goodness, this simple belief in the moral principles which Shelley had found in his first search, and to which he had given the allegiance of his unworn heart; and in this scene of forgiveness, still confused with the emotions of first friendship betrayed, one perceives the Shelley we know, though he was not yet out of his teens. Some time elapsed before Shelley realized all the incident meant; then he wrote, "I leave him to his fate;" and when they met again in London, the old footing was gone forever.

Godwin, too, affords a capital example of a shattered ideal. He was the Socrates of the young poet, and Shelley, who derived the main articles of his political and social creed from the radi-

cal philosopher's great book, was already adoring him as one in the pantheon of the immortal dead, when he learned from Southey that his master and emancipator still walked the earth. He sat down at once and wrote a characteristic epistle, in which he expressed himself with the enthusiasm of a disciple not yet twenty, and respectfully but earnestly besought the living friendship and advice of him whom he regarded as the light of the new age. Godwin was interested, and long and frequent letters, admirable in tone upon both sides, passed between them. The elder endeavored to check the irrepressible activity and eager plans of the young reformer, who had no notion of waiting until he should grow old before setting to work to remake society, and the youth on his part exhibited a deference and willingness to be guided such as he never showed before or afterwards. The first modification of Shelley's idea of Godwin came in consequence of their personal acquaintance, as was natural; but in discovering that Godwin was really an idiosyncratic mortal, as well as an illuminating intellect, Shelley did not yield his admiration for the sage. One can still see the unbounded astonishment of the poet, which Mary Godwin describes, when she told him her father was annoyed by his addressing him as "Mr." instead of "Esq.," in directing his letters. They got on very well together, however, until Shelley ran away with Mary, a practical exposition of Godwin's doctrines which he, having now grown respectable and socially cautious, did not at all relish. Shelley had before this aided Godwin somewhat in financial embarrassments. That philosopher was always in debt; and the young disciple, who, though the heir to a great property, had no way of realizing anything from it except by selling post-obit bonds, agreed with his master that philosophers had a paramount claim on any money their friends might have. He was willing to

discharge his duty by getting Godwin out of debt, or assisting him as far as he could in the matter. When he returned to England with Mary, he found that the philosopher would not see or forgive him, and positively declined to correspond except upon the subject of how much money Shelley could give him. Shelley had no thought of not doing his own duty, because of the conduct of other people; and while he felt Godwin's hardness and inconsistency, nevertheless he would relieve that great mind from the little annoyances consequent on borrowing money without providing means of repayment. He, however, was not blind; and what he learned of Godwin in the course of these transactions had a destroying influence upon that ideal of the man which he had formed in his first days of revolutionary hope. In the second year of his life with Mary he told the philosopher what he thought of the whole matter in a letter which one may be excused for reading with peculiar satisfaction: —

"It has perpetually appeared to me to have been your especial duty to see that, so far as mankind value your good opinion, we were dealt justly by, and that a young family, innocent and benevolent and united, should not be confounded with prostitutes and seducers. My astonishment, and, I will confess, when I have been treated with most harshness and cruelty by you, my indignation, has been extreme, that, knowing as you do my nature, any considerations should have prevailed on you to have been thus harsh and cruel. I lamented also over my ruined hopes of all that your genius once taught me to expect from your virtue, when I found that for yourself, your family, and your creditors you would submit to that communication with me which you once rejected and abhorred, and which no pity for my poverty or sufferings, assumed willingly for you, could avail to extort. Do not talk of *forgiveness* again to me, for my blood

boils in my veins, and my gall rises against all that bears the human form, when I think of what I, their benefactor and ardent lover, have endured of enmity and contempt from you and from all mankind."

The writer was that youth of twenty-three years, of whom Godwin remarks that he knew "that Shelley's temper was occasionally fiery, resentful, and indignant." It is true that it was so, and one is pleased to find upon what fit occasions it broke out. Shelley, however, had undertaken a hopeless and endless task in trying to extricate Godwin from debt, and he spent much money, raised at a great sacrifice, in the vain attempt. What he thought of these transactions, when his judgment had matured, we know from another delightfully plain-spoken letter, written five years later, in answer to renewed importunities: —

"I have given you the amount of a considerable fortune, and have destituted myself, for the purpose of realizing it, of nearly four times the amount. Except for the *good-will* which this transaction seems to have produced between you and me, this money, for any advantage it ever conferred on you, might as well have been thrown into the sea. Had I kept in my own hands this £4000 or £5000, and administered it in trust for your permanent advantage, I should indeed have been your benefactor. The error, however, was greater in the man of mature age, extensive experience, and penetrating intellect than in the crude and impetuous boy. Such an error is seldom committed twice."

But long before this Shelley, though his estimate of Godwin's powers, in common with that of the people of the time, remained extravagant, had found out the difference between the author of Political Justice and Plato and Bacon.

If any one wonders at the extent to which Shelley let himself be fleeced by the philosophical radical of Skinner Street, he should reserve some astonish-

ment for the remainder of the shearers. Shelley, it is to be remembered, was never in possession of his property, and had only a small allowance at first, and a thousand pounds a year after he was twenty-four years old; he was extravagant in his generosity, and gave money with a free hand, whenever he had any, to the poor about him, to his needy friends, and to causes of one kind and another which excited in him his passion for philanthropy. He was, consequently, in his early days, commonly in debt for his own expenses, and often in danger of arrest and imprisonment. When he mentioned his days of poverty, in that letter to Godwin, it was not a mere phrase; and though a settlement was at last made which provided for him sufficiently, he was never ahead in his savings. Under these circumstances, his biography at times reminds one of the old comedy, with its mob of parasites and legacy-hunters. He was simply victimized by those who could establish any claim on his benevolence. No doubt he gave willingly, with all his heart, to Peacock and Leigh Hunt and the rest, as he did to Godwin, and thought it was his duty as well as his pleasure; but his generosity does not alter the fact that his acquaintances were very dull of conscience in money matters. One begins to relent a little toward Hogg, remembering that he did actually share his own funds with Shelley just after the expulsion from Oxford, when the latter could get no money, owing to his father's displeasure; and for Horace Smith, the banker, who sometimes advanced money to Shelley, and not too much, one has a feeling of amazed respect.

The worst misfortune of Shelley, however, in the friends he made, was to have met and married Harriet Westbrook. The circumstances of their union and its unlucky course and tragical close are now for the first time fully set forth. The marriage on Shelley's side was not originally one of love, but it became one

of affection. For two years life went on without the discovery of anything to break the happiness of the pair; but after the birth of their first child trouble arose, and rapidly culminated. It is most likely that the sister-in-law, Eliza, who lived with them, was the source of the original dissension by her interference, arbitrariness, and control of Harriet; but, as Shelley had grown in mind and character, the difference between him and his wife in endowment and in taste was bound to make itself felt, and to put an end to the unity of study and spirit of which he had dreamed; and it is clear enough that she had tired of the studies and the purposes in which Shelley's life consisted, and that though overborne for a time, by his influence, she was now showing herself worldly, frivolous, and weak. She had married the heir to a baronetcy and a fortune, and desired to profit by it. In one way and another she had become hard and unyielding toward Shelley, had made him thoroughly miserable, and in the earlier months of 1814 was living away from him; and he, on his side, as late as May in that year, as appears from stanzas now first printed, was trying to soften her. While affairs were in this condition he first met Mary Godwin, and he fell passionately in love with her, all the more because of the long strain of dejection and loneliness; and in addition to the story of the dissensions that had arisen in his family, and the difference of character and temperament which had declared itself between his wife and himself, Shelley is said to have told Mary that Harriet had been unfaithful to him. If he did not tell her then, he did afterwards. On what evidence he relied we do not know; nor is there any confirmatory proof from other quarters except a letter of Godwin's written after Harriet's suicide, in which he states the same fact as coming from unquestionable authority unconnected with Shelley. Not long before his death Shelley renewed the

charge, though in a veiled and inferential way, in a letter to Southey, in which he defends himself for his conduct in this matter, declares his innocence of any harm done or intended, refuses to be held responsible for the suicide of Harriet, and practically asserts that he had grounds for divorce, had he chosen to free himself in that way. There is no need to prove that Shelley was right in his belief of his wife's infidelity, and it would be cruel to allow weight to the fact that after the separation she erred in her course; but if it be thought that Shelley did in truth believe her guilty, that has much to do with our estimate of his action. He was twenty-two years old, or nearly that, and he held radical views as to the permanence and sacredness of the marriage bond, as also did Mary, who inherited them from her mother. Their decision to unite their lives, under these circumstances, was a practical admission that Shelley's home was in fact broken up, and that he was free to offer and Mary to accept, not legal union, but a common home, with the expectation and purpose of complete devotion one to the other, in a pure spirit and for the ordinary ends of marriage.

Shelley did not proceed secretly. He called Harriet, who had not thought of such serious results of her action, to London, and told her what he was going to do. She did not consent to the separation, nor does she seem to have regarded it as final. Shelley had a settlement made for her by the lawyers, provided credit for her, and two weeks after the interview left England with Mary. He wrote to Harriet on the journey, assured her of his affection and his care for her, and indulged a plan that she should live near them, which is, perhaps, the most surprising instance of Shelley's purity of mind, and of the unworldliness or unreality, as one chooses to call it, of his conception of how human life might be lived. On his return he saw her, and agreed to leave the chil-

dren with her; and when his allowance was fixed at a thousand pounds, he gave orders to honor her drafts for two hundred pounds annually. She had an equal amount from her own family, which had been paid since the beginning of their married life. When Shelley left England the second time, she was thus provided for, as one would think, sufficiently. On his return he lost sight of her, and was anxiously inquiring for her, when the news of her suicide reached him. She had put the children, of whom the eldest was three years old, out to board, at a time when he was ill; she had not been permitted to see her father; but the circumstances immediately surrounding her death are not known. She seems to have been deserted by her lover, and to have put into practice the thought of suicide long familiar to her. Shelley, though he bore his share of natural sorrow for the death of one to whom he had been tenderly attached, did not hold himself guilty of any wrong.

It is no wonder that in the last few years of his life Shelley would not talk of his earlier days, and had a kind of shame in remembering in what ruin his hopes and purposes and the enthusiasm of his youth had fallen; he felt it as an indignity to the nobleness of spirit which, in spite of all his failures, he knew had been his throughout. As we see those years, it is only for himself that we prize them; and it is a pleasure to be enabled to look on them free from that saddening retrospect of his own mind, and observe how natural and simple he really was. No one has ever had the days of his youth so laid open to the common gaze, and this is one charm of his personality, that we know him as a brother or a friend. The pages afford many happy anecdotes; but one can linger here only to mark the constant playfulness of Shelley, which was a bright element in his earlier career and not altogether absent in his Italian life. The passion for floating paper-boats, which

he indulged unweariedly, is well known ; but at all times he was ready for sport, and could even trifle with his dearest plans, as in the flotilla of bottles and aerial navy of fire-balloons, all loaded with revolutionary pamphlets, which he sent forth on the Devonshire coast. His running about the little garden, hand in hand with Harriet ; his impersonating fabulous monsters with Leigh Hunt's children, who begged him "not to do the horn ;" and his favorite sport with his little temporarily adopted Marlow girl, of placing her on the dining-table, and rushing with it across the long room, are instances that readily recur to mind, and illustrate the gayety and high spirits which really belonged to him, and which perhaps the Serchio last knew when it bore him and his boat on his summer-day voyages. This side of his nature ought to be remembered, as well as that "occasionally fiery, resentful, and indignant" quality which Godwin observed, and the intense and restless practicality of the impatient reformer, when one thinks of Shelley (as he has been too often represented) as only a morbid, sensitive, idealizing poet, of a rather feminine spirit. That portrait of him is nonsense, for he was of a most masculine, active, and naturally joyful nature.

After he left England for the last time, and took up his abode in Italy, principally, it would seem, because of the social reproach and public stigma under which he lived and by which he felt deeply wronged, he was not really much more fortunate in his company. The immediate reason for the journey was to take Byron's natural daughter, Allegra, to her father at Venice ; the mother, Miss Clairmont, went with them, and, as it turned out, continued to be a member of Shelley's family, as she had been since his union with Mary. It is now known that the Shelleys were ignorant of the *liaison* both when it began in London, and afterward when they

first met Byron at Geneva ; but Shelley had a warm affection for Miss Clairmont, whose friendlessness appealed to his sympathy, and he spent much time in Italy in trying to make Byron do his duty toward Allegra, and to soften the ill-nature of her parents toward each other. Byron's conduct in this matter was a powerful element in generating in Shelley that thorough contempt he expressed for the former as a man. But though Shelley's most winning qualities are to be observed, and his tact was conspicuously called forth by their negotiations in regard to the child, yet the connection with Miss Clairmont was unfortunate. That it repeatedly drew scandal upon him was a minor matter ; it was of more consequence that in his family she was a disturbing element, and Mary, who had disliked to have her as an inmate almost from the first, finally insisted on her withdrawal, but not until frequent disagreements had sadly marred the peace of Shelley's home. Mary, indeed, was not perfect, any more than other very young wives ; and by her jealousies, and yet more, it seems, by her attempts to make Shelley conform to the world, especially in the last year or two, she tried and harassed him ; and so it came about that his love took the form of tenderness for her welfare and feelings, and often of despondency for himself. Miss Clairmont was a source of continual trouble for him in many ways : she was of an unhappy temperament and hard to live with, but with his long-enduring and charitable disposition, and his extraordinary tenacity in attachment and perfect readiness to admit the least obligation upon him, proceeding from any one in trouble, he never wavered in his devotion to her interests and care for her happiness. It is a curious fact that Miss Clairmont, who lived to be very old, manipulated the written records of this portion of her life, so that her evidence is of very questionable worth, though better, one hopes, than

that of her mother, the second Mrs. Godwin, whose lying about the Shelleys was of the most wholesale and conscienceless kind.

As with Miss Clairmont, so in a less degree with others of the Italian circle. But we have already dwelt long enough upon the character of the people whom Shelley knew. It cannot be that they cut so poor a figure because of Shelley's presence, hard as the contrast of common human nature must be with him. It is observable, and it is in some sort a test, that he did not overvalue them. Hogg, Peacock, and Medwin were all deceived, if they thought he trusted them or held them closer than mere friendly acquaintances; there is no evidence that he felt for Williams or Trelawney any more than an affectionate good-will; toward Leigh Hunt he had the kindest feeling of gratitude and of respect, and for Gisborne and Reveley a warm cordiality, but nothing more. Mary he loved, though with full knowledge of her weaknesses, in a manly way; for Miss Clairmont he had a true affection; and he recognized poetically the womanly attractiveness in Mrs. Williams, who seems to have represented to him the spirit of restfulness and peace, in the last months of his life. But, at the end, his errors respecting men and things being swept away, his ideals removed into the eternal world, and his disillusion complete, the most abiding impression is of the loneliness in which he found himself; and remembering this, one forgets the companions he had upon his journey, and fastens attention more closely upon the man through whose genius that journey has become one of undying memory.

There is no thought of eulogizing him in saying that he represents the ideal of personal and social aspiration, of the love of beauty and of virtue equally, and of the hope of eradicating misery from the world; hence springs in large measure his hold on young hearts, on

those who value the spirit above all else and do not confine their recognition of it within too narrow bounds, and on all who are believers in the reform of the world by human agencies. He represents, let us repeat, the ideal of aspiration in its most impassioned form; and in his life one reads the saddest history of disillusion. It is because, in the course of this, he abated no whit of his lifelong hope, did not change his practice of virtue, and never yielded his perfect faith in the supreme power of love, both in human life and in the universe, that his name has become above all price to those over whom his influence extends. It is, perhaps, more as a man than as a poet merely that he is beloved; the shadows upon his reputation, as one approaches nearer, are burnt away in light; and he is the more honored, the more he is known.

It therefore passes our comprehension that Dr. Dowden should have thought it needful to adopt the apologetic and condoning tone which characterizes his work, or should have been unaware how often he is thus betrayed into a style which can only be described as patronizing. It is true that Dr. Dowden differs from Shelley in fundamentals of faith and opinion, but did this involve a treatment of which the prevailing mood is pity? Perhaps, however, one ought not to expect anything more than toleration from a biographer to whom many of his hero's beliefs and acts are heresies and errors, and in this respect Dr. Dowden's liberality and temper are remarkable. But it would be wrong to close even this insufficient and informal notice without expressing discontent with Dr. Dowden's general tone, and dissent from his unquestioning assumption that Shelley's intellectual and moral life was one long mistake. Disillusion it was, and we have indicated, by the single point of his acquaintances, the nature of it; but a life of disillusion and one of mere mistake are not to be confounded to-

gether. Better fortune cannot be asked for a youth than that he should conceive life nobly, and, in finding wherein it falls short, should yet not fall short himself of his ideal beyond what may be forgiven to human frailty. Shelley's misconceptions were the conditions of his living the ideal life at all, and differed from those of other youths in face of an untried world only by their moral elevation, passion, and essential nobleness; he matured as other men do, by time and growth and experience, and he suffered much by the peculiar circum-

stances of his fate; but in the issue the substance of error in his life was very much less than Dr. Dowden would have us believe. Shelley, at least, never admitted he had been wrong in the essential doctrines of his creed and the motives of his acts, though he had been deceived in regard to human nature and what was possible to it in society. He held the faith and led the life until he died; and the truth that he believed was in him still declares itself indubitably in words and deeds on which he stamped the image of himself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Lenten
Bit.

IT is a hard philosophy which tells us that some must die for others to live. A much more cheerful kind is that which whets our appetite for our cup of Mocha and wheat-en roll, as, with dim visions of plodding laborers in Arabia and Dakota, we half unconsciously say to ourselves that we must *eat* for others to live. But this condition of things is perhaps too commonplace to go under the name of philosophy. There is, however, a phase of the interdependence of men which sets us thinking. The spirit of modern pessimism proves too much for us, and we decide that some must be superstitious and credulous for others to live.

Almost every housekeeper, even in Puritan New England, considers Friday and Fishday synonymous terms. When Lent comes, and the maid-of-all-work goes breakfastless to early church, gives up the use of meat, and is unable to do her work from physical exhaustion, even the most liberal-minded feels inclined to deplore the lack of common sense in some of the tenets of the Romish Church. It is hard to realize that the great nations of southern Europe should have

been obliged for centuries to substitute fish for meat during certain seasons, and we are wont to look upon the custom as an arbitrary and irrational use of human power.

But here comes in the interdependence, and then a glimmer of reason. It is a long step from the *lazzarone* sunning himself in the piazza to the Norwegian fisherman hauling his nets, — no longer geographically than it is in thrift, honesty, and industry; but the custom which will not sanction the use of meat by the one is a source of the other's scanty subsistence.

The legend says that as no flower could bloom, no bird sing, no grass-blade thrive, on those Arctic shores, the Lord created fish in countless numbers, and implanted in the hearts of men an affection for the sea and its barren, rocky coast. We know that far away to the south are the great Catholic countries of Italy and Spain, whither cargoes of salted cod and herring are sent by the hardy toilers of the polar sea, and that the keeping of fast days means that the gold of the orange and lemon goes in a harder coin to the courageous race who stand

guard on the northern outpost of our civilization.

Republican Opera. — When middle-aged people

talk about their early operagoings, their say consists in the main of how they once delighted in the voices of certain men and women. They will dwell upon the tenor of their day, and his singing of a particular song. They hear no such tenors now. The talk of the present generation, when in its turn it reaches middle age, will be another matter. To-day from parents and grandparents comes the lament for Mario and Malibran; it is Lohengrin we shall remember forty years hence, as we vent our distaste for the new fashion likely to have come in by that time. To inquire or care what that fashion is going to be seems somewhat idle. Its season will fall due, and audiences will be ready to pay and listen, as they were ready for the operas of the past, that could fill a house once where they empty it now. Our concern is with the present, and what fills a house to-day in our towns. By ill-luck the galleries do not pay for the opera. They never have. Their contribution has at times gone near to keeping it alive, but mostly it has not; and the opera may be fairly viewed as an object of charity from its cradle. It cannot earn its own living, and has been kept out of the poorhouse by its friends. This seems to be the commonest fate of art in any shape that it has hitherto assumed. Art is a pensioner; and emperors and popes and rich people in general have always looked out for it, while poor people in general have come in for the benefit. They look gratis at paintings for which Venice once paid out her ducats handsomely, and if it were needful there might be drawn a schedule showing that from Homer to Wagner art has oftenest been kept going by the long purses of its day. So to-day, the intricate form of art called opera flourishes under the protection of European governments, — least

where least help is given to it, and most where it rests upon a firm annual subsidy. Owing to this support, the workingman in most German towns can pay something in the neighborhood of fifty cents, and enjoy himself listening to all the best operas there are. Had he to pay much more, he could not do it.

Whether this manner of spending money be sensible for us can certainly be discussed.

It is not to be denied that the conditions in our country are unlike the conditions of France or Germany. Americans are not so fond of music as are the people of those two nations; music is not one of their matters of course. But neither can it be denied that when a fair opera comes for a while to an American town, most of us go. Parquet and gallery are jammed with people. Since we live under a government as little paternal as we can make it, it is from the people as a community that help for a republican opera must come, — must come as from the modern patrons of art. The appeal has been made.

There has of late presented itself, and asked for help, this object novel to American charity, a plan laid purely for public diversion, — a National Opera Company, including players, singers, and dancers; and the community has been invited to subscribe its thousands for the support of these people.

Now if any man or woman who has money to give away does not think with France and Germany that opera is a worthy object, such person will find no attempt in these remarks to win her or him over. It would take a longer talking to than there is space for; and perhaps it is really his or her stern-minded ancestors to whom we should speak. The need of this sort of recreation to fill an evening for the hard-driven man will not seem so rational as it does to us, nor will our value of the ornamental because it is useful appear a wise one. If there is any one who feels that opera

may be a worthy object, but that hospitals are a worthier one, and that all he can afford goes to them, there appears to be nothing to say against so true a feeling. But citizens have raised other objections, some of which admit of reason and exclude prejudice.

The American Opera Company gives a ballet that has been censured as indecent. Could those who find it so know how little attractive to an American audience is the ballet of the present, with its mechanical capers, and its ungainly women in short gauze, who imagine they are dancing,—doing the graceful thing of which the proper sort of human body is capable,—they would see that the “indecency” proves simply stupid, and that the ballet is on its last legs. They need not fear it; it is dying. A while ago, and the world produced great singers, vocalists of extraordinary range and agility. The mere beauty of singing carried to its uttermost pitch of development caused operas to be written exclusively to show it off. Now the singers of that stamp are gone, and with them their operas. The world is getting to like another kind of thing. So also a while ago were produced great dancers, and for their sakes *La Sylphide* and the whole class of pantomime ballets were elaborated. Now those dancers are gone; and though there survives an impetus that still carries the form of their art along, its spring of life is dried up, and the ballet is fast becoming a mere spectacular massing of colors. Ballet is going to bore Americans. There has been objection upon another moral score. Some persons have thought ill of establishing opera in America, because they know of the unwholesome atmosphere that hovers continually behind the scenes of grand opera in Europe. They therefore conclude that the life which its employees live fosters vice, and they do not wish to see made indigenous a growth of immorality hitherto exotic. But they do not look far enough back

for causes, when they think that this state of things is due to opera or to any other theatrical arrangement. It is the product of a civilization and a social code, and were every opera in Europe abolished to-morrow, it would merely continue somewhere else. Moreover, the people who have raised this objection fail to see that this community, in providing a company of chorus singers with an honest way of making their living by means of their natural gift of voice, thereby insures them a steady subsistence, likely to lead them clear of vice rather than into it. This point brings up another kind of objection.

Those who have had chances to observe the present tendencies of young women in this country say that a distaste for their natural lot in life seems to be what ails them. Whether the cause of this is a morbid desire for what they deem the genteel, or whether each one imagines herself to be an exceptional person, is no matter. It suffices to know that washing, cooking, ironing, and sewing are disregarded for the sake of playing upon the grand piano and similar accomplishments. That these girls may marry a man who cannot afford to keep a musical instrument and a household of servants does not influence, even if it occurs to them. They go to art schools and learn how to make little pictures, and they frequent conservatories until they have mastered a few of Beethoven's sonatas. This folly destines them to discontent and misery; for when their apprenticeship is over, nobody cares to hear them play, nobody would give them a penny for anything they could paint. This evil certainly exists, and those who struggle with it object to the American Opera Company's having organized for its benefit a conservatory of music. They think that the numerous young women who have been led to dabble in art had better not have a new chance to make fools of themselves. But there is a difference at the root be-

tween what is here planned and what has already proved so useless and misleading. To teach a young woman how to play or paint, when she is to find no market for her wares, is certainly helping to make her life a failure. But the New York Conservatory itself provides the market. It is contrived for the very purpose of training people to sing in order that they may earn wages by singing in the organization that is waiting for them. It furnishes for the first time in this country an abiding opportunity by which a person with a voice can make that voice a means of support.

We come back to middle-aged people, and the singers they remember in the days of their youth. When they hear a performance of the American Opera Company, they listen in vain for the former style of music; and they know very well that an attempt at *The Barber of Seville* or *Semiramide*, as things are now, would prove a painful experience for the audience. Very likely they found the rendering of *The Huguenots* something of that nature. But if they went to *Martha*, or *The Flying Dutchman*, or the second time of *Lohengrin*, they saw performances that by no means disgraced the performers. Of *Lohengrin* more will presently be said.

Complaints of the repertory have been heard, notwithstanding that it included one work I forget how much more than a century old, and one written since 1880.

Now, I take it that the work of art which is going to please people the longest is the one that needs the fewest accessories, because there is the less chance for thought and fashion to drift somewhere else. So a Greek sculptor, whose one resource was the human shape, has pleased the world with his statue for a number of centuries, for the reason that the human form divine has not changed since his chisel was at work. When the human form does change, people will not find his statue so beautiful. So the

painter can please till men's faces and the face of Nature become different. There is very old sweet music, too, that does not seem likely to die. All these creations of art use but one or two vehicles, — sound, color, or shape. But directly you are upon the stage, the accessories are multiplied, and once in opera you have reached probably the greatest number of them that art can use and remain art. There is the story, and stories get old-fashioned. Then there is the development of the story, and the telling of a story changes all the time. Sir Walter Scott would write the same *Waverley* in a different manner to-day. Then there is the music, and harmony has become richer and many of its strict old rules have been broken; the orchestra of a hundred years ago would be a drop in the vast affair we listen to to-day. So it goes. These are merely the chief ingredients of opera; but you have a host more of them, and each one weighs something, and the majority must suit the palate of the modern audience, or such audience will be bored. The plot will weary them, or the songs will seem too long, or the whole thing be tame, perhaps even absurd. Mozart's *Magic Flute* contains immortal music, but it is a preposterous opera, and very few people know exactly what it is all about. We have come to care a great deal what an opera is about.

It appears, then, that no art so much as opera is at the mercy of the humor of the times. Now, owing to causes too many to be examined, even if such analysis could lead to anything but talk, the humor of the times has changed, and the young opera-goer cares more for the thing sung than he does for the singer. Unsupported stars fail more and more to impose upon the public. A general thorough level is what makes a representation draw and pay. With due deference to those who give a high price to hear the opera of *Traviata* performed by one person, because that person

knows how to sing in the true old fashion, it is suggested that the present taste for an all-round performance is the more reasonable. Could a play of Shakespeare's, for example, be looked at for the first time by a sensible person who had this problem set him: given a drama containing nineteen characters, how to act it with one man only? he would find it hard to pick out the part for his one man. I believe that the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, and all the other parts respectably filled, would please its author and his public better than would Hamlet alone good, acting with a collection of dummies. Mr. Irving has won for himself extraordinary success; yet it is not generally thought that his company contains either a Rachel or a Talma.

So with Mr. Thomas and his opera company. He gave the unusually difficult opera of Lohengrin so that the galleries shouted with applause at it. Was this performance without flaw? Not by any means. The warders on the castle trumpeted in the dawn with false and quavering notes. Some omissions were made in the concerted music that marred the full grandeur of the work: this notably at the end of the first act, which was taken much faster than it should be, according to its composer at least. But these details do not matter. A very large audience was stirred and delighted without the aid of a single great singer. When a gardener undertakes to make a display, he does not pick roses and geraniums off other people's trees, and stick them in niggardly soil. He gets the bed ready, and puts in some unassuming-looking roots. Such is the plan of Mr. Thomas. He has begun at the right end, and got his orchestra and chorus and the best soloists that he may, and all this has pleased the public. It was a good thing to see the top galleries filled with people who were evidently enjoying themselves, and for very little money. This performance of Lohen-

grin is a final answer to some minor objections which I shall merely name: that the quality of American voices is too shallow for good music; that nothing operatic can be sung in English on account of our unmusical tongue; and that to understand what people are talking about in grand opera will never do in the world.

The success of the repertory that Mr. Thomas and his successors must choose will depend upon many things. It is prophesied that Wagner will prove ephemeral. It is certain that no one can tell how hard Wagner has hit the eternal nail on the head; but he has surely hit the nail of the present completely, in spite of the unanswerable objections to him that we find upon paper. Monsieur Amiel sees but little merit in the Tannhäuser; what he says in his book continually expresses the discomfort of a sensitive and intelligent mind, that feels slipping away from it the things it has been used to. Criticism from such a source is at best interesting nonsense. It is also prophesied that Lucia will return victorious, and more of its kind be written. In that case we shall see for the first time in the history of art a genuine return to a form that existed before certain things were discovered.

Mr. Thomas will feel the pulse of the public, and if he does it well the American Opera will have a repertory that we wish to hear, whether it be French, German, Italian, or something hitherto unknown. But with regard to his performances, it is undeniably true that to encourage in anything the best done so far is the only way to arrive at better still.

Assumption — A word about Mr. Hardy
not Proof. and his mathematician's notes, in a recent number of *The Atlantic*. Does he not see that while he condemns others for inability to see that assumption is not proof, and that truth is many-sided, he is himself guilty of precisely this sort of irrationality? If truth pre-

sents itself in one aspect to the mathematician, and in another to the physicist, why not also in still another to the theologian or the speculative philosopher? If assumption be not proof, why assume that the physicist's objects and method are the only ones allowed to reason? A silver knife will not cut steel, yet steel can be cut. If the physicist is certain that he can reach only a relative knowledge, or a knowledge of the relative only, is it not an unwarrantable assumption in him to deny that I may reach a higher knowledge by another mode of search? If mathematical and physical science and formal logic feel themselves compelled to remain "neutral" with regard to many questions which "our spirit of inquiry cannot escape," does it follow that other discoverers with other instruments must needs find these questions insoluble? That absolute knowledge is unattainable simply because certain investigators, employing only certain preferred methods, have not attained to it seems to be assumption of the most wholesale sort.

A Point of View. — Thought does so much, first and last, to make us unhappy, it is a pity if it cannot now and then contrive a source of happiness. I have lately hit upon a way — one way, there are no doubt many — to extract a casual sunbeam from our daily cucumber. Given a somewhat humdrum and monotonous existence; the exister finding "Denmark a prison;" a suspicion hanging heavily in his mind that the thing in hand, whatever it is, is not worth while; a dull certainty within him that nothing interesting is going to happen to him. Suppose him to be sitting solitary at evening in a too familiar room, surrounded by objects that know him only too well: a mirror wherein he wishes he might see some other face than his own; a chair or two that look, not invitingly, but repulsively empty; books that he has read, or that he wishes he had not read, or that some one wishes him to read, or

(worst of all) that he knows he ought and has got to read. He looks drearily round, finds that everything is bad, and perhaps sighs, "Oh, that the desert were my dwelling-place, with one fair Spirit for my minister" —

Now for the medicine. Let him slowly and cautiously swing his mind round to the point of view of a primitive man, possessing nothing but a staff and a sheepskin (I do not refer to the college diploma). Let him suppose himself to be thinking how in the world he can contrive himself a thread, a loom, a piece of cloth, a garment. Now let him look upon the sleeve of his coat, and consider what a marvel of that delicately and precisely woven texture. "Suppose I had myself," let him say, "made this smooth and fitted chair in which I sit. How pretty, how perfect, it would seem!" "Suppose this velvety carpet were a thing of my own getting up, a surprise prepared for my doxy-dear on her return from a journey to the tents of her sire. How we should wonder together at these subtly interwoven flowers, these delicate hues, this softly yielding surface!" "Suppose I had devised, and wrought out with my own hands, yonder jet of steady gaslight; drawing my plans, by the flicker of a camp-fire, on the bleached shoulder-blade of a camel; working my crude metal into a slim and comely pipe; confining my sea-coal vapors in a vessel of my own long-labored construction; and at last triumphantly leading them to my chosen seat, and touching them into flame!"

So from one thing to another he may look upon his surroundings with a new interest. Commonplace as they have seemed, it was all his fault, his numbness of perception. They are miracles of contrivance. Behold the snowy paper at his elbow, and the ebony polish of the fountain pen: a few strokes and quirls, and dashes, and he may "call spirits from the vasty" distance, — the spirits of living and answering friends.

He is really an Aladdin of civilization, and sits surrounded by more than Arabian wonders. If he had wrought all these marvelous things, what delight and pride he would take in them! Well, some one has wrought them all.

But perhaps our "world-worn" friend might find from another thought a bracing reaction, though by means of a rather cold dash, — a thought which not so much enhances the value of his surroundings as casts suspicion on the value of himself and his deserving of them. For it may be only a spur that he needs. There is such a thing as being tired, but there is also such a thing as being lazy. It is well to be a little ashamed of depending on novel and spicy surroundings. As saith the seer, —

"Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves,"

that we are so deep in a dump. So let this thought (in the nature of a "taker-down," as a recent Club paper phrased

it) take lodgment in the mind for a moment: If it had been left for me, how many of these comforts and enlightenments of civilized life would ever have been heard of? If the world had all along been made up of men just exactly of my precious pattern, would there have been any telegraph, any steam-power, any printing, any art of writing? How long would it have been before any parcel of idle fellows like me would have contrived to

"Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun"?

We pride ourselves immensely on the Nineteenth Century and its conquests, but who is the Nineteenth Century? Who accomplished all these prodigious things? Most of us have to answer as did the scared little boy in Sunday-school, when the frowning minister asked, "Who made the world in six days, and rested the seventh?" and paused, glaring along the line, for a reply: "Please, sir, I did n't!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Confessions and Criticism, by Julian Hawthorne. (Ticknor.) Mr. Hawthorne is so frank in his autobiographic introduction that it would be hard not to forgive him for a certain good-natured contempt of his audience. We may even find some clue to his rather contemptuous treatment of his profession of literature. Yet it is difficult to see why a writer who has so level a head as Mr. Hawthorne carries in his critical papers should not also have a keener literary conscience, and be a severer critic of his own work. So many good writers have been spoiled in him that we should think he would look ruefully on the general result. This book, a scrabble of half-finished works, irritates the reader by its healthy thought and hasty expression. — Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century, literary portraits, by Georg Brandes, translated from the original by Rasmus B. Anderson. (Crowell.) Dr. Brandes has selected nine subjects for his gallery: of these five are

Scandinavian, Andersen, Ibsen, Björnson, Tegner, and Paladan-Müller; two are French, Renan and Flaubert; one is German, Heyse; and one English, Mill. But all are modern, and all are rather distinct figures than representative men. Dr. Brandes is not only acute, he is sensitive and sympathetic; he writes with real insight, and his results are stated not dogmatically, but with the manner of one who is eager only to miss nothing important in the relations of his subjects. His book does what many works of a like character do not, — it really opens the subjects, and leads one to wish to look deep. — Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature, edited by Edward T. Mason. (Putnams.) Mr. Mason was very likely restricted in his choice in individual cases. At any rate, a critical judgment of each author represented would substitute certain real masterpieces for some pieces which are humorous, but scarcely masterly. We are, however, relieved to find that better taste has

presided over the selection than is commonly shown in such books, and one is not depressed by the presence of much sham humor. — *Modern Idols*, studies in biography and criticism, by William Henry Thorne. (Lippincott.) Mr. Thorne takes certain authors whom he conceives to be especially idolized, Arnold, Browning, Burns, Carlyle, George Eliot, George Sand, and a musician, Ole Bull, and inspects the images critically to see if they are as worshipful as their admirers think. He is often acute in his discrimination, and there is a healthy tone to his judgment, but his literary sense is not highly developed, his style is disjointed, and there is in general a hit or miss manner which does not increase one's confidence in the author's thoughtfulness and reasonableness of temper. — *Genius in Sunshine and Shadow*, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Ticknor.) Mr. Ballou seems to have taken for his model the *Library Notes* of Mr. Russell, and in a volume of three hundred pages has made a mosaic of anecdote respecting the habits and fortunes of men of genius, especially men of literary genius. After reading it through one would have the feeling that he had begun his feast at the latter end of the menu. — *The Evolution of the Snob*, by Thomas Sergeant Perry. (Ticknor.) Mr. Perry has made a capital book. He has searched literature for the snob at successive periods, and he has thrown an interesting side-light on contemporary manners and morals. His characterization of American life is acute and pungent. Indeed, a virtue of the book is its brevity, its willingness to stop when it has said its say. — *Othello and Desdemona*, their characters, and the manner of Desdemona's death, with a notice of Calderon's debt to Shakespeare, by Dr. Ellits. (Lippincott.) A small volume of Shakespeare studies, written with care and with confidence in Shakespeare's truthfulness to nature. — *William Shakespeare*, by Victor Hugo, translated by Melville B. Anderson. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) Victor Hugo's book was designed to accompany his son's translation of Shakespeare's dramas, and has a special interest from its illustration of the subject not only from the point of view of a great romantic writer, but from the French as opposed to the English temper. There is, as usual, a good deal of fireworks, and writer and reader frequently forget Shakespeare altogether. There is a whole Atlantic voyage between Victor Hugo and Shakespeare, and yet each dominates his fellows. — *Home Life of Great Authors*, by Hattie Tyng Griswold. (McClurg.) Some thirty sketches of English and American authors chiefly, and of those most familiar to the ordinary reader. They are pleasant, unpretentious papers, of no spe-

cial critical value, but free from mannerisms and ignoble triviality.

History. The *Pioneer Quakers*, by Richard P. Hallowell (Houghton), is an expansion of a lecture delivered by the author, in which the peaceful sect is somewhat violently defended against the aspersions of historical writers. As a corrective of partisan views it is useful, but it does not touch the deeper question of quakerism in its relation to institutionalism. — *The Aztecs*, their history, manners, and customs, from the French of Lucien Biart, by J. L. Garner. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) Instead of questioning the trustworthiness of a writer who is anxious to please, we ought to thank so skillful an author as M. Biart for fusing the various records of Aztec history and life into one comprehensive and intelligible narrative. It should be added that the author is not a mere closet student, but has been on the ground of Mexico and searched among the monuments of Aztec civilization. — *A History of the French Revolution*, by H. Morse Stephens. (Scribners.) This work is to be in three volumes, the first of which is now published. Mr. Stephens aims at a careful study of the material which has accumulated of late years, and modestly claims place among secondary writers. The value of his work lies chiefly, we think, in his close attention to the details of economic and social life, by means of which he is able to give definiteness to the picture of the condition of the French people. He provides a preface for the American edition, in which he points out in an interesting manner the variation in the influence of American ideas upon French doctrinaires. He makes the singular blunder of saying that Franklin died at Anteuil. — *The Volcano under the City*, by a Volunteer Special. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) A narrative of the draft-riot of 1863, in New York, with a suggestion of the lesson contained in it for New York to-day. The author has used the records of the police force, and has made a plain, uncolored statement. He writes without temper, and thus with the greater force, while his outlook is not that of a pessimist, but of a sagacious, discriminating observer of city life. Some of his statements as to the constituents of the population of New York city are startling. Thirty thousand convicts living there! — *Perley's Reminiscences of Sixty Years in the National Metropolis*, by Ben: Perley Poore, vol. ii. (Hubbards, Philadelphia.) This volume completes the work, and brings it down to date. It covers the period of the war, and is a good deal like a dessert of nuts. You look at your plate with its heap of shells, but you cannot remember that there were many kernels. — *The History of Salt Lake City and its Found-*

ers, by Edward W. Tullidge; incorporating a brief history of the pioneers of Utah, with steel-portraits of representative men. (Published by the author, Salt Lake City, Utah.) This book is issued under the authority of the city government, and it is idle to look in it for anything but a panegyric of Mormonism. There is a mountain of petty detail, but the representative portraits strike the reader at once as telling the story of this animal kingdom. — The Venerable Bede expurgated, expounded, and exposed, by Prig. (Holt.) An ironical examination of the claims of the English Church to Catholicity. The satire is meant for a few readers; most will be as puzzled as excellent people used to be by the libretto of one of Offenbach's operas.

Biography. The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K. G., by Edwin Hodder. (Cassell.) Mr. Hodder has taken three octavo volumes, with large print, however, in which to give an account of a notable man who has lately died. A dozen volumes could have been made, detailing the philanthropic labors of the evangelical earl, and the history of the movements with which he was connected. Twenty years hence probably some series will contain a little volume of a couple of hundred pages devoted to the same subject. Mr. Hodder was under the great disadvantage of writing the most of his work during the earl's lifetime and with his aid. It would have been a very bold man who would have compressed his material, under the circumstances. One may read, however, with judicious skipping, and get at the interesting facts in a life which, if led on somewhat narrow lines, was powerful in effectiveness for good. A man of broader spiritual scope might easily have been less forceful. — In the series of American Statesmen (Houghton), the latest volume is a Life of Thomas Hart Benton, by Theodore Roosevelt. The volume was needed as a complement to the one on Jackson, and indeed gives much information which might well have been given in Mr. Sumner's book. But Mr. Roosevelt's interests are in politics, as Mr. Sumner's were in economics. — Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac, by Frank Wilkeson. (Putnams.) The author of this book, who was a volunteer, and afterward rose to the rank of second lieutenant in a company of artillery, tells the story of his personal experience; and as by some chance he enlisted in company with a crowd of bounty jumpers, his adventures were simply horrible. His story may be taken as a contribution to the history of the darker side of army life, but the reader, though he may sympathize with Mr. Wilkeson, is not likely to accept his sweeping conclusions as to the

cowardice and inefficiency of officers, and the utter worthlessness of a West Point education. — Years of Experience, an autobiographical narrative, by Georgiana Bruce Kirby. (Putnams.) Mrs. Kirby was English born, and drifted over to this country in girlhood. She knocked about in a manner not wholly explicable to the reader, spent some time at Brook Farm, taught in various schools East and West, took part in the anti-slavery crusade, and finally brought up in California, where she married. She had a luckless sort of training, and while her reminiscences cover interesting years and varied experience, they show a somewhat ill-regulated mind, and are not very contributory to our knowledge of the persons and scenes described. — The first volume of General Frémont's Memoirs has been published. (Belford, Clarke & Co., New York.) It includes in the narrative five journeys of Western exploration, down to 1854. There is also a sketch of the life of Senator Benton, by his daughter, Mrs. Frémont.

Poetry and the Drama. — A Life in Song, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnams.) Mr. Raymond has an artistic scheme for his poem, which strikes seven notes of life, dreaming, daring, doubting, seeking, loving, serving, and watching; he has also a philosophical conception of life; he has ideas; everything, in fact, seems to be here for his purpose, except song. The artist and philosopher has selected the poetic form; not, the poet has used art and philosophy. The result is that Mr. Raymond's life in song does not sing, and a song may be without words, but must not be without music. — Civitas, the romance of our nation's life, by Walter L. Campbell. (Putnams.) Mr. Campbell eschews old-fashioned heroes, and takes for his figure America, or the state, who copes with one enemy after another, finally slaying Plutarch himself; not our old friend the biographer, but the new monster who threatens modern civilization, the arch-millionaire, if we may so translate him. Well, writing such poems is certainly better than heading strikes and tie-ups. — Lyrical Poems, by Emily Thornton Charles. (Lippincott.) If variety of measures made a poet, one would not need to look beyond this book; but a cripple, after all, may have as many gaits as one who has sound feet. — The Poet's Praise, by Henry Hamilton. (Putnams.) In a hundred and forty-three lyrics and sonnets this writer hums the praise of the poet. The meed of sincerity can certainly be given to the praise, but there are poets and poets. — Consolation and Other Poems, by Abraham Perry Miller. (Brentano Bros., New York.) We are much obliged to Mr. Miller for defending the flirt in one of his poems. He points out with great force the

injustice frequently done her in the careless speech of the world. It seems that the tendrils of her heart reached out, but never found the oak they needed. — *Vagrant Verses*, by Rosa Mulholland. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) A volume of poems chiefly in a minor key, not without a mournful beauty now and then, and always breathing resignation. Good taste is evident, and a fine breeding, which is always welcome. — *Poems*, by James Vila Blake. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Poems charged with sentiment, not always very clearly defined, and filled with much vague, restless thought. One cannot help thinking that the writer must be more successful in other forms of expression. — *Sonnets and Lyrics*, by Helen Jackson (H. H.). (Roberts.) This little volume presumably collects all the poems by this writer not previously published in her volume. The sonnet form seemed to grow in favor with her, partly, we suspect because her genius in verse was for riddles of emotion, and the involution of the sonnet offers the most serviceable form. In this volume, also, is the pathetic story of Boon, and that striking poem written at the end of her days, which need scarcely have gone beyond its title, *Habeas Corpus*, to arrest attention. — *Heart's Own*, by Edwin R. Champlin. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A volume of verse, which claims a pretty high source of inspiration, as when the author says, —

“When I would drink an everlasting draught,
I lock my doors to all the world's mixed
drinks.”

— *A Village Sketch and Other Poems*, by Charles G. Fall. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) — *Marguerite, or the Isle of Demons, and Other Poems*, by George Martin. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal.) Many of the poems in the volume are suggested by events in Canadian history, or by personal incidents. The author has plainly had a healthy pleasure in his work. — *The Romance of the Unexpected*, by David Skaats Foster. (Putnams.) The reader at first thinks he would prefer something a trifle less sentimental than the verses in the earlier part of this volume, but as he goes on he thinks he would rather not have the comic. Yet there are touches now and then which give one hope of better things. — *Lines and Interlines*, by Julia P. Boynton. (Putnams.) Some of the poems read as if the writer had fallen asleep over her Browning. — *The Sleeping World and Other Poems*, by Lillian Blanche Fearing. (McClurg.) — *Ballads of the Revolution and Other Poems*, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnams.) A reissue of some of Mr. Raymond's earlier verses. His ballads are fortified with historical foot-notes, but the ballad-

ist, who is listened to breathlessly, is rather impatient usually of nice accuracy. If Mr. Raymond were always to strike as firm a note as in *The Destiny-Maker*, in this volume, we should look eagerly for his books. — *Risifi's Daughter, a Drama*, by Anna Katharine Green. (Putnams.)

Philosophy and Theology. A second edition has been issued of *Lectures and Essays* by the late William Kingdon Clifford, edited by Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock. (Macmillan.) The edition is substantially the same as the first, but rendered a little more compact by some omissions. The singular sharpness of Clifford's mind and the sweetness of his character conspire to make him and his work attractive to many who are so constituted that they are repelled by some of the conclusions which he reached. — *Creation or Evolution? a philosophical inquiry*, by George Ticknor Curtis. (Appleton.) Mr. Curtis, who has pursued his studies in science as a rest from the duties of his profession, brings a lawyer's acumen to a criticism of Darwin and Spencer. It is not certain, however, that a lawyer's mind is the best trained for the consideration of these themes. His use of characters and dialogue is formal, and so faint as to seem rather superfluous. — *Outlines of Æsthetics*, dictated portions of the lectures of Hermann Lotze, translated and edited by George T. Ladd. (Ginn.) This volume is a companion to the previously issued outlines. It treats of the theory of the beautiful, and specializes on the various concrete forms of the beautiful. — *Meditations of a Parish Priest, Thoughts* by Joseph Roux, with an introduction by Paul Mariéton, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Crowell.) The Abbé, Joseph Roux, was an obscure priest in Provence when Mariéton discovered him and published his *Thoughts*. Their freshness and unstudied force, their boldness without irreverence, will give them new readers in their English dress, but it is to be regretted that the book in this form could not have had a finer flavor. The translation is often clumsy where one suspects the original to have been light. There is a wide range of subjects, including literature, peasant life, and all the great themes of life, death, immortality, and God. — *Aphorisms of the Three Threes*, by Edward Owings Towne. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Towne advises his readers in a note that these utterances were for the most part delivered at a Chicago club made up of nine gentlemen, who, instead of being at sixes and sevens with each other, hunted in threes. The aphorisms might easily have been so collected, but we should think a club which knew that its wit and wisdom were to be thus desiccated would find club life unendurable.